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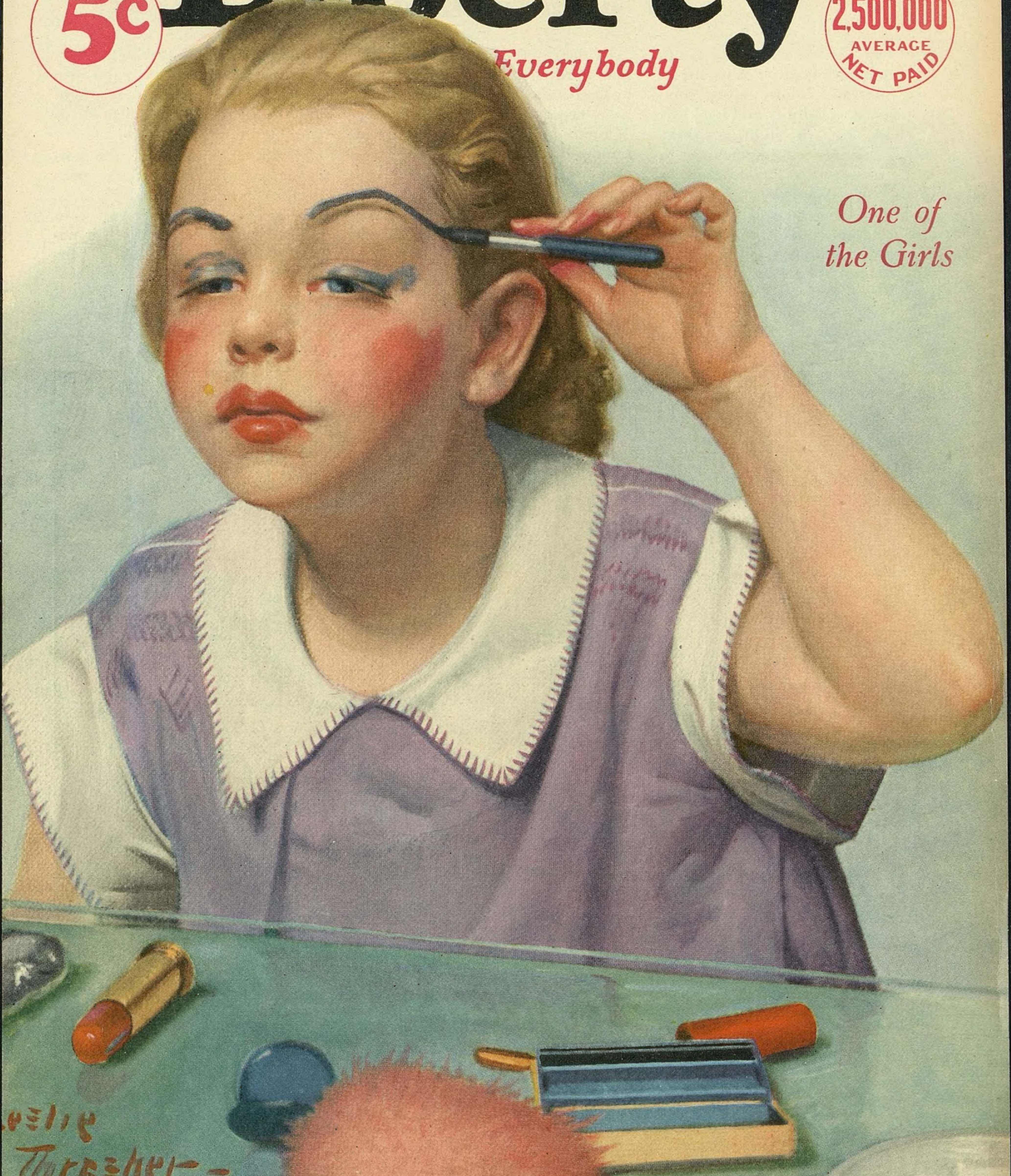

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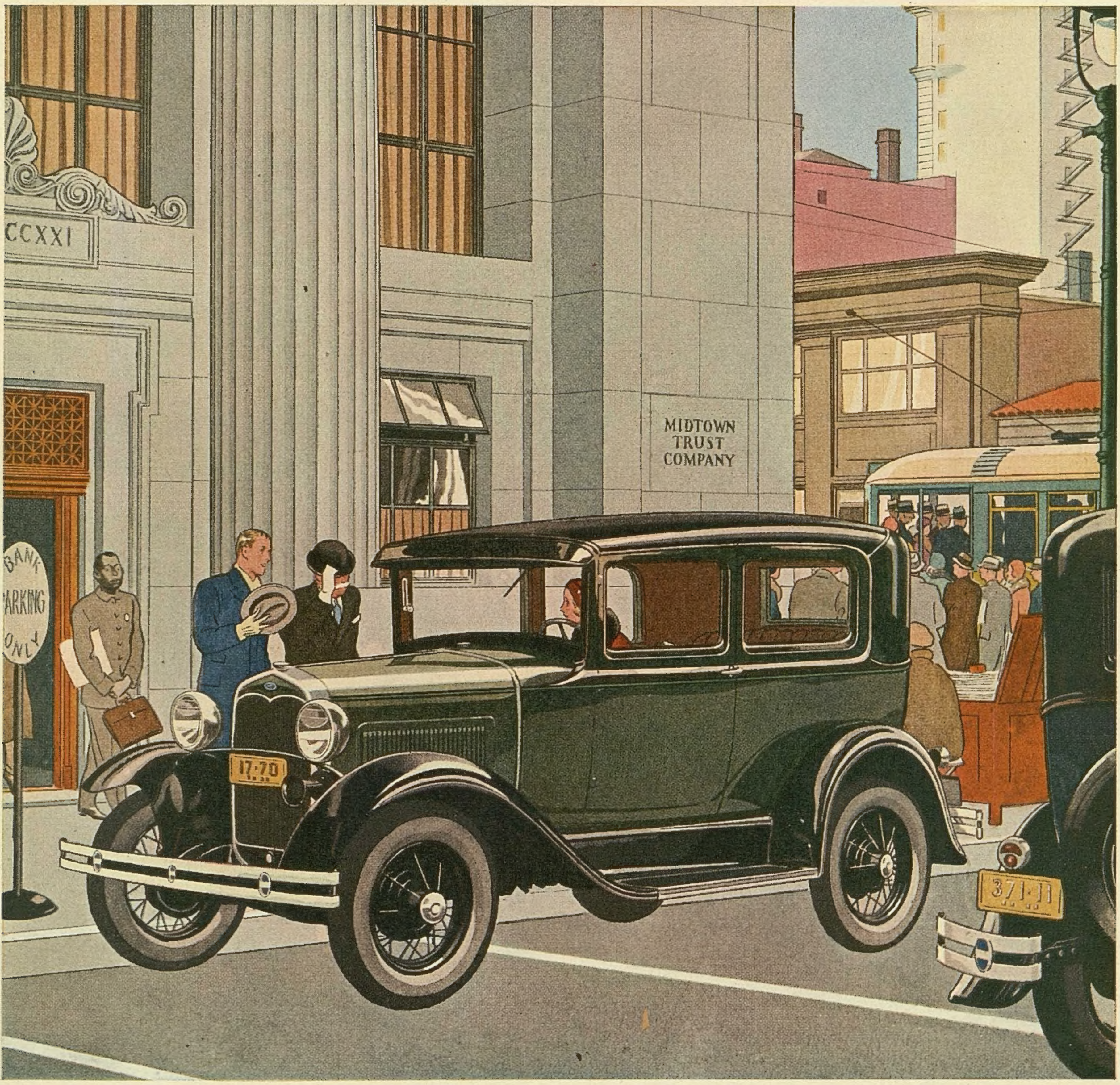

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(4) What are the four forms of English composition?.

(5) What is psychology?

(6) Who were Donatello, Cellini, Bologna, Rodin?

(7) What is the Milky Way?

(8) Who was Erasmus?

(9) What are the historical sources of Shakespeare's great plays?

(10) What do the following mean (a) "Sprechen sie Deutsch;" (b) "Parlez-vous Francais?"

(11) How far does a falling body drop in the first second after starting from rest?

(12) What does "ibid." mean?

(13) What was the Roman god of war?

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March 21, 1931 **Liberty** Vol. 8, No. 12

A Weekly for Everybody

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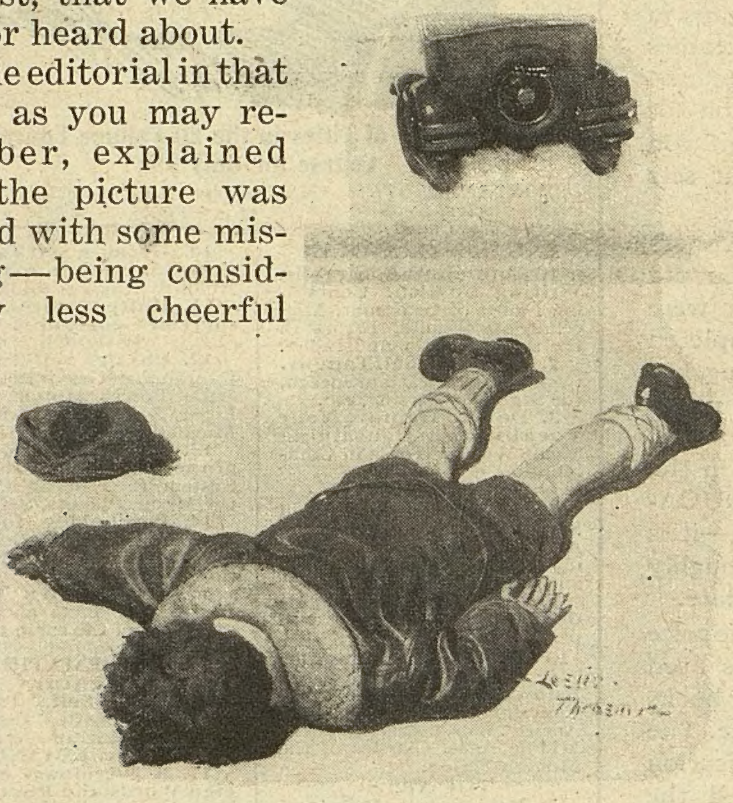
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

"HIT AND RUN"

This cover picture, on the February 21 issue of Liberty, has caused more talk than anything on the outside of a magazine in a long time—anything, at least, that we have seen or heard about.



The editorial in that issue, as you may remember, explained that the picture was offered with some misgiving—being considerably less cheerful than most magazine covers—but deliberately, with the idea that it might help the cause of safety and possibly save some children's lives. Since it appeared we have been deluged with letters and telegrams concerning it. We have heard from public officials in every part of the United States, from automobile clubs and insurance companies, interested professionally in safety campaigns, and, of course, from hosts of private individuals.

A page of these letters appears in this week's Vox Pop, and we invite your attention to them. One other, though it was addressed to Vox Pop, we are going to print here. It is one of the most pathetic letters we have ever received.

> Denver, Colorado.
>
> 5,110 little folks killed in 1927!
>
> Your cover brought tears to this family's eyes, for our little boy did not get well, and a little blue suit and his Humpty Dumpty toy, together with nineteen months of happy memories, are all that is left to us—all due to the lack of a porch fence, carelessness, and Mr. Hit and Run.
>
> Mrs. Norman W. Fry.

The thought that 5,000 children, born in travail and raised with loving care, are killed by motor cars in the United States each year is a terrifying one. Even more terrifying is the reality portrayed in automobile accident reports for last year, which were not available when our former editorial was written.

These figures, as compiled by one of the great insurance companies, indicate that 7,345 children of ages up to fourteen years were killed in 1930. In the same age group 223,259 were injured—more than a fifth of the total number of injured, of all ages.

The same report points out that, in the last eighteen months, 50,900 persons have been killed in automobile accidents in the United States, and that during eighteen months of the World War 50,510 Americans were killed in action or died of wounds. There's not much difference in the total.

One of the most reassuring sights we see nowadays is that of school children drilled and regimented by their monitors, crossing roadways in line while traffic is held up for them. Another is the ever-present sign, "Slow—School," which motorists see so often it should, even if it doesn't, become an automatic reminder of the need of caution.

The railroads, too, with their safety campaigns and posters showing the perils of trying to beat trains to crossings, have done much to diminish the number of automobile accidents.

But the best results will come from training within the schools, by teachers, and at home, by parents. Children, after all, must protect themselves primarily by keeping out of the way of automobiles. The most careful driver can hardly guard against the possibility of a child's darting out from the roadside or from behind another car. And even at the most conservative speed an automobile cannot always be stopped in time.

The most valuable safeguard is the habit of caution implanted in children's minds by teachers and parents. And the kind of picture reproduced herewith will do a great deal, we think, if it is shown to the children.

IN THIS ISSUE

Barbara and "The Major"—*A story* . . . . . Gerald Mygatt 7
Air Devils . . . . . Frank Clarke 14
A stunt flyer's memories of men who dared death for the cameras
A One-Man Show—*Movie reviews* . . . . . Kate Cameron 22
Money Mad—*Part III* . . . . . Rex Beach 24
The Case Against the Billboard . . J. Horace McFarland 34
One side of a debate on our synthetic roadside scenery
To the Ladies! . . . . . Alexandra Kropotkin 38
Liberty's Patriotic Game of States—*A $25,000 contest* 40
A Little Touch of Will-Power—*A story* . . Edw. L. McKenna 42
German Spies in America—*Part V* . . . Sidney Sutherland 50
Funny Joke—*A short short story* . . . . . Pauline de Silver 57
Problems of Conduct—*A meeting of minds* 61
Silver Knees—*Part XI* . . . . . Robert W. Chambers 64
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . . Bert Green 73
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (20); News of the World (33); Vox Pop (48-49); Bright Sayings of Children (56); Cross Word Puzzles (58-59); For the Love o' Lil (60)
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

THE WAY TO MAKE A FRIEND IS TO BE ONE

We of Oakland-Pontiac are building into our cars and service the extra qualities that we should like if we were the customers. . . . For instance, you will find both the new Oakland Eight and new Pontiac Six very comfortable cars. Long wheelbases, long springs, balanced design, and four Lovejoy shock absorbers make riding easy. There is comfort in the special form-fitting seat cushions in the new Fisher Bodies, and there is plenty of room. . . . Upholstery in closed cars is mohair or whipcord—in the convertible coupes, fine leather. Body insulation protects you against cold and heat. . . . Road shocks and noises are reduced by a new type of rubber cushioning at more than forty chassis points. . . . In their new power, speed, lower prices, and dependability, these two fine cars prove how sincere we are in our desire to make new friends and keep the old.

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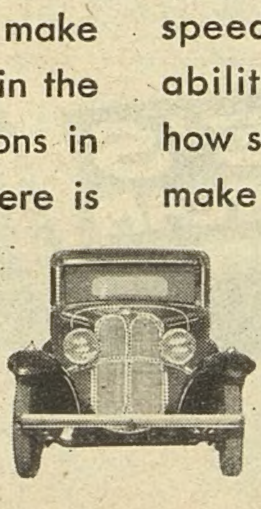

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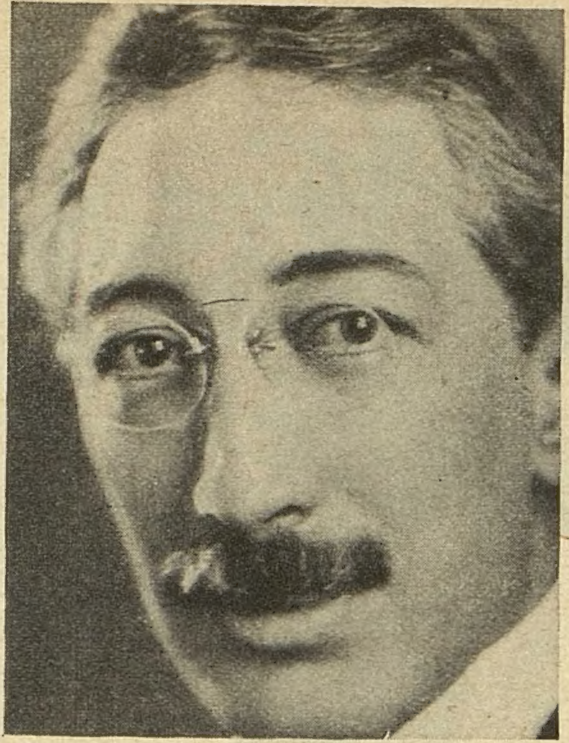

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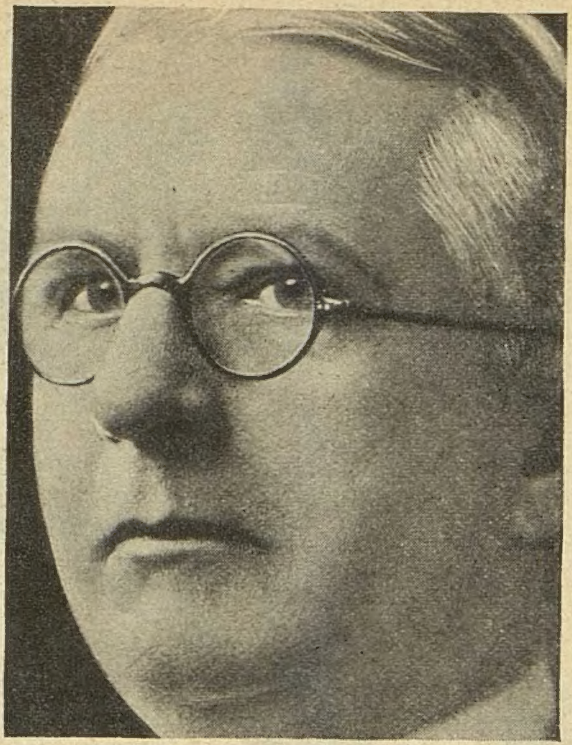

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

* * *

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

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And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.

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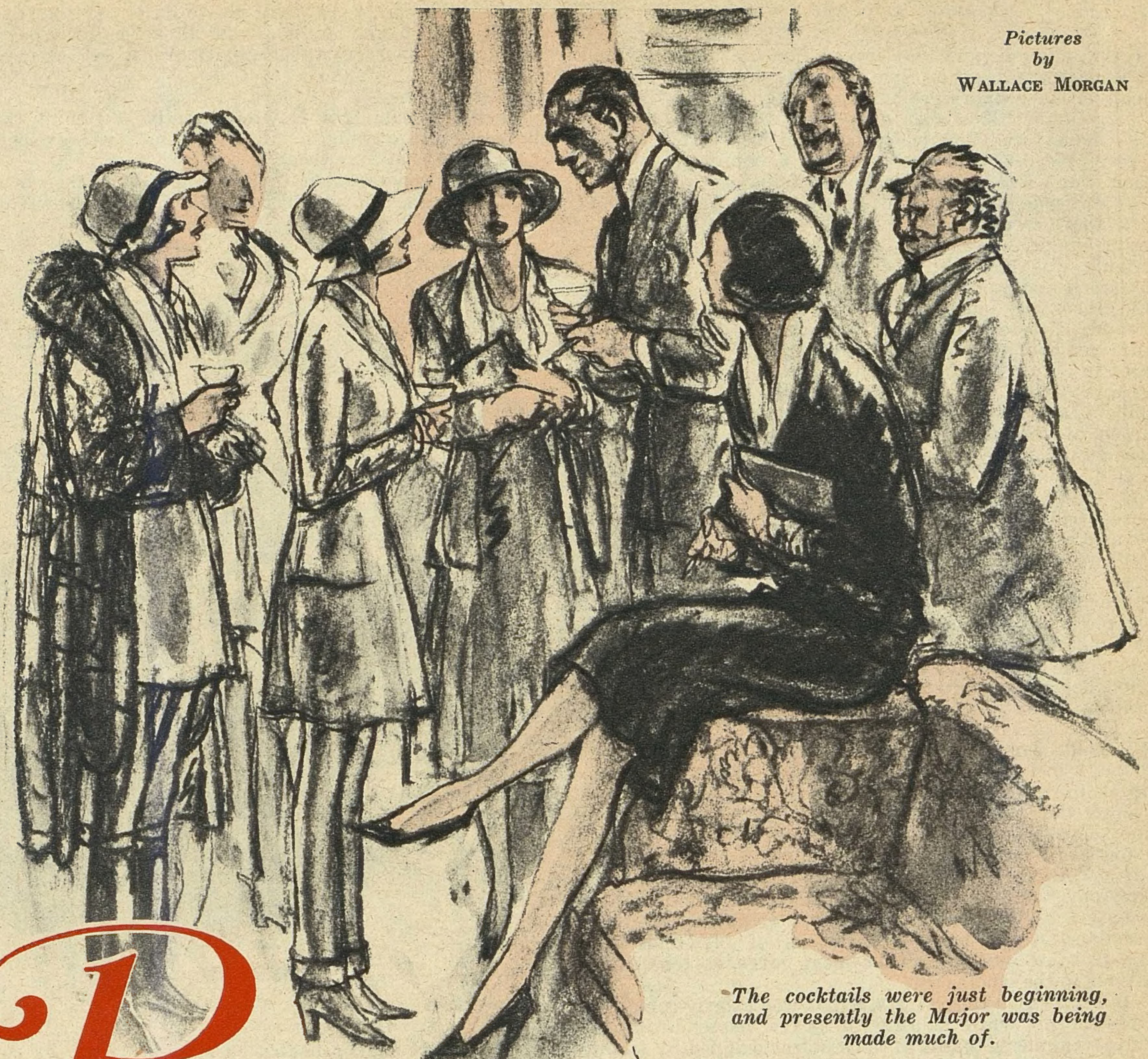


The cocktails were just beginning, and presently the Major was being made much of.

BARBARA and "The Major"

A Story of Woman's Wit

By

GERALD MYGATT

a New Yorker by birth, who has lived in many parts of the United States and loves the west most of all. He began his writing as a newspaper man and has been at it ever since, except during the war, in which he enlisted as a private and emerged as a captain of artillery.

(Reading time: 31 min. 30 sec.)

WHERE Oxford Ed came from was never, at least in Oxford Ed's mind, anybody's business. But where he went, and how, makes a story. You can fool some of the people all the time, even pretty girls. But you can't fool even pretty girls all the time.

Barbara Newfold, when she had opportunity to think about it at all, thought sometimes that perhaps she might be pretty; or else that, given some more years and a lot of luck, she might somehow get to be as pretty as her mother still was. That was all Barbara thought about it. She was that kind.

She was tall and utterly lovely, and all the people of Fairport, to whom she tried to sell real estate and vacuum cleaners and *de luxe* editions of almost anybody's prose

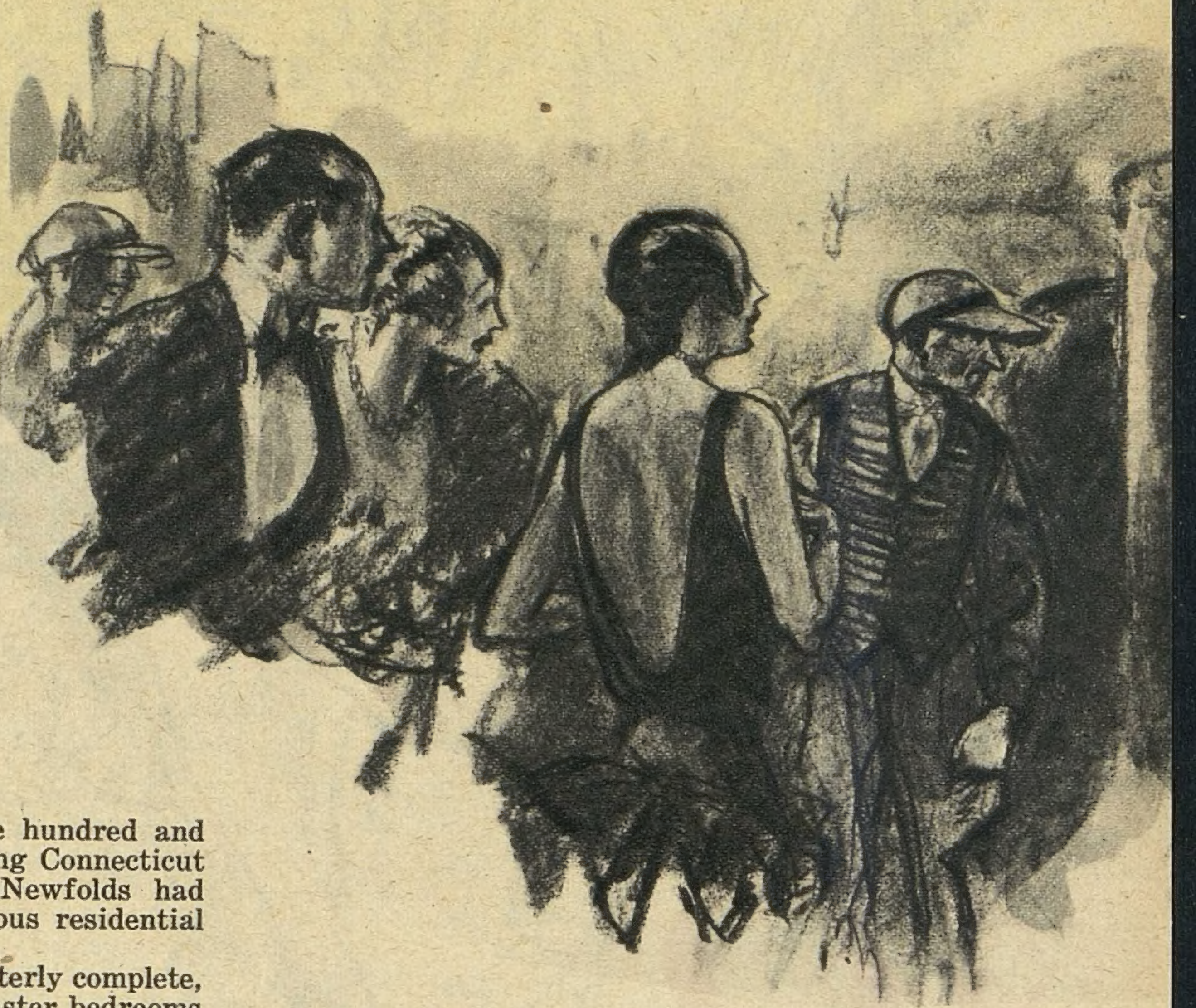
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BARBARA AND "THE MAJOR"
Continued from page seven

works—all Fairport was agreed that Barbara Newfold was having a tougher time than she deserved. A good many other people were having a tough time in the very blue year of 1930, when everybody wondered where all the money was that everybody had had in the golden years preceding, but there was not a family in Fairport that didn't feel bad about the Newfolds.

There was Mrs. Newfold, beloved by all who knew her, and there were the three girls—Barbara, Janice, and Toots. Barbara, just twenty, was the eldest. Toots, who ate as much and wore as much as any of the others, was fourteen. There wasn't any Mr. Newfold and hadn't been since the battle of Belleau Wood, when a certain Major Newfold had stopped an assortment of German machine-gun bullets; and now, since the Wall Street crash of the autumn of 1929, there wasn't any money either. There wasn't a cent of money. Mrs. Newfold, playing big stakes for her daughters' futures, had taken what at the moment seemed to be excellent and conservative advice. She had been sold out.

It wouldn't have been so bad, of course, if Mrs. Newfold hadn't been a cripple. But she was. When she sat in a chair you didn't notice it. But when she stood up, leaning heavily upon her hitherto hidden crutch, you noticed it most painfully.



IT made you think, somehow, that the world wasn't even as right as people protested it was.

And when you knew about the money and all the rest of it you became quite convinced that the world was topsy-turvy. All the rest of it, as far as the Newfolds were concerned, comprised the hundred and twenty acres of what once had been rolling Connecticut farmland which three generations of Newfolds had transformed into one of the most gorgeous residential estates in the whole east.

It wasn't a swanky estate, but it was utterly complete, from the big white house with its ten master bedrooms and seven master baths to the stables designed by Quinn of the army remount service. There were acres of orchards and other acres of corn. There were acres of woodland and acres of pastureland. There were about fifteen acres of smooth green lawn, the whole thing underpiped so that even in the driest drought the head gardener merely had to turn a single valve to transform the whole acreage of it into a shimmering iridescence of artificial rain.

Well, it seemed that in the Wall Street fiasco of 1929 the only thing to do had been to rush for mortgages, because the idea was that if only you could supply the brokers with more margin they might be able to save something for you. At all events, two gentlemen were discovered who, for what they called a suitable bonus, were willing to supply ready cash in exchange for mortgage deeds; and the brokers took the cash with unction, and presently the maelstrom engulfed both the cash and the securities the cash had been sent to save. And Mrs. Newfold and the three Newfold girls looked at one another with faintly blank faces and tried to think of something cheerful to say.

What Mrs. Newfold said was, "At least we've still got the place."

"And nothing to run it with," said Janice a little bitterly.

"Even less than that," said Mrs. Newfold. "We'll close the house, of course. We'll have to sell the horses and discharge the servants. I suppose"—and momentarily she closed her eyes as if to shut out a vision that was most unpleasant—"I suppose we'll have to put the place on the market." Now she smiled brightly. "In the meantime, kids, all we've got to do is pay the taxes and the upkeep, and on top of that all we've got to pay is the interest on forty thousand dollars' worth of mortgages."

"But, mumsy—"

"I think," said Mrs. Newfold quietly—"I think that all four of us are going to have a lot of interesting experiences in the next four years."

And that conversation, though now it had taken place a full year ago, still remained fixed in Barbara Newfold's mind. For the taxes hadn't been paid. And the two gentlemen who held the mortgages were beginning, oddly enough, to act less and less like gentlemen. One of them, in fact, already had had the place surveyed for building lots.

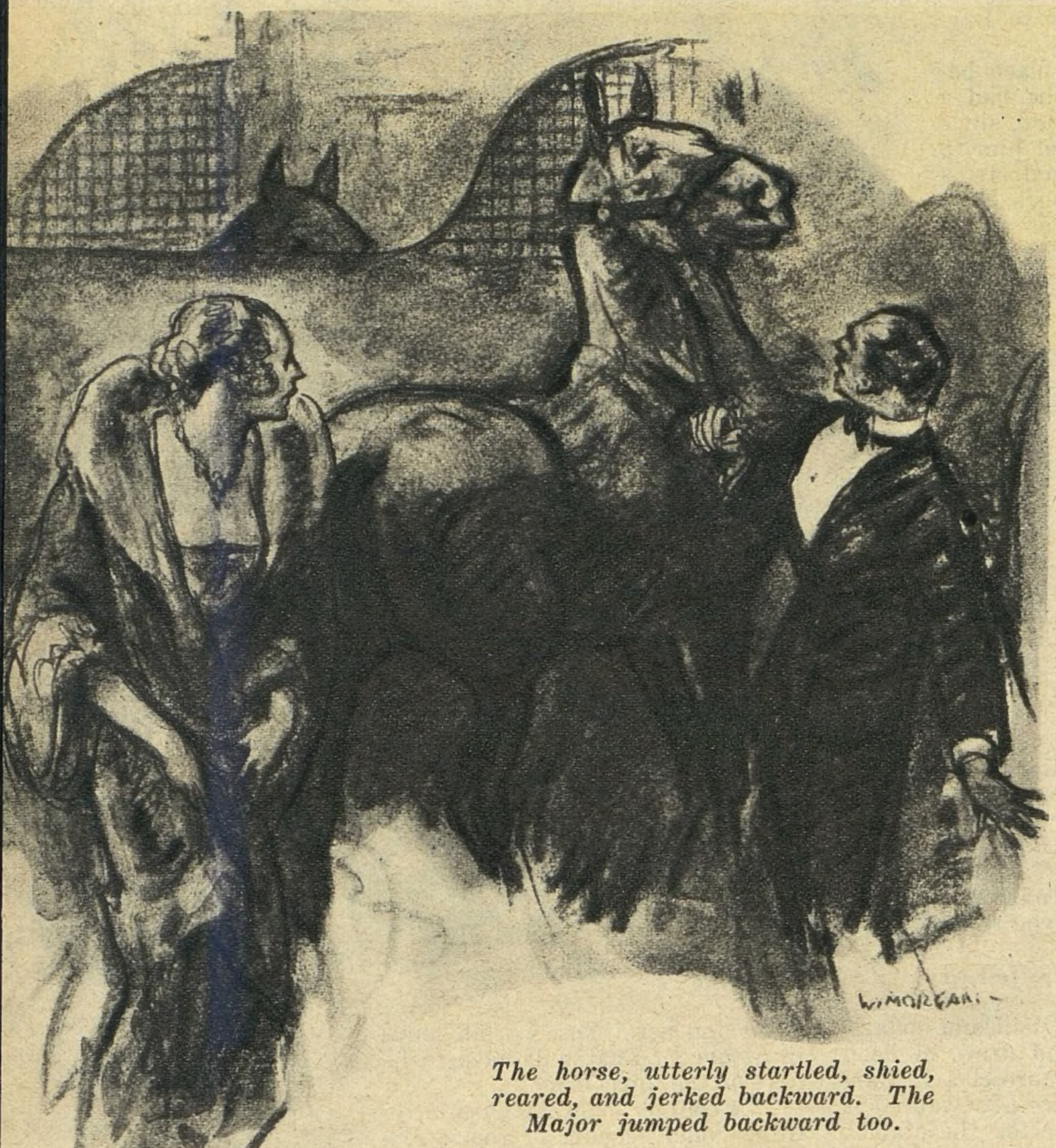
"In case," was all he had said.

TOOTS, by waiting on table and washing dishes in the junior-high-school cafeteria, was almost paying for her essential clothes. Janice, who was eighteen, was taking stenography and in the meanwhile working part time in the office of the Fairport trunk factory. Mrs. Newfold, on a shoestring's worth of capital advanced her by the good-heartedness of the Fairport Bank, was running an antique shop where nice people walked in and browsed around and explained that if only it were any other year but 1930 they would just adore to buy that Sheraton lowboy; but of course, the way times were, it was plain why they couldn't even think of buying a thing. That somehow left most of the load on Barbara, and after her own fashion she was carrying it.

From Mrs. Markiss, who ran the oldest real-estate agency in town, she got twenty dollars a week for keeping books, answering letters, and sitting by the telephone. She also got a thirty-three-and-one-third per cent split on any rental or sale which she herself actually made. And that, essentially, was what the four Newfolds had lived upon. But it didn't pay the taxes or the upkeep or the interest on the mortgages, any more than did the few extra dollars Barbara picked up by sounding the merits of a certain brand of vacuum cleaners and of almost anybody's prose works.

Thus it came about that when the telephone rang on a Friday morning and a deep and measured voice announced that the speaker was Major Taylor Tarrington of Virginia, who was anxious to look at property near the Hunt Club—preferably a property with stables and a sizable house—Barbara became exceedingly alert.

Said Major Tarrington: “ I—ah—I've been recommended to you people. A cousin of mine, Taylor Nevvin.” Barbara knew the Taylor Nevvins; they were in Europe. Said Major Tarrington: “ I—ah—my affairs, such as they are, call me to New York. Nevvin tells me Fairport is prime hunting country.”



The horse, utterly startled, shied, reared, and jerked backward. The Major jumped backward too.

Said Barbara desperately: “ I'm very sure we can satisfy you, Major Tarrington. As a matter of fact I have a place in mind. By the way, where are you? ”

“ I—ah—I'm in New York.”

“ Are you planning to drive out? ”

“ Why—ah—I've come up from Virginia by rail. I had planned to go back tonight for the week-end, but in this morning's paper I happened to see an announcement of your annual steeplechase. That's tomorrow, isn't it? ”

“ Today and tomorrow,” Barbara explained.

“ I shall come right out,” said Major Tarrington.

“ Your next train,” said Barbara, “ is at eleven three. I'll meet you at the Fairport station.”

It was as simple as that. Barbara blinked at the telephone and then, after waiting a moment, again unhooked the receiver. “ Mumsy,” she exulted, “ there's a chance at last. I don't know anything about it, but there's a chance.”

She told what little she knew. Then she said: “ I'll show him the Kassim place first because it's so terrible. After that I'll show him ours. He'll love it, of course. And I'll ask him a hundred thousand flat.”

“ Good! ” said Mrs. Newfold. All the Newfolds, the mother and Barbara and Janice and Toots, were now long past any idea of saving the place. The place had been lovely and it had been home, but that was ancient history. What the place now represented was a slim chance—a chance dependent upon mortgages and taxes—of getting back some, even a little, of the good Newfold money that had been put into it.

So Barbara, driving Mrs. Markiss' second-best sedan, met Major Taylor Tarrington at the Fairport railway station, and Barbara had no idea, naturally, that Major Tarrington possessed a dozen aliases and that one of them was Oxford Ed. She probably had heard about Oxford Ed, since the newspapers of a month or two before had been full of him.

OXFORD ED, if the police were to be believed, was wanted, and wanted rather badly, for the machine-gunning and butchering of seven employees, two of them girls, behind the bronze cages of the Tahoe-Sierra National Bank in Reno, Nevada. At all events, a certain personage had stuck the machine gun through the opening of the paying teller's compartment and had let it roar, leaving town presently with some two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold and new bills. He had headed north, toward Chilcoot and Portola. The only thing he left behind was a fingerprint on a soiled menu in the Washoe Lunch.

The only person Barbara had in mind to see was Major Taylor Tarrington, and him she saw climb down from the Pullman. The Major was tall and erect. He carried a pigskin suitcase bearing his initials and just neatly dotted with transatlantic steamship pasters. His suit was of soft gray flannel, set off with a claret-colored necktie.

His smile was pleasant and ingenuous, displaying two rows of attractive white teeth—these teeth being one of the sets he used as the occasion might demand. For Oxford Ed, who years before had had all his teeth taken out by a Mexican dentist in Agua Caliente, so that momentarily he might pass himself off as a mumbling peon beggar, had learned that teeth, as much as any other feature, were essential in disguise. Change your teeth and the expression around your eyes and, lo, you were another man. Sometimes, as just now, it was wise to be another man. You can't live on buried money.

Barbara went forward to meet him, and found him both courteous and affable. He repeated what his general desires were: a neighborhood devoted to horses and hunting, a place of his own commensurate, in a modest way, with the Virginia estate his business interests were forcing him to leave. But it was mostly the horses. “ I've been brought up with horses,” he explained.

Now, it was quite true that Oxford Ed, alias Black Dick Hammis, alias the Poinsettia Blossom, alias almost without end—it was quite true that he had been brought up, so to speak, in the world of horses. He knew a nag sight unseen. You learned to know a nag from the dope sheets and after that by getting something on a trainer or a jockey. You never had to go near the stables; you never even had to go near the track. You simply picked your skate and spoke your little piece, and the rest was gravy or a tough spot for the guy that double-crossed you.

It was a good racket, the horse racket; good and respectable and safe. It always had seemed to Oxford Ed, who had read a goodly number of books in penitentiary

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BARBARA AND "THE MAJOR"
Continued from page nine

libraries, that horses were somehow medieval; horses and horse fans both. Looking at it coldly, there certainly was nothing intelligent in bouncing up and down on a horse's back when the same investment of ready cash would ride you around in the rear seat of a Lenhard Eight. No, the thing was a perpetual set-up; horse fans were saps. And the society horse fans were worst of all.

"Yes," the Major remarked suavely to Barbara, "I've always loved horses."

She took him first to the Kassim place because, as she sagely informed him, she had a better one to show him afterward. Then, since it was an hour past noon, she motored him to the Hunt Club, where the clubhouse and lawns were swarming with riding boots, jodhpurs, English breeches, polo coats, fluttering gowns, silken ankles, and high-heeled kid slippers. Society at play, as pictured in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers—Society, such as it was, a little too self-conscious of its capital S.

Oxford Ed, alias Major Taylor Tarrington, smiled pleasantly as Barbara introduced him to the president of the club, to the M. F. H., to several of the governors. Yes, he was thinking of moving to Fairport. Yes, he had done a bit of hunting in his day. Yes, he was going to bring his own stables from Virginia. Yes, indeed, he would love to join the club.

The chairman of the admission committee smiled his own smile, which was ingratiating. "Of course," he explained to the Major—"of course there'll be the form of having you put up and seconded, but in the meantime we hope you'll feel free to avail yourself of all the privileges, just as if you were a member."

THE Major accordingly bought Barbara's luncheon, nor would he listen to her protest that the check belonged to her since she had him there on business. He merely grabbed the pencil and signed his name with a flourish: "Tarrington." As he did it he smiled again. "And now," he said, "let's go see that other place you're so sure I'm going to fall in love with."

She showed it to him and he fell. He fell so immediately and so completely that she quoted him a price of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He stalked about and said, "Ah," and drew in deep breaths, and the more he stalked the more clearly Barbara could see that he wanted this place and wanted it badly. Presently, after they had inspected the stables and the kennels, he made an offer. He would buy the place, he said, for seventy-five thousand, all cash.

The mention of cash almost destroyed Barbara's poise. All cash! Merciful heavens—cash! Real money at last, for all the bills that were overdue and for all the other bills that were due to come due; cash to send Toots to a decent finishing school; cash to buy Janice a fur coat; cash to take her mother out of that silly antique shop and give her the personal maid she so sadly needed. But not for nothing had Barbara been in the real-estate business for a year. She shook her head solemnly.

It was not till an hour later that they closed the deal at one hundred and four thousand dollars, all cash. And Barbara could have wept for joy, but instead she said very steadily, "Perhaps we'd better go back to the office and draw up the contract."

"The sooner the better," the Major agreed. "I only wish I could move in tomorrow." Now all at once his eyes brightened. He slapped his knee. "Ah—by Jove," he said, "I believe I shall!"

"Shall what?"

"Move in tomorrow. No, today! Get some servants, you know. Have the place cleaned and all that. Stock it up—everything."

"That's pretty short notice," Barbara thought aloud.

"Not at all. That's the way I do things. Make up my mind and act. Yes, I shall move in at once. That will have to be part of the agreement."

"Of course," said Barbara. Anything could be part of the agreement as long as he paid his money. As long as he didn't paint the house pink—but no, hereafter that would be none of her business.

They drew up the contract in Barbara's office, and then Barbara called in Jethro Sherman, who was the gray-haired Fairport lawyer, to look it over and pass upon it. "I'm not much at business," she explained to the Major, "and Mr. Sherman is a sort of family adviser."

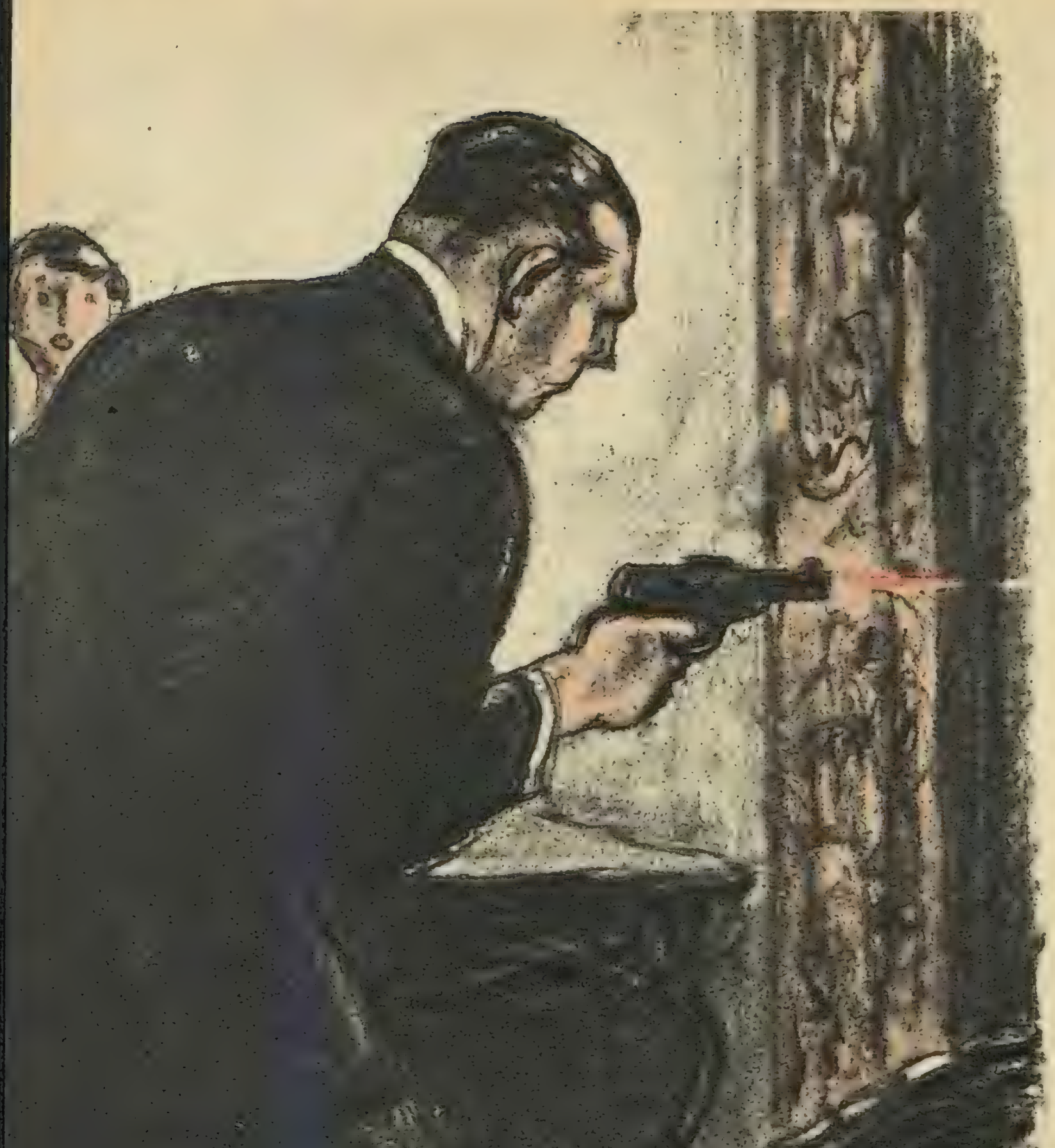
"Quite—ah—quite right," the Major agreed affably. "I was going to suggest a lawyer myself."

THE contract called for an initial payment of ten per cent of the price agreed upon. "But I'm perfectly willing to pay twenty per cent," the Major said surprisingly. "You see, I happen to be—ah—rather in funds just now, and since Miss Newfold assures me the title is entirely clear—"

"Except for the outstanding mortgages," the lawyer remarked, "I can assure you the title is clear—clear and, what's more, guaranteed."

"Make it twenty per cent by all means," said the Major. "That will leave me just that much less to pay when we finally come to the closing."

He reached into his inner jacket pocket then and drew out a slim check book. With a fountain pen he filled in one of the checks: "Pay to the order of—whom?—



Oxford Ed moved his pistol and shot twice through the window.

ah!—Barbara Eastman Newfold—$20,800.00, Twenty Thousand Eight Hundred No/100 Dollars." With a flourish he signed his name, "T. Taylor Tarrington." Now he smiled ingenuously. "Don't tell anybody about that first T.," he suggested confidentially. "When I get up here I'm going to drop it, but down back home I couldn't any more forget it than I could forget my—ah—social responsibilities. You see, it was wished on me at birth."

"Does it stand for something terrible?" Barbara asked.

"Utterly terrible," said the Major. Now he chuckled. "If you promise never to reveal it to a living soul I'll whisper it. My good parents"—and momentarily he hesitated—"my good parents, God rest them, named me Tootlingham Taylor Tarrington, and all through my boyhood I was Tootle. Do you blame me for dropping it?"

The three of them laughed heartily together. It was one of Oxford Ed's maxims that the way to get a sucker right was to get him laughing both at you and with you. When you drew a twenty-thousand-dollar check on the Glynwater Trust Company of Glynwater, Virginia, it was just as well for the payee not to give too much thought to the transaction; for Oxford Ed, who had had the checks printed by a certain agreeable printer in New York, knew only too well that there wasn't any Glynwater Trust Company; nor if there had been would he have had twenty thousand dollars or even twenty dollars on deposit there.

He was down to his last fifty bucks, and that was why he was here. Not for a year or more would it be safe to go back to that well remembered place where $230,000 in gold and new bills awaited him four feet underground at a point astronomically due north of the Western Pacific's Sierra summit tunnel.

ALL Barbara wanted now was to get away so she could show the twenty-thousand-dollar check to her mother; it was after three o'clock and too late to deposit it. She wanted desperately to watch her mother's eyes open with astonishment and beam with pleasure. It wouldn't be unalloyed pleasure, of course, because losing the place was somehow like losing a part of the family; but still the actual possession of cash when cash was so sorely required would be relief and happiness enough in itself.

That was what Barbara wanted to do, but the Major, enthusiastic by this time, gave her no opportunity. The house must be opened this very day, not—ah—formally, but sufficiently so the Major himself could sleep there and have his meals served to him.

"I'm sure we can get a couple for him," said Barbara meditatively. "Don't you think so, Mr. Sherman? There are so many people out of work."

"Plenty; only it's a little late to get them on the job today."

Said the Major quickly: "I'll pay a dollar an hour on the basis of a ten-hour day. That's ten dollars a day for anybody who'll go up there this afternoon and make the house livable. A permanent position too if I like them, only of course at slightly smaller wages. But they'll find me generous. Yes, they'll always find me generous. I should say about four people for the house—perhaps a man and three women—and two or three men for outdoors."

"Suppose you just leave it to me," said the lawyer kindly. "I'll have somebody up there inside half an hour. Give me the keys, Barbara. And now you and Major Tarrington shoot over to the electric company and the hydraulic office and get the juice and water turned on at once. After that I suggest your going to the Hunt Club to watch the steeplechase, because I don't want the Major to see his new place before sunset. By that time, Major, I think I can promise you a happy surprise."

The electric and water people were only too eager to extend any possible courtesies to anyone with money enough to buy the Newfold place. Service would be inaugurated at once, within the hour.

"And now," said Barbara, "let's go to the club."

The Major laughed easily. "You've forgotten the most important thing," he reminded her. "I must now—ah—go into executive session with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker."

"You mean you want to buy food?"

He bowed. "I want to stock the house," he said. "If you will be good enough to introduce me to a few of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BARBARA AND "THE MAJOR"
Continued from page eleven

best stores, so they'll know who I am and accept my check—"

"Goodness gracious," Barbara laughed, "business has been so bad here this summer that any store will charge anything to anybody. But come on."

She led him first to Saxon's, sacred to loyal Fairporters as the best grocery store in the world. What Saxon didn't have in stock he would get for you, and what he couldn't get for you couldn't be got. Saxon's store was a tempting array of ceiling-high shelves neatly stacked with appetizers—bottles, jars, cans, and packages—with the center of the store given over to tables laden with vintage caviar and suchlike.

The Major went wild at Saxon's. With Mr. Saxon himself at his elbow, he started with prosaic necessities like bags of flour and sugar and salt and wound up by making a tour of the shelves; two dozen tomato soup, a dozen mushroom soup, a dozen cream of celery; four dozen cans of hearts of artichokes, an entire gross of the caviar. His bill, when he had added the last item, came to two hundred and twelve dollars and some cents. The Major paid this bill by a check on the nonexistent Glynwater Trust Company of Glynwater, Virginia.

"It will be delivered before six," Mr. Saxon promised.

The Major and Barbara then went out and visited three other stores: a butcher's, where the Major failed to resist another hundred dollars' worth of canned goods; a hardware store because he wanted a power lawn mower and a host of minor tools; a furniture store because he wanted two lawn hammocks and some iron lawn chairs of a type unknown to the Newfold place.

It was at the furniture store that the Major discovered he was short of cash. He started to pay cash for a mere ninety dollars' worth of merchandise and found he had no more than forty in his wallet. He was embarrassed, outspokenly so. To Barbara he confided that he always liked to carry at least five hundred on his person. "You never know what will come up," he explained.

With Barbara's indorsement on it—for the Newfolds still were considered as good as gold—the furniture man cashed a Glynwater check of the Major's for $115, which was all the furniture man had on hand. They went to the hardware store then and fared better. The hardware store gave the Major $225, with Barbara's signature again on the back of the check.

"I must have more to feel comfortable," the Major stated.

The butcher gave him $80, again on Barbara's indorsement. But Mr. Saxon capped the climax. "You don't have to indorse this gentleman's check," he informed Barbara. "My business is built on trust, and that's how it goes on. I can let you have three hundred, Major Tarrington. How much do you want?"

Oxford Ed gulped, but the voice of Major Tarrington, speaking from Oxford Ed's throat, guessed somewhat absently that $200 would do.

SO Mr. Saxon cashed a check on the imaginary Glynwater Trust Company for $200, and the $200 was folded into Oxford Ed's wallet.

"Thank you so much," said Major Tarrington. His mind was doing arithmetic: $115 plus $225 plus $80 plus $200—$620. Not bad for chicken feed. And tonight might yield more—a lot more if there happened to be sparklers in the picture.

They went to the club then, but it was late afternoon and the steeplechase was over. The cocktails, however, were just beginning, and presently the Major was being made much of. It wasn't every day in the year that a Virginia horse lover bought an estate of one hundred and twenty acres in Fairport. Men grouped themselves about the Major. Women, some of them exquisite, fluttered about him excitedly. He was a catch.

There was to be the steeplechase ball that night, and a dozen hostesses begged for the Major's and Barbara's company at a dozen dinners that were to precede it. It was only then that Jethro Sherman, the gray-haired lawyer, asserted himself.

"I saw him first," said Jethro boyishly. "It's all fixed. Mrs. Newfold and the three girls and Major Tarrington are dining with Millie and me. But, first of all, we're going to give him a housewarming in his own house. I've spent the last two hours fixing it. Everybody," said Jethro—"everybody here is invited over to the Newfold place to drink the Major's health."

They ganged over, perhaps two hundred persons in all, and Barbara's heart was wrenched because the lawn about the old house was smooth and green, and the front door stood open and the windows too; and inside in the great living room Jethro's own servants were clinking glasses and stirring punch in a bowl.

"Thank heaven," thought Barbara devoutly—"thank heaven, mother isn't here! She'd die. Oh, why did we have to sell it? It's ours, it's ours! It can't be anybody else's."

But it was. And after all there was the cash to think about; cash for necessities, cash for self-respect, cash for a few of the tiny luxuries that meant the difference between existing and living. Reassuringly Barbara patted the check in her hand bag. So it was and so it would have to be.

THE Major was most entertaining at dinner, but strangely enough he talked little about horses. And Barbara wanted to talk about horses—about training and gaiting and schooling and high-schooling. A horse wasn't a horse till he was high-schooled. She wanted to know what methods the Major used, and she kept at him until at last her mother suggested, "Perhaps Major Tarrington's tired, honey, and doesn't want to talk." And the Major said to Mrs. Newfold, "I think I am a little tired, perhaps." But after a moment he was talking again, and an imperceptible questioning frown, the veriest ghost of a frown, settled itself momentarily between Barbara's two eyes.

Oxford Ed had been scrupulously careful, but what he didn't know was how much he really ought to know about those medieval four-legged animals to whom certain types of men willingly played chambermaid and valet and to whom other types of men devoted the best in their lives.

After dinner they set off for the dance at the club, the gray-haired lawyer and his wife and the Major and Barbara. The girl seemed a little thoughtful, but when the Major asked her kindly if she too was tired she said that, yes, she was. But she wasn't tired; she was merely thinking, and thinking hard. Yes, the Major had come to her that morning—was it only that same morning?—with no other recommendation than that of the Taylor Nevvins, supposedly his cousins, who were at the moment in Europe. He had bought the place, come to think of it, with surprising promptness. Of course such immediate purchases had been made many times, but still . . . Barbara shook her head. It was too much for her. It came back that he hadn't really inspected the stables at the place; all he had done was to walk in and look around and approve and walk out again. She had tried to show him the automatic feeders and the even more amazing device that opened up great panels in the walls and let each horse outdoors in case of fire. He had not been impressed; but then, on the other hand, if he was familiar with such things, perhaps he wouldn't be impressed.

Nevertheless, and now her eyes narrowed, the Major had cashed four checks in the village for a total of about $600, and three of those checks bore her personal indorsement. A sudden tightness gripped at her heart. Suppose the Major wasn't a major, but a swindler! Suppose those checks weren't good!

They were at the club, and from inside resounded the steady rhythm of muted dance music.

"Before we go in," said Barbara abruptly, "let's all go down to the stables. The Major didn't get a chance to see them this afternoon. They're all lighted up for inspection tonight, you know. Aren't you just crazy to see them, Major Tarrington?"

The stables were brilliant with electric lights and festooned with bunting in yellow and green, the colors of the Fairport Hunt. Neatly liveried grooms stood about at smiling attention. The horses, all sleek and shining, munched comfortably at their mangers; and over all and about it all hung that pleasant stable fragrance which is as frankincense to the nostrils of men who find horses good.

Barbara led the way to a stall near the rear, where a handsome bay hunter stood quietly. Now, Barbara knew that hunter. Though entirely gentle under saddle, he had developed a stable habit, as a colt, of hugging the left of his stall. It had started, probably, from an aversion to being saddled by some particular groom.

Said Barbara: "Isn't he wonderful? He used to be mine. Oh, Major, please lead him out so we can see him."

The man who called himself Major Tarrington stared at her and then at the horse. "Wouldn't it be better to call one of the grooms?" he suggested hurriedly.

"One of the grooms? What for? Here, I'll go in." And Barbara, dressed as she was in dancing slippers and a soft evening wrap, stepped forward.

"Oh, no!" said the Major and walked into the stall. Now, there is only one way to walk into a horse's stall, and if you know it you know at least something about horses and if you don't you don't. You speak to the horse first, quietly and reassuringly, since after all his eyes are at the other end of him, and then you go in, gently but very firmly, on his near side, which is his left side. If he's standing or leaning against that wall you push him away from the wall. So it has been done for centuries, and so, in all probability, it ever will be done.

The Major made only two mistakes. He walked into the stall without speaking and he walked in on the hunter's off side. The horse, utterly startled, shied, reared, and jerked backward. The Major jumped backward too.

AND then it was, with a deathly sinking of the heart, that Barbara knew the truth. She had planned some other tests, but no more tests were needed. The Major was not a major; he was not even as familiar with horses as the veriest undergroom might be.

She mumbled something about the hunter's never having acted so before and summoned a groom, to whom, with every appearance of anger, she delivered a lecture about the animal's care. She would explain it to the groom later, but that didn't matter now. What mattered was that the Major mustn't even suspect her duplicity.

She hurried him back to the club and danced feverishly with him. She danced two dances and then she turned him over to Jethro and Mrs. Sherman, explaining that she must run home for a few minutes in the Shermans' car to make sure her mother was comfortable. The Shermans blinked at this, but Barbara eyed them steadily and sternly, so they made no comment.

"I'll be back in fifteen minutes," she promised. "And, Major, if you don't dance with me again I'll never forgive you."

Barbara was back in but a little less than her quarter hour, and she hurried straight into the ladies' dressing room through the side door because there was something in her hand bag that she wanted to examine. It surprised her utterly, so utterly that her knees went weak, to find the Major standing there, entirely where he shouldn't have been. But he wasn't the Major any more; he was somebody else, an animal kind of person.

He swung the muzzle of a blunt automatic pistol straight at Barbara's eyes and what he spoke was a command: "Get over there with them other dames." And it was only then that Barbara's astonishment took in the other dames: seven white-faced women in evening dress, jewels glittering at their throats and upon their wrists and fingers; seven white-faced women in incongruous fluttering gowns of orange and pink and peach and white and pale blue and shimmering black.

"But, Major!" breathed Barbara. She knew he wasn't a major, but still she couldn't believe this—this atrocity.

"These liars told me that door was a closet," snarled Oxford Ed.

"But, Major!"

"Major, hell!" said Oxford Ed. "You double-crossed me back there in that stable place. Well, now I'm going to double-cross you. Get over in that line and keep your mouth shut, or you'll be dead before you open it." He waved the automatic. "When I say drop them sparklers you drop 'em," he warned. "And get this: I'm no toy baby. I shoot at the first bleat and I shoot to kill."

"Me too," echoed a voice from the open window. It was a male voice, strangely steady. "Suppose you stick 'em up," suggested the voice. There wasn't anything else at the window; merely darkness and the voice.

"To hell with you!" said Oxford Ed and laughed. "Come in here if you want to and I'll take off your pants."

"I told you, stick 'em up!" said the voice.

Oxford Ed moved his pistol and shot twice through the window. The double echo roared and resounded in the room. Then again, entirely coolly, he faced the women. "Drop those sparklers," he ordered, "or I'll plug the lot of you. You on the left—peel 'em off and drop 'em on the floor."

The voice from the window said, "Too slow, fella." A thin cone of fire spat from the darkness, and Oxford Ed's pistol jumped from his fingers, slithering and bumping across the floor.

It was then that Barbara jumped for Oxford Ed's knees, football fashion.

"You rat, I'll kill you!" he barked viciously, and kicked at her with all his might. But Barbara hung on, because a man in uniform was coming through the window, and another man, and another. She caught suddenly at Oxford Ed's right arm and dragged all her weight upon it, and then as milling figures surrounded her she remembered her evening bag, which was flopping from her elbow. She opened it somehow and extracted an object that gleamed and clinked reassuringly and felt very hard and cold. Still clinging to Oxford Ed's arm, she fought and pressed and squeezed, till abruptly there sounded a click.

She laughed then aloud. It was only a split second's work to click the other handcuff about her own left wrist. Again she laughed aloud, and then, because it didn't matter, she sagged back heavily, dragging Oxford Ed's weight part way down with her. People were walking on her, walking all over her, but she didn't care. She had told the lieutenant at the State Police barracks that she wanted the handcuffs and that she intended somehow, all by her own efforts, to humble this swindler who had called himself Major Tarrington. Let them walk on her face if they liked. She had done her job.

FORTY minutes later, back again at the barracks of the State Police, to which, under pretense of seeing her mother, she had raced on that hurried trip only a little while before, the young lieutenant who had done his talking and shooting through the window shoved a sheaf of handbills toward her across his desk.

"Here, take a look," he suggested amiably. "Murder seems to be the smallest thing that bozo's wanted for."

Barbara's eyes opened. Presently her jaw opened.

"In case you want to know what the rewards come to," said the lieutenant, "I've just been figuring 'em out for you. Listen! Chamber of Commerce of Reno, five thousand. Tahoe-Sierra Bank, another five. City of Sacramento, two thousand. Chamber of Commerce of Santa Fé, four thousand. Omaha— But what's the use of reading 'em? What you've earned tonight, Miss Newfold, seems to be fifty-six thousand eight hundred dollars."

Barbara could only stare at him. Finally: "Me? What do you mean, me?"

"You copped him," said the lieutenant, smiling.

Barbara stood up, leaned across the desk. "But—but listen," she pleaded. "You captured him. I didn't capture him."

"Didn't you? Don't make me laugh, Miss Newfold; I've got a lame lip where he landed me one. But if you're thinking about us, the police don't take rewards."

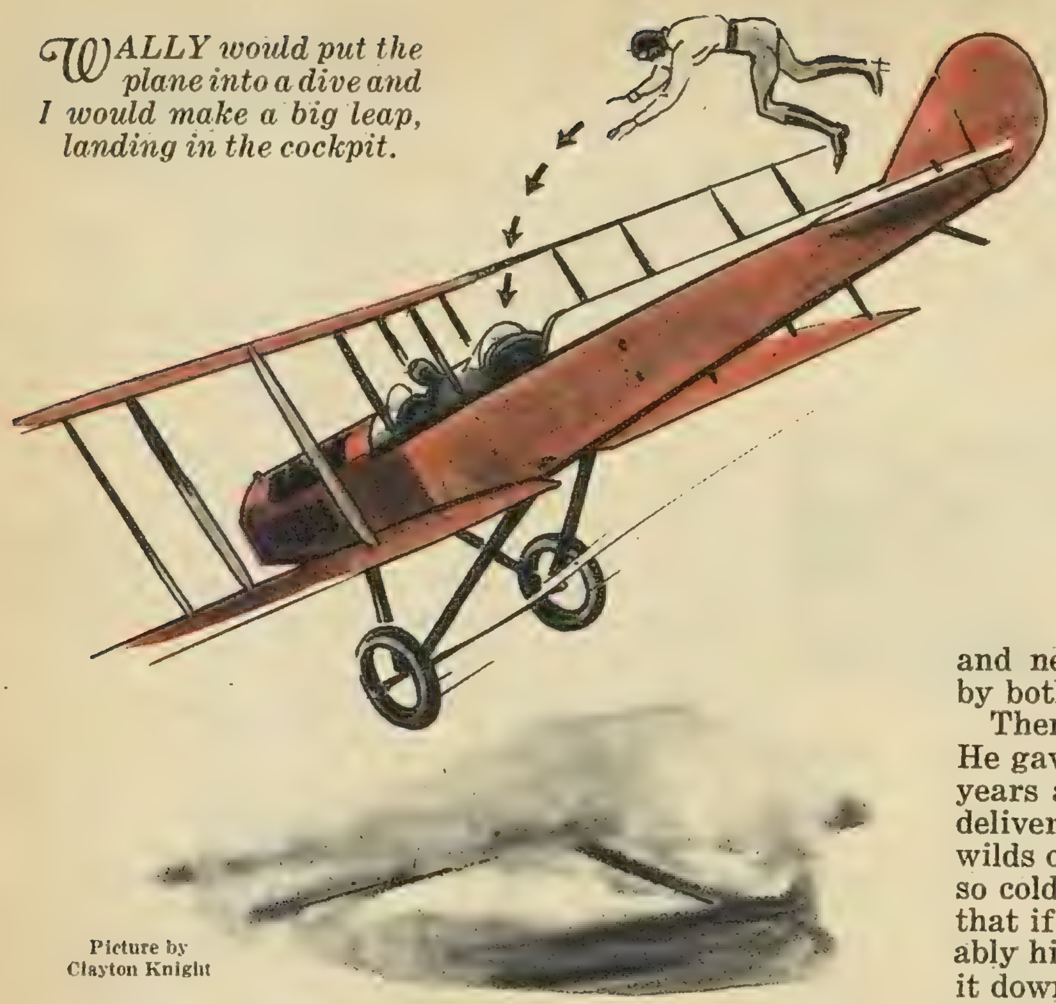
"You mean," said Barbara dazedly—"you mean just because this man walked in on the wrong side of a horse I'm to get fifty thousand dollars?"

"Fifty-six," the lieutenant corrected.

Now Barbara was looking straight through the lieutenant, straight through the walls of the barrack room.

"I think," she said after a moment, "if I may use your telephone, I will call up mother."

THE END



WALLY would put the plane into a dive and I would make a big leap, landing in the cockpit.

Picture by Clayton Knight

Air

A Stunt Flyer's Memories of Men Who Dared Death for the Cameras

(Reading time: 24 minutes 27 seconds.)

STUNT pilots must be born. At least, I've never heard of one being made. I've never known a man to come to the flying field and say:

"I want to take a course of flying lessons which will enable me to make my living by wing walking, plane changes, and stunting."

Stunt men just appear. I don't know where they come from, or how they get their training, but whenever an old-timer is killed an unknown steps out of the ranks ready and able to take his place.

Al Johnson was an example. Some of the boys were putting on a spectacular flight for a news reel. At the last minute one of them didn't appear, so an offer was made to the crowd for a volunteer—the reward being ten dollars. Al Johnson stepped forward. That was the first anyone there had seen of him. He lived to become one of the greatest in the business. There was nothing he wouldn't do. He lost his life in a very simple accident during the filming of Hell's Angels.

Stunt flying is a vanishing business, and it won't be long before the stunt flyer is to aviation what Barney Oldfield is to the automobile game—the last remnant of a vanishing era.

There aren't many of the old-timers left, yet it is a strange fact that very few of them lost their lives while stunting.

Maurice (Loop the Loop) Murphy was one of the last to go. He was killed in commercial aviation. After finishing work in a picture with me about a year ago, he decided to give up the stunt game. He got his nickname from the fact that he liked to fly very high and then do a number of loops without using his motor. He took a job as pilot of a Ford trimotored ship belonging to the Maddux line, and was on a run between Los Angeles, San Diego, and El Centro. One day he had just left San Diego for El Centro, with five passengers, when an army pilot began to stunt over, under, and above the big plane, just to give the passengers a thrill. In a final maneuver he shot toward the nose of the other ship, intending to zoom up over it. Whether he misjudged his distance or hit an air bump will never be known. He struck the liner on its nose motor, driving it back into the pilot's compartment and killing Murphy and his assistant. The army man jumped, but his parachute caught in the wreckage of his own plane and he fell to his death. The big air liner, pilotless, droned crazily through the sky and finally cracked up in a cañon, killing all passengers.

That was one more nail in the coffin of stunt flying, and new and stricter regulations were put into effect by both the army and the Department of Commerce.

Then there was Fred Hoyt, another of the old gang. He gave up the game for commercial work. A couple of years ago he was flying a new plane out to Spokane, to deliver it for air mail use. He struck a blizzard over the wilds of Idaho. He was flying blind. Finally he became so cold that he was afraid he would pass out. He knew that if he tried to land the ship in that storm he'd probably hit a mountain side. There was no chance to bring it down safely, so he jumped.

Hoyt made a safe descent, but had no idea where he was. He repacked his parachute and went on through the storm until dark, when he made camp, gathered wood and built a fire. He wrote a note which he placed on a tree with his parachute. The following evening, after fighting his way through the storm, he stopped to make camp. He gathered wood. Then he stopped to write a note, saying he didn't know where he was, but that as he felt so warm he had decided not to build his fire until later. He didn't know that the warm feeling was caused by the fact that he was freezing to death and his blood stream was slowing down. He was found dead, seated by the unlighted firewood with a match in his hand. He was only a quarter of a mile away from a cabin that was well stocked with provisions.

Clem Phillips, who had flown in Wings and Lilac Time, met his end while taking off from a farm field near Oakland, California.

Still, many stunt pilots have died in action. Omar Locklear and Earl Daugherty, both grand masters of the craft, were among them.

I BECAME a stunt pilot the first time I went into the air. My initiation into the fraternity was involuntary. I was born on a ranch in the California mountains, and as a kid punched cows and more or less took it for granted I'd follow that profession the rest of my life.

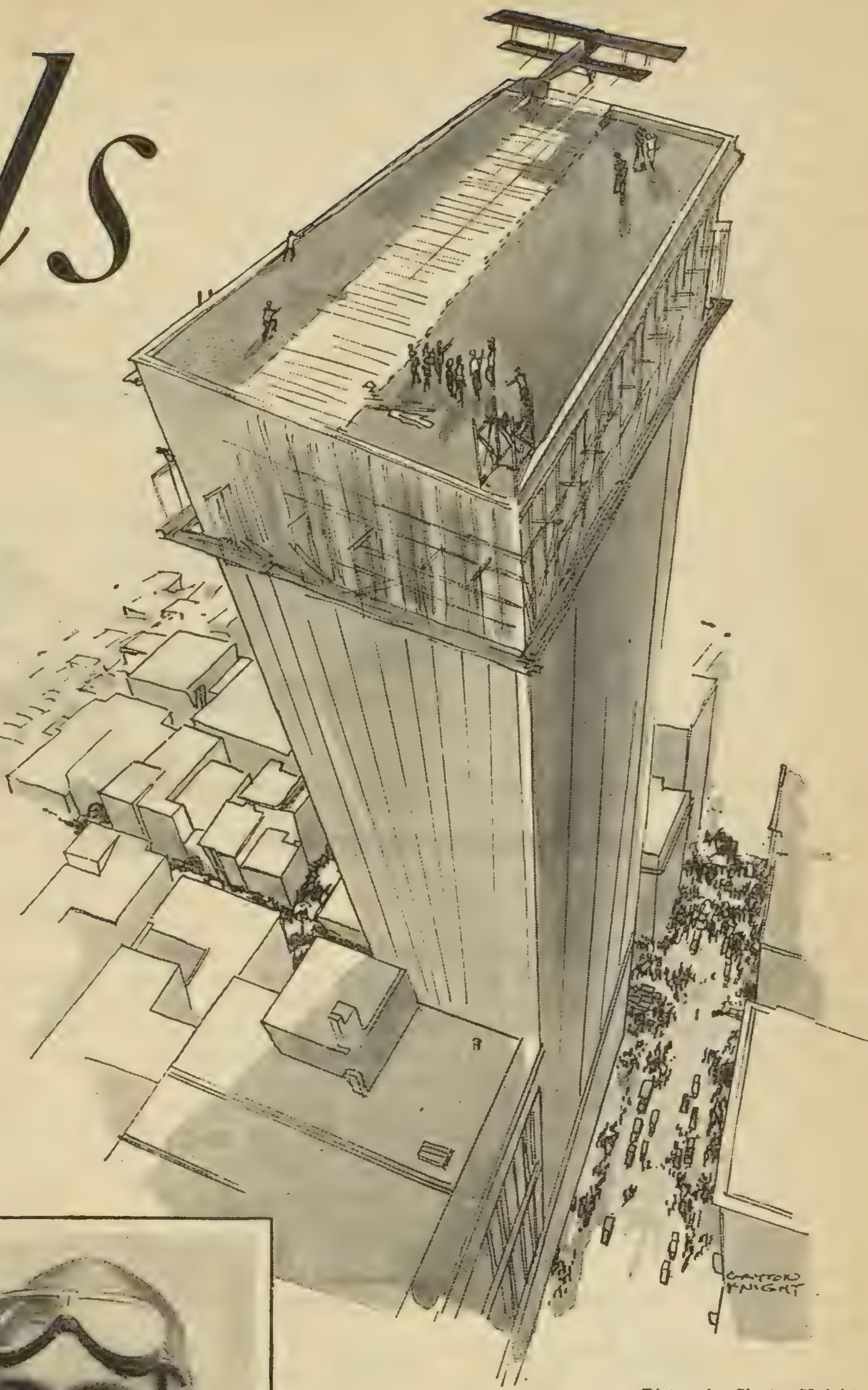
When I was about nine I was taken to the county fair at Fresno. I had never seen an airplane, and very few automobiles, so you may imagine what a thrill I got out of an exhibition by Curtiss and Hamilton, who had two old pusher planes. Hamilton made a successful flight, but Curtiss ran into a fence. Although he was unhurt, the accident convinced the ranch folk that these contraptions would never be safe.

From that day on I dreamed of aviation and never punched cows with the same enthusiasm. My eyes were off the dust and up in the skies. Some months later I made my first flight. I had an older cousin who considered himself a mechanical genius. He had constructed a homemade glider

Devils

As Told to ROBERT A. DONALDSON

By FRANK CLARKE



Picture by Clayton Knight

I gave her the gun, and the next moment was sailing over the street, where thousands were massed.

more or less by guesswork. As I remember it, the glider looked more like a kite than anything else.

Like many another inventor, he wasn't too keen about trying out his own brain child. Therefore he generously appointed me chief pilot. In order to get the glider into the air we built a small wagon, fitted with round wooden wheels made by sawing off thin sections of a big pine log. We got the glider on top of a hill, I climbed on, my cousin shoved it down the hillside, and I was off.

THE glider ran down seventy-five feet, caught a gust of wind, and took off. It shot up like a rocket, and then, as many another aviator has done since, I began to wonder how I was going to get it back on the ground. I didn't worry long, because a moment later it crashed into a pine tree top fifty feet in the air and stuck there with me still in it. But I was unhurt.

There was necessarily a lapse of years before I achieved my ambition to become an aviator. Eventually I went down to the Venice field, near Los Angeles, and asked for some kind of job that would enable me to learn to fly. I got work as a helper around the hangars.

That old Venice field was a wonderful place in its day. More stunt flying was invented and done there than in all the rest of the country put together.

I made my first solo flight one Sunday morning. That afternoon I was carrying passengers. I carried twelve in all, at ten dollars each. I was flying a homemade biplane. It had been built by a tailor at Venice, Joe Hoff. He knew how to build a plane, but didn't know how to fly it. It was a pretty good old plane. However, after I had taken those twelve passengers up I looked the ship over, and found that the exhaust pipes of the OX-2 motor were so near the longerons that the latter had burned half through!

Hoff eventually learned to fly. About two years later, he was carrying a passenger and doing some low flying over the Venice pier. His control stick had been fastened in with a piece of rusty iron wire. This suddenly broke and the stick came out. Before he had time to put it back he had plunged through the pier. Both he and the passenger were killed.

The first passenger I took up was my stepfather, who had come to the field to see me fly. He didn't want to go up, but I persuaded him to do so. In addition, I charged him the customary ten dollars. I figured if there was going to be any trouble on my first flight I had better keep it in the family. He didn't know he was my first passenger—and won't until he reads this!

Frank Clarke, who tells in these pages of his own experiences and those of other stunt flyers he has known. He is himself a famous dare-devil, and has been furnishing airplane thrills for the movies for more than ten years.

A short time after this, in 1919, reports came west that Lieutenant Omar Locklear, who was in Texas, had made a change from one plane to another, using a rope ladder.

Many pilots at first refused to believe it, but flyers who came west from Texas reported it was really true.

Famous Players-Lasky immediately decided to incorporate such a change in a picture starring Houdini if they could get anyone to try it. Lieutenant Kennedy, who had just been discharged from the army, agreed to attempt it, and C. V. Pickup and Tommy Thompson were engaged as pilots of the planes.

They went up and started the change, but the two ships got their wings locked, which caused them to swing around into a head-on position. The two propellers looked like a couple of dogs fighting. It ended with each prop cutting off the nose of the other plane.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Kennedy was hanging from a twenty-foot rope ladder, below Pickup's plane, absolutely helpless. The ships were at an altitude of 5,000 feet

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

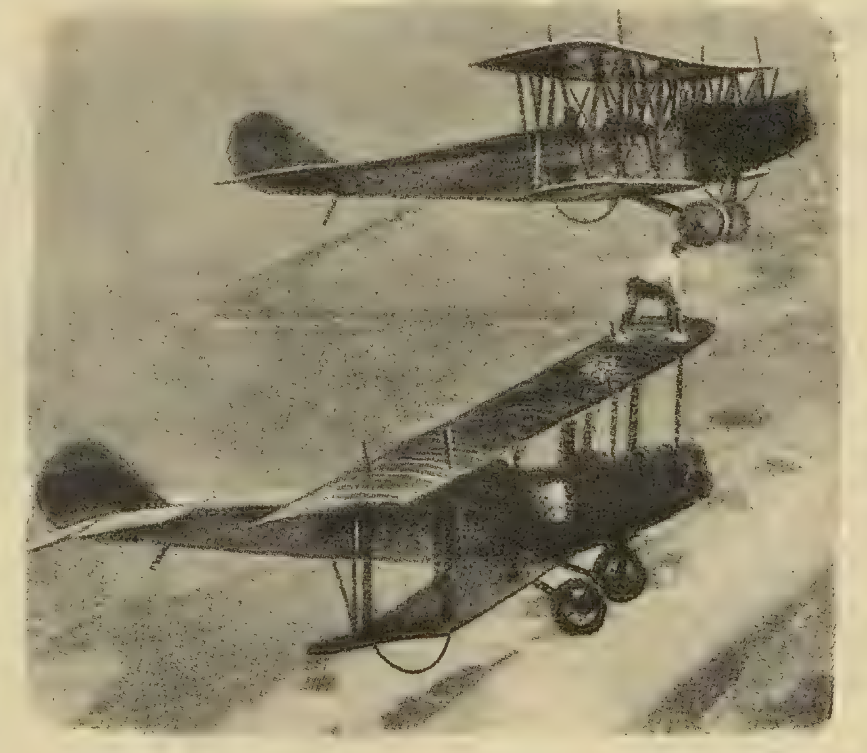
when they started to fall. They went through a cloud 1,000 feet thick, still locked together.

By this time the right wings of one plane were almost completely torn off. The two ships suddenly parted. Pickup was able to land, with Lieutenant Kennedy still hanging on the rope ladder, in a bean farm near Santa Monica. Thompson came down in an open field about a mile away. He fell in a tight spiral, completely out of control. He hit the ground, skidded about 100 feet, and finally landed on his back. He unstrapped his belt and fell out on his head, unhurt. In those days nobody used parachutes. The safety pack had been invented but not perfected and put into general use.

A few weeks later a bunch of us were standing around at the Venice field. I remarked that I'd like to try to make a change. A good many stunts have been conceived like this —on the spur of the moment.

The words were hardly out of my mouth before Howard Patterson and Al Wilson took me up and said they would fly their planes for the stunt.

We went into the hangar to get some rope. I decided I would rather try to make the change by knotting the rope for handholds, instead of using a regular ladder. The only piece of rope we could find was old and rather rotten. Meanwhile the boys were kidding me, saying that if I didn't make it I would at least be known as a "martyr to the science of aviation." By this time I would have been glad to back out.



Clarke making one of his first plane-to-plane changes without benefit of rope ladder.

The rope looked so rotten when we started to tie it up that I decided I would rather try to make the change directly from wing to wing without the rope. This had never been tried before. There was a good deal of speculation as to what would happen when the weight of a man was thus transferred with such a short distance between wings. Some of the boys thought the two wings would hit, and the man attempting the change would be knocked off.

I went up with Howard Patterson and Wilson was to pick me off. When we were up about 3,000 feet I got out on the tip of the wing. Wilson was supposed to come up directly behind and above. However, he misjudged and his wing came in from the side. The wing tip hit me in the jaw and knocked me about ten feet. Fortunately my feet tore through the wing near the center section, holding me fast. I was dazed from the blow. After shaking my head several times I crawled back into the cockpit. We flew around for a few minutes and then I decided to try it again.

This time Wilson came in directly from behind. I reached up, caught the tip of his wing, and, as he pulled away, crawled aboard. I had made the first direct change from ship to ship without using a rope ladder!

MARK CAMPBELL is credited with originating wing walking for exhibition purposes. He had started it somewhere in the east a year or so before. It became very popular. A little later I went on a barnstorming tour and did wing walking to attract the crowds. My mechanic was Wally Timm, who later taught Art Goebel, the winner of the Honolulu flight for the Dole prize, how to fly. At this time Wally himself was learning to fly. He could handle a plane when it was in the air but didn't know how to take one off or land it.

When we were barnstorming I would take the plane off the ground, and turn the controls over to Wally. I would then do some wing walking to attract the crowds, then resume the controls and land the plane.

Then I devised some new gags to thrill the crowd. In one of these I would turn the controls over to Wally, crawl back on the tail, and get on the stabilizer. Wally would then put the plane into a mild dive and I would make a big leap through the air, landing in the cockpit. It got a big hand.

There was always one thing that worried Wally. He used to mention it each time before we took off.

"Don't miss that cockpit, Frank," he'd caution me, "because if you do how can I ever land this plane?"

I did miss the cockpit once, but not when I was flying with Timm. Ray Goldsworthy was flying with me on a barnstorming tour. We were at Taft, California. Just as I started to jump from the tail the ship hit a bump in the air. I missed the cockpit and hit the turtleback with the seat of my trousers. I went right through it, splintering the wood. The splinters acted as fishhooks and held me firmly. I was still stuck there when Goldsworthy landed. The crowd didn't know how near it had come to witnessing a real accident. I got a great hand for the "stunt" when we came down.

LATER I decided to try to change from the ground to a plane by means of a rope ladder.

E. L. Remlin, now an air-mail pilot, was to fly the ship. We waited for a day when there was a strong wind blowing across the field. By flying the plane into the wind its speed over the ground would be reduced.

Remlin circled the field twice and both times I failed to catch the ladder. Then he made a third attempt. On this occasion I managed to catch it. The rope burned through my hands, but when it was just about at the end I held it. Remlin, looking back, saw I had caught on and increased his speed preparatory to gaining elevation. Meanwhile my feet were still touching the ground, and I was tearing along, taking a step about every hundred feet. Then I had to let go, for Remlin started into the air and my hold on the rope was very insecure. When I let go I turned two complete somersaults and landed on my feet, running at a terrific pace and unable to stop. Eventually I spilled, but was unhurt. All of Paddock's records as the fastest human were broken that day. We didn't try that trick again and I don't believe it has been attempted since.

Another thing I worked out at this time came close to finishing me. I would go up, and then crawl back on the tail and fly the plane from there. I'd operate the rudder wires with my feet. I had a rope tied to the stick. I ran it through a square fitting which I had found in the hangar and fastened to my dash, where it acted as a pulley.

The first day when I crawled back on the tail the rope stuck in a corner of the fitting. The plane started to dive, and it was then that my cowboy training came in handy, for I knew how to take a kink out of a rope by flipping it. That would get the nose of the plane up, and then the rope would stick again. This went on for quite a time, with the result that the ship seemed to be galloping through the air. Then the rope suddenly sawed in two! There I was on the tail with only a piece of rope to hold to—and the other end of it attached to nothing at all!

The ship went into a whipstall. The only thing that kept me from falling off was the fact that I had my feet under the flipper wires. Eventually I scrambled forward to the cockpit and managed to straighten out the ship, which had gone into a dive. After that I rigged up a regular pulley and ran the rope through it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

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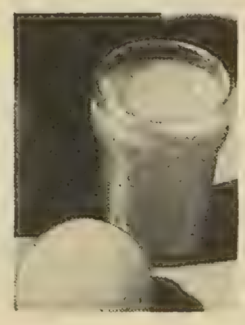
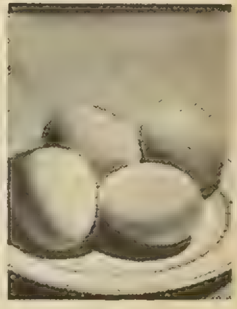


FRUITS, rich in both minerals and vitamins essential to tooth health.

EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.



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NOW at your nearest druggist's

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When you remove film from teeth you are *preventing* trouble. Film harbors germs that cause decay and other disorders. It glues germs tightly to teeth while their destructive action eats away enamel. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

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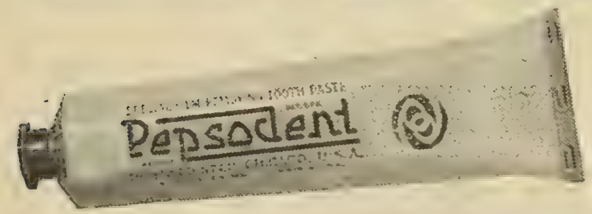
Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE ... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in *preventing* trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

Another thing we put on at this time was hanging by the knees from the landing gear of a plane, and then, when the plane swooped down, picking up a hat or a handkerchief on the ground—a variation of the old cowboy rodeo stunt. Misjudgment of a couple of feet by a pilot meant death for the stunt man below!

The first picture I appeared in was a comedy in which Mark Campbell and I doubled for a couple of actors. I was dressed in a cop's uniform, while Mark was the convict. We chased each other all over the wings and undercarriage of the ship.

Plane changing had so taken the public's fancy that at an air meet at Venice about this time, a prize was offered for the quickest change, and a number of teams entered, including one headed by Earl Daugherty. Freddie Lund, Frank Tomick, and myself teamed up, Freddie to make the change from Tomick's plane to mine. Usually changes were made at from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in the air. However, as soon as we took off Lund crawled out on Tomick's wing. We started to circle the field and at 100 feet I came down over Tomick's ship, picked him off, and we were back on the ground in a minute and a half. It was the quickest change on record up to that time.

Al Johnson is the gentleman playing the game of pick-up-the-handkerchief from a speeding plane. This time he missed.

One of our principal annoyances in the old days was the fact that one couldn't leave a plane on a field for a minute without having both small boys and adults crawling over it. The adults were worse than the boys. They all pushed and pulled everything and often broke parts. One of the principal dangers was having someone monkey with the switch, and the next person jiggle the propeller.

I hit on what I still think was the best gag to keep people away from a plane. I was crabbing to a concessionaire who had a snake exhibit on the Venice pier about having my plane mauled. He was closing his exhibit soon and offered to give me one of his rattlesnakes, named Pedro. Pedro had had his fangs taken out and his owner assured me he was used to being handled.

I took Pedro in his cage to my apartment. After three or four days he became used to me and would let me handle him. I then took him out to the field in a small grip. I boasted I had a pet that would keep people away from my crate when I wasn't there, and was promptly laughed at. Some of the boys had tried leaving watchdogs in their cockpits, only to return and find that their dogs had been stolen.

THEY could scarcely believe their eyes when I opened the grip, picked out Pedro, and dropped him in the bottom of my ship. I didn't have any more trouble after that, as whenever anyone would attempt to fool with the controls or climb in, Pedro would rattle. Everyone knows that sound instinctively, even though it may seem incongruous coming from the middle of an airplane.

When I was taking passengers up I took Pedro out of the plane altogether. I was afraid he would crawl around while I was in the air, and a nervous person suddenly seeing him under his feet might jump out.

Eventually his fangs started to grow back. One day one of the small boys around the field started to tease him, thinking he was harmless. The snake struck and scratched the kid on the back of the hand, wounding him slightly but not poisoning him. Next day, while I was away, one of the pilots decided that Pedro's presence couldn't materially advance the science of aviation, and put an end to him. It was probably just as well.

If anyone is inclined to think that Pedro was too good to be true, I can only recall the flight made by Martin Jensen, winner of second prize in the Dole flight.

Jensen started to make a nonstop transcontinental flight from San Diego to New York with Leo, the M.-G.-M. lion, as his passenger. The lion was caged up in the fuselage. Jensen got as far as Arizona, when he ran into a storm, got lost in a cañon, and crashed. It took him two days to make his way out to civilization. The flight had been conceived for publicity purposes, so when Jensen disappeared, everyone, even a lot of his friends, laughed and refused to take it seriously, thinking Jensen had been instructed to bring his plane down and hide out for a few days while the most was made of the publicity. However, Jensen had really crashed. A party later went out and brought Leo out.

My first crack-up came when I was flying an old Canuck ship. I tried a low loop near Venice and was going to dive down and come under some trolley wires in winding it up. I looped all right, but when I started to dive I saw an electric sign I hadn't noticed before. I cleared this but couldn't get under the wires. I hit them and crashed.

I WAS unhurt but dazed. When I picked myself out of the wreckage the first person I saw was Harry Crawford, a junk dealer in airplanes at Venice, who had his truck backed up and was making me an offer for the plane. I have never been so sore in my life. How he happened to get there so quickly I don't know. Crawford has made a large amount of money out of buying crack-ups.

One of my most amusing experiences came while making a comedy. They had made a dummy horse, and this was fastened to the center section of the top wing of my plane. It was a horse very much like those that used to stand in front of harness shops.

I had just come back to the field and was flying around at about 100 feet late one afternoon when some of the boys came back from Venice after a heavy battle with John Barleycorn. One of them looked up and saw a horse flying on top of an airplane. He asked his companion shakily if he saw anything, and the latter muttered:

"When horses start to fly, it's time to lay off this stuff."

His companion replied:

"If that horse whinnies, I'll know I have 'em!"

Later, when they knew the gag, they used to rake the Venice cafés to find someone in his cups. They would then take the inebriate to the flying field, and when he rubbed his eyes and asked if his companions saw a horse on an airplane, they'd say "No."

In 1920 Katherine MacDonald decided to make a super air melodrama, called Stranger than Fiction, and it was. It was also a lot stranger than fact. They had a high-powered scenario writer get it up, and the stunts that he didn't write into that script simply hadn't been invented. He had everything but the Graf Zeppelin's flight around the world.

One of the sequences called for a plane to fly off the roof of a skyscraper, said roof being the rendezvous of the gang of villains in the picture.

Nobody had ever flown off the roof of a skyscraper before, but that didn't make any difference to the scenario writer. I was approached and asked if I could do the stunt. I figured it over and decided to try it.

The Los Angeles Railway Building was just then being constructed and we figured that it would make a good place for the attempt.

The movie managers went to the chief of police and asked him for a permit. He replied:

"I can't give you a permit to do anything that would jeopardize the lives of the public. But that building is twelve stories high and has no elevator yet, and I fail to see why I should walk up twelve stories just to see what you are doing."

We got permission from those in charge of construction, dismantled the plane, took it up to the roof on the hoist, and assembled it. We built a runway just wide enough for the wheels.

Then the owner of the building, who was in the east,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Clean inside-well outside!
THEY LOOK IT
and so can you!
★

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"THERE goes a ringer! Beat that, young feller! And no leaners count, neither!"

Health! The glorious ability to pitch the horseshoes of life with just as much joy at sixty as you did at sixteen. What is the secret of the health that helps you stay young?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the main factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time?

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want to keep young, keep well! One very simple way to do it is to begin on the Nujol treatment, this very day!

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INSIST ON NUJOL . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

got wind of affairs and wired out refusing us permission to fly off the roof. He was afraid he might be held liable if the plane fell and injured those in the street. He said we could take all the film we wanted while up there, but must not fly off. To enforce his ideas he wired and had two policemen detailed to guard the roof.

Now we had no intention of abandoning that stunt, especially as we had gone to all the trouble of getting the plane up there. Meanwhile the project was attracting lots of attention from the crowds in the street. We had a number of planes in the air, as well as a small blimp, equipped with cameras.

While figuring out how to get away we stalled around, taking various shots. The cameras would be set up for close-ups, I would start the motor, get in, and make short runs toward the edge.

At last I hit on a scheme that I thought might work. We called for a half dozen extra cameras, and had them set up at various positions which covered the roof.

Then we politely asked the two policemen if they would mind keeping their eye on us from the floor below, where they could see just as well through the cracks. Otherwise they would be in front of some of the cameras and hence would spoil the story, as this was supposed to be a crook hangout in New York City. They obliged and went down on the next floor.

Everything was looking rosy for a getaway, when, panting and out of breath, Slim Cole, a Hollywood character and trick motorcycle rider, appeared on the roof. I had appeared in a number of pictures with him. He always wore western costume, and had a beard. He tore around town on a motorcycle and you may imagine he attracted considerable attention. Slim had taken a great liking to me, and, in his inimitable western drawl, always addressed me as "Playmate."

Not only did Slim arrive, but he toted a large bottle of corn liquor with him. Pat Rooney, another western character, had arrived with Slim on his motorcycle, but had refused to climb the twelve flights.

Slim had some way obtained the idea that the company was trying to kill me off. He had therefore come down personally to see to it that they didn't do it.

"They aren't going to frame on you, Playmate," he drawled, as he drew up a box, set it down by the plane, placed his bottle beside it, and waited. "Don't worry," he said, "they can't pull this, Playmate."

WE were frantic to put the stunt over while we had the cops on the floor below, for we knew they would soon get restless and come up again. But all our cajolery and assurances couldn't budge Slim. We didn't want to use force to remove him, as that would bring up the cops. I might have tried to take off, leaving him sitting there, except that he was in western costume and this picture was supposed to be in New York! Finally I decided on strategy. I got a second assistant director aside and told him my plan.

Then I took Slim to one side. "Confidentially, Slim," I whispered, "that assistant director, Dan Keefe, over there, has it in for me. He's been trying to kill me all through this picture. I don't feel safe while he's around. I wish you'd run him out of here."

That was enough. Slim seized his bottle and with a wild whoop started for the little assistant, who immediately ran for the stairway. He went down flight after flight with Slim on his trail.

On the roof we leaped into action. The motor was already warm. I kicked it over and jumped into the cockpit, opened her up, and they pulled the blocks.

I HAD ninety-five feet to go on a narrow runway. I gave her the gun, raised the tail, and the next moment was sailing over the street, where thousands were massed. I made a dive in front of the Los Angeles Examiner, where we had cameras on the roof. It was the first time a plane had ever been flown off a skyscraper.

Slim Cole had just reached the street when I took off. Then he realized he had been tricked. With a roar of rage he called for Pat Rooney and made for his motorcycle. Pat hopped on behind. Slim, with his bottle still in his hand, started off with the motorcycle wide open. As he crossed the car tracks Pat shot up in the air and landed on his bottom in the middle of the street, but Slim never stopped for him.

I circled the building several times to let our planes and the blimp get their shots, and then headed back to the Hollywood aviation field. I had just landed, taxied across the field, and hadn't even stopped my motor when behind me I heard a roar like that of a trimotored plane. I looked back and saw Slim Cole roaring across the field on his motorcycle.

He pulled up beside the plane, let his motorcycle drop to the ground, reached in, and literally lifted me out of the cockpit.

"By Gawd, Playmate," he roared, "you made it! Have a drink!" Under the circumstances it seemed to be the only thing to do.

Not far behind Slim were the two cops in a car. To say they were sore at having been outwitted was putting it mildly.

They were furious and wanted to arrest me, except that they couldn't seem to think of any charge.

"Why did you do it?" they demanded.

"Well, I just got to rolling and couldn't stop," I replied.

"Yeh, tell that to someone else. We heard you give the motor the gun."

"Sure," I replied. "I simply got to going so fast that I saw I couldn't stop the plane before it hit the edge. What would you have had me do—throttle down and let the plane drop on the spectators in the street, or give it the gun and take off?"

Eventually they were somewhat mollified and went back to headquarters.

Some further reminiscences by Mr. Clarke will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

NEXT WEEK—

A remarkable short story

Volcano

By

Alan Rinehart

Why Women Drink

A bit of plain speaking

By

Anna Steese Richardson

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is an octoroon?

2—Which extends farther north, Alabama or South Carolina?

3—What does anthropoid mean?

4—What are the names of the three principal political parties in England?

5—How many players on a lacrosse team?

6—What war included the siege of Port Arthur?

7—What was the ancient name for Wales?

8—What city is the official seat of the League of Nations?

9—Who wrote De Profundis?

10—What is the rank next above colonel in our army?

11—What kind of creature is a loon?

12—Normandy is a province of what country?

13—What is the outstanding peculiarity of Manx cats?

14—Cheapside is a section of what city?

15—What is the Matterhorn?

16—What acid is present in vinegar?

17—To what nation do the Canary Islands belong?

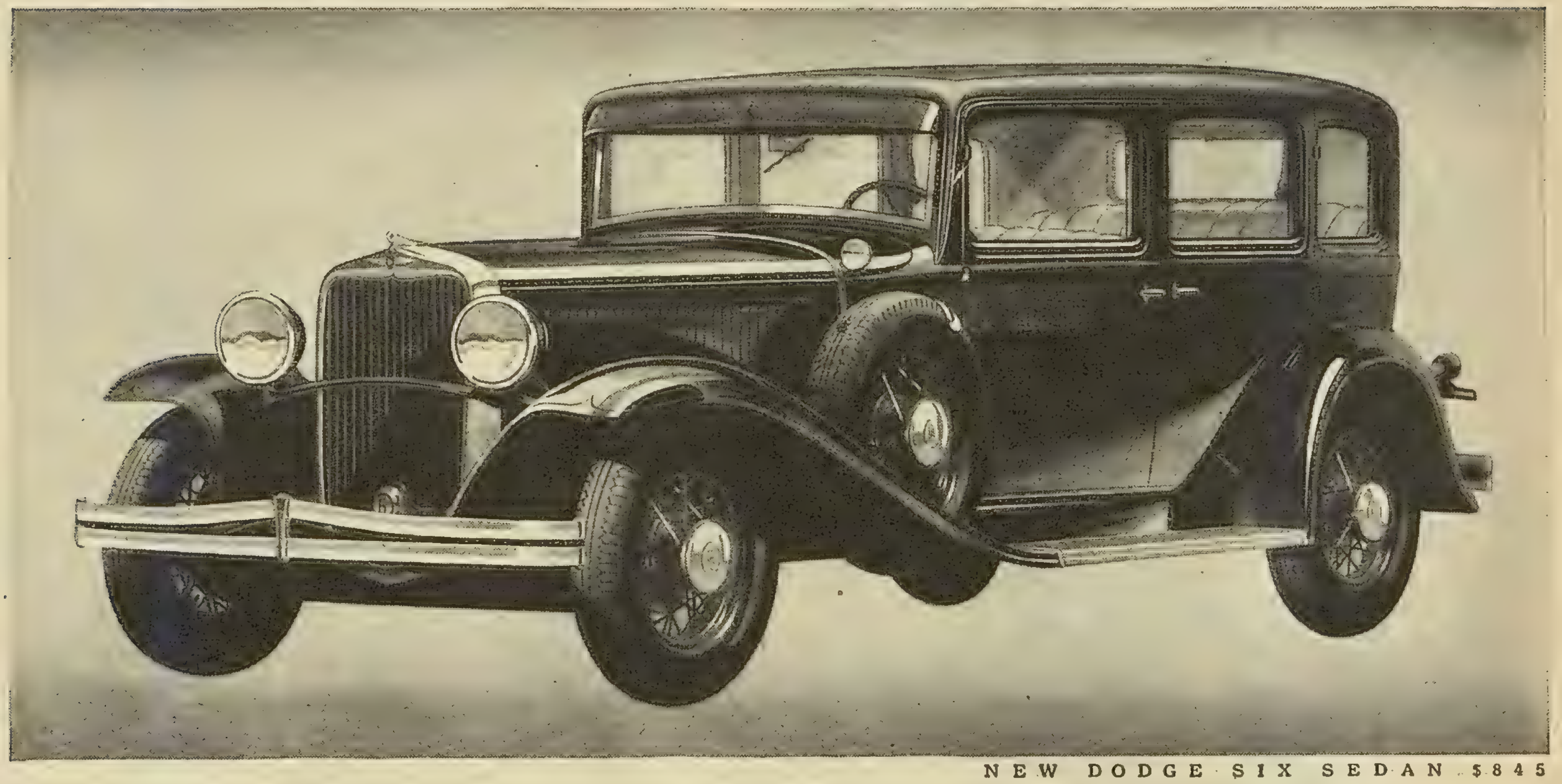
18—What is the common name for carcinoma?

19—How many chambers in the heart?

20—What is a young eel called?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-two)

DODGE DEPENDABILITY



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You naturally expect that Dodge, having earned a world-wide reputation for dependability, should prize that reputation. And Dodge does prize it indeed. » » The beautiful New Dodge Six and Eight are exactly the kind of car you expect Dodge to build. » » With all of their new smartness and luxury, they hold fast to every Dodge principle of excellence. They carry still higher a fine tradition for cars of long life, outstanding economy and dependability. » » The New Dodge Six and Eight are larger, finer, faster, smoother and more comfortable. Yet they remain at traditional Dodge price-levels. » » Today, more than ever before, it is important to buy a car that will cost little to run during a long period of life. And never before have Dodge cars embodied so much that guarantees satisfaction and economy through years of service.

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New Dodge Six $815 to $845, New Dodge Eight $1095 to $1135; Standard Six $735 to $835, Standard Eight $995 to $1095. F.O.B. Factory

A ONE-

City Lights, Minus Talk
Is All Chaplin

Charlie Chaplin, the tramp, and Virginia Cherrill, the blind flower girl, in City Lights.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ CITY LIGHTS

CAST

A Blind Girl	Virginia Cherrill
A Millionaire	Harry Myers
A Prize Fighter	Hank Mann
A Tramp	Charlie Chaplin

Produced by Charles Chaplin.
Directed by Charles Chaplin.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is not only the star of City Lights and the producer and director of it, but he is the author of the story and the composer of the incidental music which is used as an accompaniment to some of the sentimental scenes. In fact, Chaplin is City Lights and City Lights is Chaplin.

It is silent in so far as dialogue is concerned—all the acting is done in pantomime—but it has been synchronized to other sounds. One of the funniest sequences is Charlie's whistling hiccough, and this wouldn't have been funny without the whistle, so there is no reason for Charlie to sneer at sound.

The picture is interesting from start to finish and except for its sentimental touches it is hilariously funny. It delighted me, not only because I was entertained every minute of it, but it brought back to me recollections of every Chaplin film I've ever seen, and those films are stored among my most happy memories.

The Chaplin of City Lights is the traditional funny and pathetic figure of the other films—the same big shoes, baggy trousers, small derby and smaller mustache, and the little swagger stick. Chaplin is a master of pantomime. His critical survey of two small pieces of statuary, and the boxing exhibition are screamingly funny.

There is a touching little story of a blind flower girl that only Chaplin could weave through one of his comedies without spoiling the fun.

Virginia Cherrill makes her picture début as the pretty and appealing flower girl. Harry Myers and Hank Mann give the star excellent support in the parts they play, Myers as an eccentric millionaire and Mann as a tough boxer. The photography is excellent.

This is a picture that no fan of the talkies or silents should miss and one that the whole family will enjoy.

★ ★ INSPIRATION

CAST

Yvonne	Greta Garbo
André	Robert Montgomery
Delval	Lewis Stone
Lulu	Marjorie Rambeau
Odette	Judith Vosseli
Marthe	Beryl Mercer
Madeleine	Joan Marsh

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Clarence Brown.

In spite of the title of this production there is nothing inspired about the plot, the dialogue, the direction, or about much of the acting. Garbo does stand out from the others, because her every look and movement is stamped with distinction; but even she, with her marvelous histrionic sense, cannot put over a poor picture.

Greta Garbo in Inspiration.

The two principal male players are miscast. Robert Montgomery wears an air of embarrassment that sits strangely on him and tends to make the character of André slightly comic. Lewis Stone also lacks his usual assurance.

The story is like Alphonse Daudet's Sapho, although the names of the characters have been changed and the time moved from the early eighties to the present. When Daudet's men and women lived and loved, women's economic status was different, and this dates the story, regardless of the smartness of the women's clothes.

Only Garbo's presence saves it from being ludicrous.

MAN SHOW

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

★ ★ SCANDAL SHEET

CAST

Mark Flint	George Bancroft
Noel Adams	Clive Brook
Mrs. Flint	Kay Francis
Franklin	Gilbert Emery
McCloskey	Lucien Littlefield
Regan	Regis Toomey

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by John Cromwell.

While the direction and acting of Scandal Sheet are exceptionally good, the character of Mark Flint seemed so unreal to me that I was irritated throughout the picture.

Mark is a newspaper man with one passion—getting the news and printing it. He loves his wife, but when it means sacrificing her for a news story, he makes that sacrifice. In creating Mark Flint, the authors were probably inspired by the life of the late Charles Chapin, a famous New York city editor, who spent the greater part of his life in prison for killing his wife. Chapin had many eccentricities; he was a queer fish.

Flint is supposed to be normal, and therefore the melodramatic gesture of his writing the story which exposes his wife in a scandalous situation seems false. The incidents leading up to the climax were too palpably planted. This is supposed to be propaganda against certain types of newspapers and newspaper editors; but, after all, the papers do pay some attention to facts, and that is something that propagandists don't always do.

Leon Errol, Mitzi Green, and Zasu Pitts help make some of the funny moments in Finn and Hattie.

George Bancroft and Kay Francis in Scandal Sheet.

★ ★ FINN AND HATTIE

CAST

Finley Haddock	Leon Errol
Hattie Haddock	Zasu Pitts
Mildred Haddock	Mitzi Green
Sidney	Jackie Searl
Blonde	Lilyan Tashman

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by
Norman Taurog.

This comedy was made from Donald Ogden Stewart's Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad. It has its moments of grand fun and they are when Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl have charge of the action. Born comedians, these youngsters. The rest of the business about the Haddocks' trip abroad is not so amusing, except Zasu Pitts' scene in the cabin. The shipboard sequences are the funniest. The children are in their best—or perhaps you'd call it worst—form on the boat.

★ MILLIE

CAST

Millie	Helen Twelvetrees
Helen	Lilyan Tashman
Tommy	Robert Ames
Angie	Joan Blondell
Jimmy Damier	John Halliday
Jack Maitland	James Hall

Produced by Radio.
Directed by John Francis Dillon.

If you've read Donald Henderson Clarke's book about Millie you know what poor stuff this heroine is made of. Her husband wraps her in luxury, but she leaves him and her infant daughter because she sees the husband out dancing with another woman.

Plenty of footage is devoted to Millie's gay and reckless life. Apparently she never gives her child a thought until the girl is sixteen, when, with a drunken and melodramatic gesture, she kills one of her lovers because he has taken her daughter to his country shack.

There is a court-room scene, with Millie putting her head in the noose in an effort to save her child's reputation.

The part of Millie is utterly unsuited to Helen Twelvetrees. John Halliday and Joan Blondell do the best work in the picture, but the story is not worth their efforts.

Do you know that—

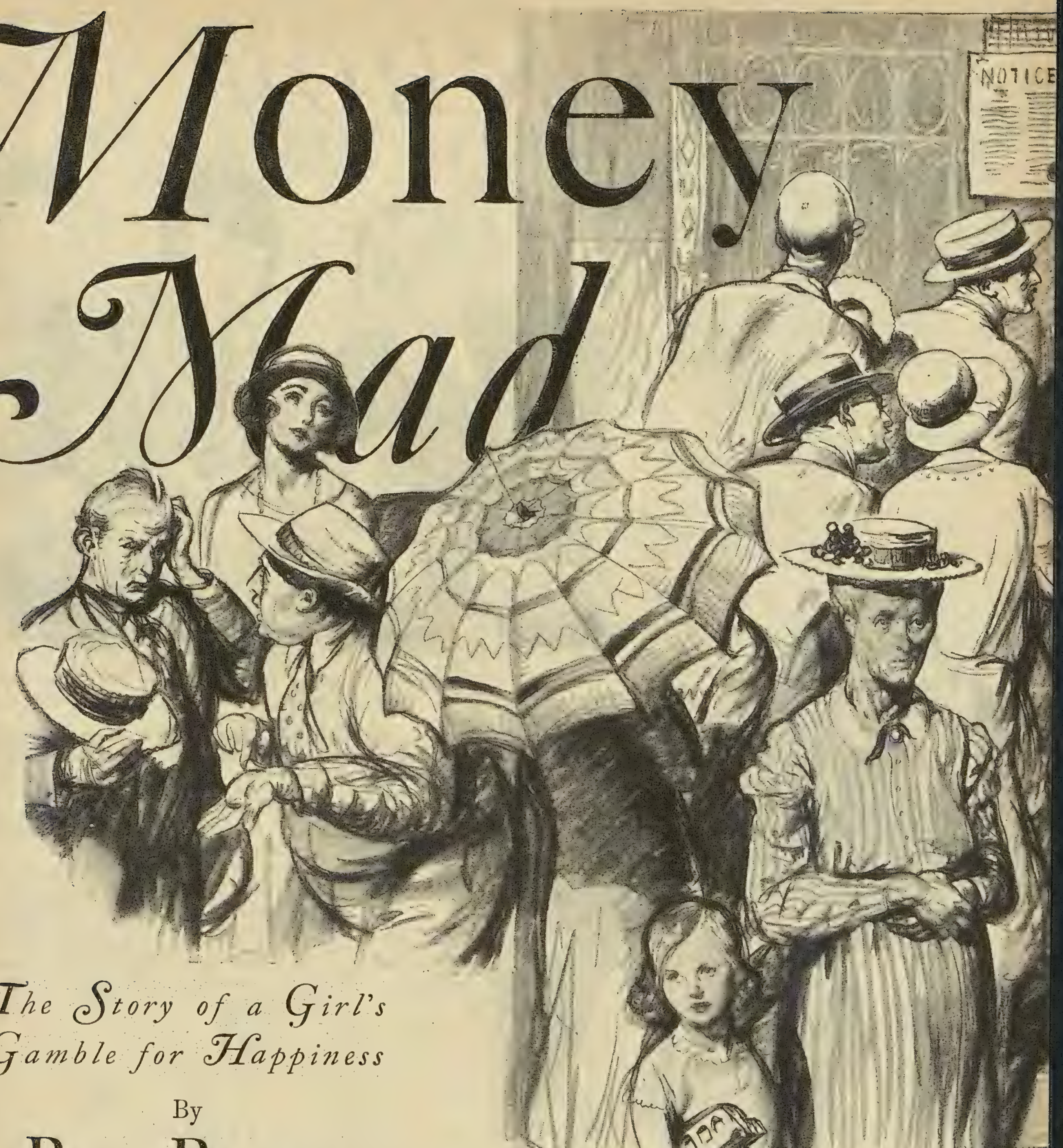
Lionel Barrymore will return to acting for the screen when he assumes a principal rôle in the forthcoming release, A Free Soul, although this doesn't mean that he will give up his directorial work? He is to direct another picture for Metro as soon as he is through acting in the Adela Rogers St. Johns story.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven, Cimarron, Fighting Caravans, Illicit, The Great Meadow, Little Cæsar, New Moon.

Money Mad



The bank itself was a center o

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Florida Morgan, who, with her father, rescued a flyer when his plane dropped near their craft in the Florida Straits. They took him to their shack. He said his name was Falconer and that he'd flown from Havana. Promptly he fell in love with Florida. She told him she was a rumrunner's daughter and warned him against her tough boy friend, Joe. Unexpectedly Joe arrived.

PART THREE—CATASTROPHE

"JOE, this is Mr. Falconer. He has been stopping here for a few days."

Falconer saw then that the newcomer was an undersized, middle-aged man with a beard; mechanically he took the fellow's hand, experiencing the while a peculiar let-down. With acute relief he realized that Florida had been teasing him all along, and that he had no rival. Joe, that ruthless rumrunner, that perfervid boy friend, was entirely imaginary. Why, the girl was convulsed with amusement. What a minx she was!

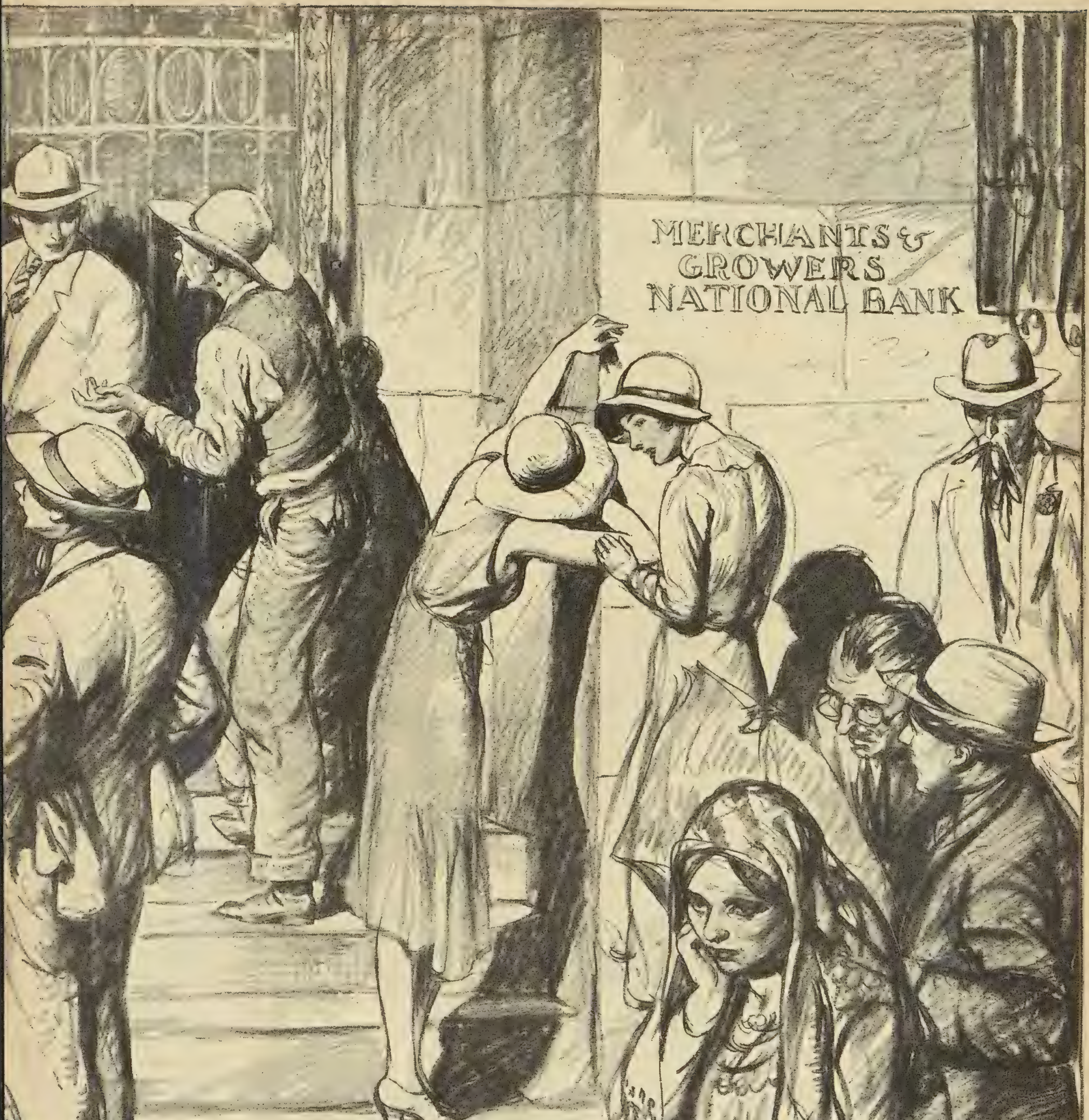
In the course of the next few minutes he learned that the newcomer's name was Coates and that he was a lawyer. In company with Florida he strode off toward the house and Falconer followed them.

She lingered on the porch after the attorney had gone inside, and inquired smilingly:

"Well, what do you think of Joe?"

"You little clown! I was never so pleased with a man."

"Do you blame me for loving him? How fierce



lismay. There was cursing and weeping. More than a few women became hysterical.

you looked when he kissed me." A laugh escaped her.

"I'm wondering if you can be serious about anything," he said. "Were you fooling just now? Before Joe came?"

She looked up at him with all the mirth gone from her face. "Mister," she said softly, "I'm about through fooling you."

Once more he crushed her fiercely in his embrace. Reluctantly he let her go.

It was later than usual when Henry Morgan awoke, for he had sat until late with his caller. To his surprise, he found that the kitchen fire had not even been started.

He called Florida's name and she answered him from the front porch. He found her huddled upon the top step, her arms clasped about her knees. When she lifted her face, he exclaimed:

"*Florrie!* Are you sick?"

There was a queer pallor under the girl's tan; her eyes held a stricken look.

"Pretty sick, pappy." Silently she handed him a note which she had held crumpled in her hand, and he read:

My Darling:

I was a cad and I hate myself. All night I've been trying to think: find a way out, but it's no use. I can't bear to face you, nor trust myself to stay longer, so I am doing a cowardly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-five

thing. If I could only make you realize that by remaining I would hurt you more, then I'd feel easier. Perhaps, after all, you were joking. I wasn't. You gave me one moment of heaven and I shall always love you. Forget, if you can, that you ever met FALCONER.

Morgan's face darkened.

Ominously he turned in the direction of Falconer's room, but the girl told him:

"He left with Baldy, before daylight."

"So! He made love to you."

"Yes. All of a sudden. Last night. I had no idea—" The speaker shook her head. "It sometimes happens that way."

"You poor child!" Morgan stooped and lifted her, then resentfully he broke out: "I—I told you not to play jokes on that fellow."

"This joke is on me."

"Poor little hurt kid! I'd shoot the skunk if—"

"Pappy! Take me home." Florida made a swift movement which brought her closer into his arms. "I don't want to play any more."

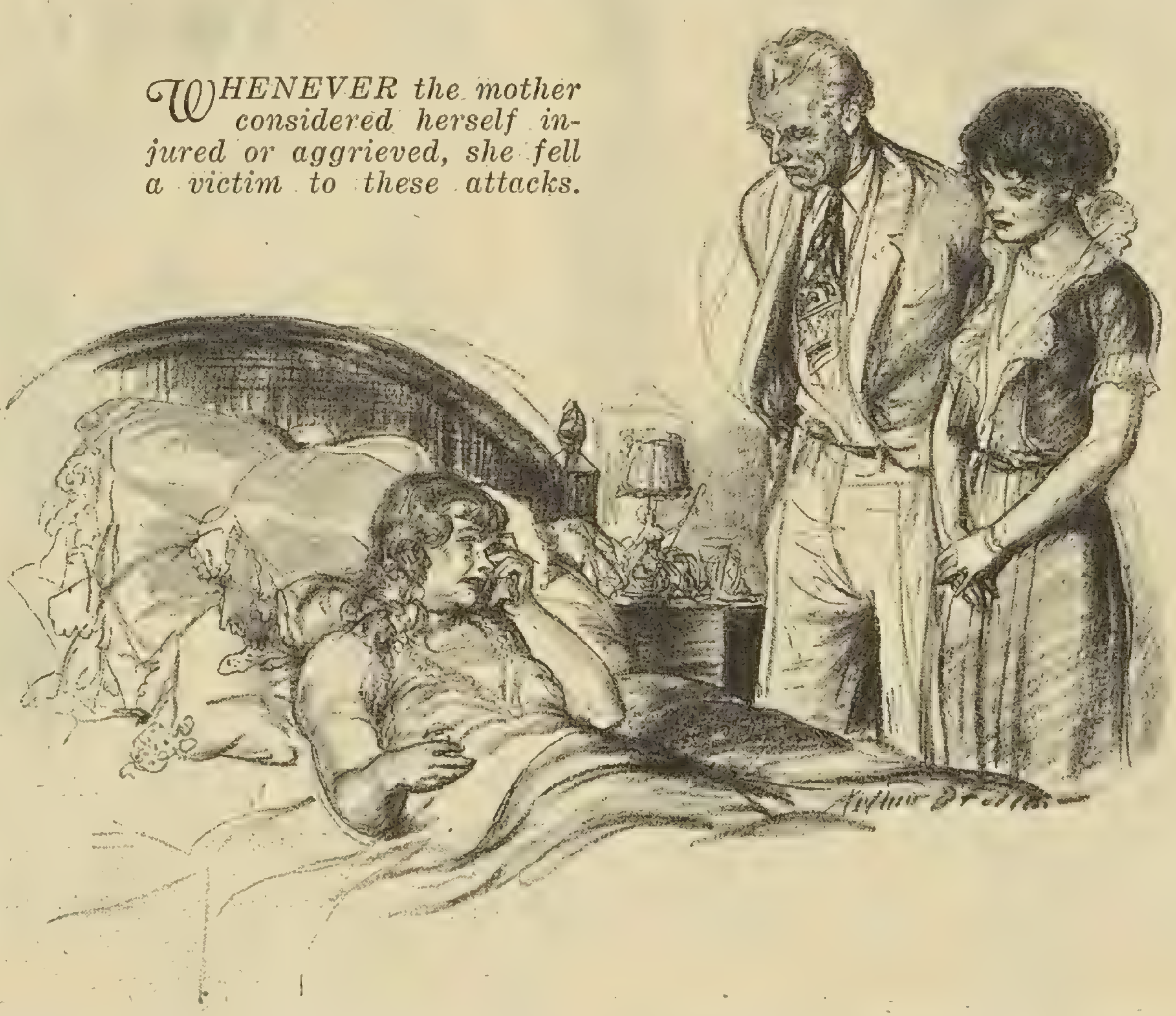
"Sure, I'll take you home. Today. That's what brought Coates down to see me. There's a directors' meeting tomorrow and I'm needed at the bank."

II

CLAIBORNE is one of the loveliest cities in Florida, for it is built upon rolling ground around a dozen or more spring-fed lakes, and it is old enough to possess considerable atmosphere. The streets are shaded by handsome live oaks and there is an orderly, parklike appearance to the place especially pleasing to people in search of rest and health. In driving through the city one pops out unexpectedly upon these lakes and each is more charming than the other. Their shores are clean, their waters clear, and they have been preempted as playgrounds by flocks of wild ducks, refugees from the rigorous northern climate. Of all the winter visitors, they alone voice no complaints about food, service, or accommodations, being grossly overfed and thoroughly spoiled by attention.

Aside from some new hotels and business blocks and a "Mediterranean" style of architecture in the latest suburban developments, the spectacular land boom which made Florida history has left no visible effect upon Claiborne. Most of its homes antedate that era of high blood and sales pressure, hence there is an agreeable absence of patios, iron balconies, and Cuban tile.

WHENEVER the mother considered herself injured or aggrieved, she fell a victim to these attacks.



The most pretentious of these homes is that of the Claibornes, descendants of the city's founder. It is a large comfortable mansion set in spacious grounds, and second in importance to it is "the Craig place," so called in spite of the fact that it is really the Morgan home.

Barbara Lou Craig, daughter of General Craig, C. S. A., had been married under its roof; there her daughter had been born. Miss Barbara Lou had been the best catch of her time but, as often happens to spoiled, self-centered beauties, she had married beneath her. Many people wondered what she could have seen in Henry Morgan, and she sometimes asked herself the same question without finding a satisfactory answer.

Had her husband been a disciplinarian or had he possessed a domineering nature, no doubt he would have made more out of their married life; but he was an easy-going, indulgent person, except when engaged in a draw-poker game with his cronies, and he had permitted his wife's petty faults to grow and to multiply like a planting of Easter lily bulbs. The results were unhappy to both. Barbara Lou, the erstwhile popular belle, had aged into a querulous, exacting woman, a victim of numerous fancied injustices, and the prey to uncounted imaginary ills.

THOROUGHLY pampered from childhood, she had never learned either to amuse herself or to seek contentment in any active pursuit, and the consequences were no more fatal to her own peace of mind than to her husband's. Having always been waited upon, she had raised her daughter to demand the same service. Mother and daughter, in consequence, were indifferent housekeepers and as wasteful, as untidy as parrots. This does not mean that they were careless of appearances. On the contrary, they kept themselves extravagantly well groomed—Florida, in fact, was the best-dressed girl in Claiborne—but neither in all her life had ever tidied up a room or hung up a gown.

On the evening that Florida and her father returned home from their fishing trip, they found Barbara Lou in bed suffering from one of her heart attacks. Whenever the mother considered herself injured or aggrieved, she fell a victim to these attacks. This time it was the length of Henry's and Florida's vacation that had vexed her.

"I'm sorry we stayed so long," the husband told her, "but we were having such a good time—"

"Oh, I've learned to expect nothing else," Mrs. Morgan averred. "It doesn't matter to you that I'm left alone—you always stay until the last dog is hung. But the idea of a business man in your position loafing—"

With a smile the husband interrupted, "You never before accused me of being a business man, my dear—"

"It wasn't pappy's fault," Florida declared. "I made him stay. The camp is lovely, Babaloo. I wish you'd go with us some time." Babaloo was the name Florida had used ever since her first attempts to mimic the words of her colored nurse.

"I can think of nothing more terrible," the mother said. "But—you grow more like Mr. Morgan every day." This was a favorite animadversion and it had long served to express the speaker's condemnation of both husband and daughter. Babaloo, by the way, had her own peculiarities of speech; never, so far as anybody knew, had she referred to her husband or even addressed him in private as anything except “Mr. Morgan,” that being one of many quaint, old-fashioned southern customs to which she adhered. Another practice of hers was to ignore “Mr. Morgan's” choice of a name for their daughter in favor of her own high-sounding selection, Caroleen, the which Florida hated, even in its abbreviated form.

“The fishing was good and Florrie was having some fun with a stranger,” Morgan went on in his even tone. “We had quite an experience. A fellow was flying over from Cuba and smashed up trying to land his ship in rough water.”

“Was he injured?”

“No. Just bruised and—”

“He took us for a pair of beach combers, Babaloo, and no wonder, the way we look down there. I fooled him along: told him we were smugglers, rumrunners—”

“I should think you'd have more dignity than to play pranks on every common person—”

“He wasn't common. He's some millionaire sportsman. You could tell by his airs. Gee! It was fun.”

If Mrs. Morgan had been less concerned with her own resentment she would have noticed, perhaps, that Florida spoke listlessly, but she was never very observant and at this moment she was intent only upon making the truants appreciate their guilt in neglecting her.

THIS, in the course of time, she succeeded admirably in doing. Having quite effectively spoiled their pleasure at home-coming, she sent them downstairs to dine alone.

“Poor Babaloo!” Florida sighed when she and her father were seated at the table. “I wish she could let go and be happy.”

“Or contented.” The father nodded.

“When I grow enthusiastic and tell her about the good times you and I have together it bores her to death, and yet if I don't tell her every single thing we do she complains at being shut out of our lives.”

“It's just her way. She has dedicated herself to martyrdom, but don't you let it spoil your fun.” Morgan smiled quizzically. “I'm used to being a chronic wrongdoer and it doesn't worry me. It doesn't worry me much, either, to know that she's the daughter of General Fairfax Craig and that I was a nobody until she married me. It so happens that I like ‘nobodies.’ I reckon I should realize that our money is all hers and that I've never swelled the family fortune, but—I can't worship money well enough to wear a ball and chain for it.” After a while he continued, “I've been thinking all day about that—polecat.”

“Mr. Falconer? I've done some thinking myself,” the girl admitted.

“So I allowed, the way you drove. Poor old Joe Coates had to hold his beard on.”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The 2 coolest barbers are the INGRAM twins

[TERRY TUBE AND JERRY JAR]

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO

I'M A MOOSE and I don't mean a Senator from Pennsylvania. I live up here in Labrador. I thought I knew what COOL meant. But I was wrong!

These 2 Ingram boys put me on the spot—I mean in the chair, and the shave they gave me, though it warmed the cockles of my heart, left the old chin

COOL and COMFORTABLE

I competed in the Ingram contest and I didn't win a prize! But I like these two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube and Jerry Jar) for both have the same kind of interiors—that is to say, they are the only 2 shaving creams with real insides (guts, sir, if you prefer the word).

Now, let's get commercial and stop fooling.

Ingram's is the coolest shaving cream ever devised by the hand of man. It's cool because somebody started out with the idea of making it cool. It's so different from all others that it might have been made on the planet of Mars.

You need no lotion with either kind of Ingram's. It's a shaving cream, and lotion and a face tonic combined. It's cool, it's COOL, it's *COOL.*

We feel so certain that Ingram's (tube or jar) is what you want, that we make no effort to sell you anything. Instead, we offer to give you 10 shaves free. We lose money if you don't like it (fine chance, that) but we make a dime a year if you do!

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Shaving
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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-31
110 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

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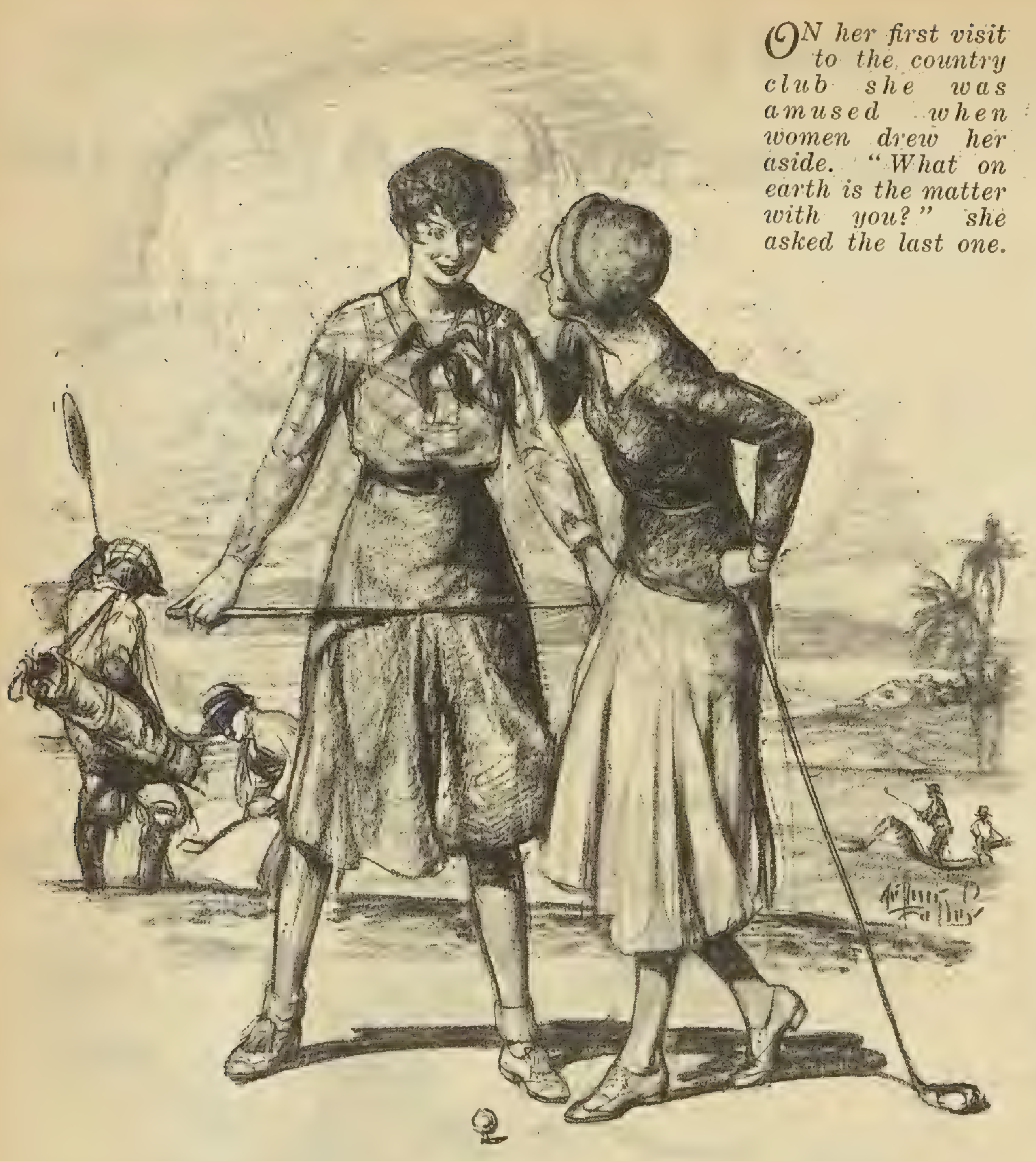
*Street*__________
*City*________ *State*________



On her first visit to the country club she was amused when women drew her aside. "What on earth is the matter with you?" she asked the last one.

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-seven

"You really can't blame him—Mr. Falconer—for shying at a wild hootchlegger. He's a gentleman. I overbid my hand."

"A lot he'd care who or what you were if he was any kind of a man," the father growled.

"Sir Henry Morgan speaking! You're a darling old scalawag. . . . Pappy, there's one thing I didn't tell you. I—couldn't."

"Yes?"

"I was too ashamed. . . . That letter wasn't all. He left me some—*money*."

Morgan voiced a sound rather than a word of profanity and his daughter nodded. "Exactly! Couldn't you kill him? But it proves he really swallowed my joke and that sort of takes the curse off of the affair."

"How much did he leave?"

"Forty-some hundred dollars."

"Good Lord! You'll return it, of course?"

"Naturally. But nothing ever made me feel so cheap."

AFTER a moment Morgan shook his head regretfully. "Doggone the whelp! Just as I was getting to like him, too. . . . Is this going to make any difference between you and Tom Claiborne?"

"I haven't fully decided—"

"If it takes any deciding, it will."

"Then I won't let it make any difference. Wouldn't I be a fool? Lord! I'd like to meet that contemptible cur just once more. It's the humiliation that hurts: the thought that I couldn't make a man forget his family and his culture and his social position and all that. My! It has taken the conceit out of me. My nose is bleeding from both sides."

"I never have felt that you and Tom were entirely sold on each other."

"No?"

Morgan shook his head; he was on the verge of saying more, but restrained himself.

It was later during the dinner that Florida told him, "I couldn't help hearing some of the things you and Joe were talking about. Is there trouble at the bank?"

"There's been a distressing absence of everything except trouble ever since the boom."

"The bank is all right, isn't it? I mean sound."

"I guess it is."

"You '*guess*'! Why, surely Fletcher Claiborne wouldn't allow anything to happen."

"THAT'S what I've been telling myself. I reckon certain other people are saying that Henry Morgan wouldn't let anything happen. Maybe he can't help himself any more than I can. . . . Banks are queer things, Florrie. They may have nice bronze doors and marble columns, but the minute public confidence disappears they go up in smoke. I wonder how come folks to think so well of bankers anyhow. They used to be objects of suspicion and in some countries they still rank about like masseurs. I'm vice president of the leading financial institution of this county just because Babaloo's stock is in my name, but what I don't know about finance would equip a whole academy of ignorance."

"You can't say that about Fletcher Claiborne."

"N-no. And yet if he was as smart as everybody believes he is he'd be richer than Rockefeller, and if he was as sincere as he pretends to be he'd be pounding a pulpit. Did you ever notice a halo on him? I never. . . . Nobody gets rich by pinching pennies and burying dimes in the back yard. Success is the reward for overcoming mistakes. Fletcher has the knack of turning them to his profit. I haven't."

"You're just as capable as he is; you merely don't care enough to try."

"Maybe. He can think of money for eighteen hours at a stretch. After I think about it just so long I want to go fishing. I might have made a good business man if it wasn't for the game laws: about the time the fishing lets up the bird season opens, and between the two they devil me to death. I get more kick out of a tackle box than a safe deposit vault. Babaloo's always talking about my common origin, but, Lord bless you, I've got pedigreed blood in me. I've got the blood of Carolina Frank, and Rip Rap, and—Stylish Touchstone—and a dozen other grand champions. Why, I pointed meadow larks and barked at rabbit tracks before I was weaned."

Florida laughed lightly. "Yes, and you can lay down a good poker hand or play a poor one better than any man in the state. You'd have made a great gambler."

"Sure! It's a pity the calling has lost caste! I wonder why. Fletcher Claiborne's as big a gambler as I am, only he cries himself to sleep if he loses a bet, and if he wins he doubles the stakes. Me, I like to see the other fellow win once in a while so he'll come back. . . .

"I'm afraid I offended Fletcher recently, telling what happened when he was chairman of the Road Commission. You remember he was clutched by the ambition to build him a quiet, secluded country home and bought some cheap wild land for the purpose. Well, inside of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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The greatest improvement in neckwear in Fifty Years

Spur 4 in hand

PAT. APP. FOR

From the first time you put it on, to the fiftieth time you take it off, a Spur 4-in-Hand looks smarter than any other tie you ever wore.

This revolutionary new tie does away with the old useless second end. Its perfect knot has, and *always has,* the smooth narrow taper that you can tie only when a cravat is brand new . . . It never gets mussed or wrinkled . . . And the Spur SET-IN Clip holds it in place even when your coat's off.

You'll see the Spur 4-in-Hand at your haberdasher's for the first time today, in the smartest colors and richest silks for spring. Wear one tomorrow and you'll see why well-dressed men call the Spur 4-in-Hand "the greatest improvement in neckwear in fifty years."

FREE TO MOTHERS — Write for the handsome, helpful style book for boys: "Boys' Clothes and How to Buy Them."

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FOR YOU

WITH ALL THESE NEW ADVANTAGES

1. No useless second end. 2. Always smartly tied. 3. Never gets wrinkled. 4. Outwears any three ordinary ties. 5. Fits perfectly. 6. Spur SET-IN Clip holds tie in place under all conditions.

LADIES PREFER THE KEEN ATHLETIC LOOK

The face of an Athlete is a face that glows with energy and vitality . . . an outdoor face . . . conditioned with Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion. Stimulated after each shave with a few drops of this luxurious Lotion, your face tones up. Sluggish muscles, lazy circulation, tired skin — all are aroused to healthy, vigorous action the instant you apply it. Styptic, too, it immediately heals the invisible nicks that you call "smart" and "burn"—Result . . . a skin that's supple, smooth . . . a face with the keen look of an Athlete. Of the same Houbigant quality are Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and the special tinted Talc—three essentials to perfect grooming.

After-Shaving Talcum 50c
After-Shaving Lotion 75c
Shaving Cream 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

MONEY MAD

Continued from page twenty-eight

six months the commission of which he was chairman laid down a boulevard slap dab through the middle of it. Naturally, he couldn't be quiet on a hard road, so against his bitter protests he was forced to sell—at a profit.

"Right away he bought another tract, farther out, but here came another road and ruined it for sleeping purposes. He sold it off in lots. He tried a third time, with the same unhappy results. It surely seemed like whenever poor Fletcher got all nicely composed and his title insured, along would come a street or a boulevard and some malignant speculators would start a land excitement on his property.

"Why, as long as he stayed on the commission those asphalt trucks and concrete mixers followed him from one side of town to the other. He'd no sooner acquire title to enough acreage to build him a retreat among the nesting birds than a group of county surveyors would run lines through it, gangs would start grading, and a new public improvement would divert interest in his direction. I claimed it was a shame to chase a prominent citizen and an ornament to the church from pillar to post that way and never leave him a place to call his own.

"Fletcher heard about my little joke and it peeved him. A banker, you know, is like a politician: he can't afford a sense of humor or people will call him unsafe. Money handling is a serious business."

While the two were still dining, Tom Claiborne, Fletcher's son, appeared and was shown into the dining room. He was a good-looking, swiftly moving, nervous young man. He kissed Florida warmly and shook hands with her father. Between them they told him about their fishing trip and he listened appreciatively. When they had finished, he said to Morgan:

"I'm glad you're home and so is father. He was afraid you wouldn't be here for the meeting."

"Coates told me I was needed."

"WHAT'S the matter?" Florida inquired.

"Oh, there's general uneasiness over the bank failures around the state! We've been having a silent run for the past few days."

"Is it—anything serious?"

Young Claiborne smiled and shook his head. "I guess the old Merchants and Growers National can stand a storm. Eh, Mr. Morgan?"

The latter nodded, then said, "I'm going over to your house after supper. Babaloo's having hers upstairs. Why don't you run up and visit with her till Florrie is through?"

This Claiborne did.

It was late when Morgan came in and he learned that Tom had just left. From Florrie's expression it was plain that she was exasperated, and he inquired:

"What's up? Have you and Tom started quarreling already?"

"He makes me furious. Babaloo told him about Mr. Falconer and I guess she asked him to lecture me on my wayward behavior. Anyhow, he did. He's the wildest thing on two legs and yet he thinks I need modulating! I'm too—impetuous! The future Mrs. Claiborne, wife of the city's principal pet, must maintain a certain standard of decorum! What a mood I'm in to listen to that stuff! . . . The ice was mighty thin, but we got across without breaking through.

"Later I asked him to find out through the bank where Mr. Falconer is stopping in Palm Beach and that started him off again. He insisted upon knowing all the secrets of the past, the present, and the future, and especially why I was so curious about this—stranger. I finally up and told him about that money, and—Lord! You'd have thought he considered it the price of my shame. He was outraged. He all but took it upon himself to avenge my honor. Naturally I had a—a cerebral cyclone."

"I HOPE you didn't smash anything." Morgan smiled.

"Tom's no tame tabby: it was a good fight while it lasted. He was apologizing when he left, with the *vox humana* stop pulled out, and I was my usual sweet self once more, but inside we were both boiling. I used to like him because he had a temper as bad as mine, but I'm afraid there isn't room for two in the same family."

"I don't know about that," the father said. "I'd have been better off if I had one to match Babaloo's. Good dispositions have ruined many a home."

That silent run on the Merchants and Growers Bank in the course of a day or so became distinctly audible, and as it made itself heard the line at the paying teller's window grew.

Nobody seriously questioned the solvency of the institution. It was absurd to consider it even weak, but —some strong banks in other parts of the state had recently gone under. The Merchants and Growers was too old, too rich to fail; furthermore, it was the depository of immense sums of city and county funds; in fact, the fortunes of the entire community were tied up in it; nevertheless, there was a rustle, a whisper, more alarming than the hissing of a serpent. It was as hard to trace as the distant buzz of a rattlesnake or the stridulous note of a cicada, but it persisted.

People assured each other that Fletcher Claiborne could take the bank over, single-handed, if necessary, and so could Henry Morgan. All the same, it was well to be on the safe side. The family sock wasn't such a bad place, after all. Many depositors were ashamed to be seen drawing their money out, and made excuses for so doing. Some resisted the temptation, and others even put their money back. Nevertheless, the total withdrawals increased steadily.

Florida heard echoes of the trouble and realized from her father's preoccupation that he was genuinely concerned, but she attached no great importance to it. She had not the faintest knowledge of business nor the slightest appreciation of the value of money. In fact, she rather prided herself upon her disregard for it, upon her habitual extravagance, and it did not occur to her that the general uneasiness could in any way affect her own fortunes.

On her first visit to the country club she was amused when at least four women drew her aside and asked her naïvely if the Merchants and Growers was going to break. When she laughed at them they refused to be put off. They were her dearest friends, her closest intimates, and she owed them a warning, so they declared. They would treat it confidentially, they would never breathe a word, and it would make no difference to the bank if she told them the truth. Was it a fact that Fletcher Claiborne had dropped a million dollars during the boom? Had Tom ever mentioned it? What did Florida's father think about the situation? If there was any danger and she failed to tell them it would be an act of treachery, for she knew they were to be trusted.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" she asked the last one.

"Everybody's in a panic. I told mother you'd know if—"

"I don't know a thing."

"But you can find out, Florrie. Your father, or Tom, would tell you, if you asked them. We're not rich like you Morgans and Claibornes, and I'd never speak to you again if you allowed mother and me to lose what little we've got. I felt sure you'd tell me—"

"Is that why you asked me to play golf?"

"Why, not exactly. But it's dreadfully important—"

"I HEARD pappy say that the bank is as good as it ever was."

"Oh, goody!"

"You can repeat that. What's more, our money is in it, and if it blows up we'll be wiped out."

"Thanks, dear. Mother will feel a heap better. She was ashamed to draw her money out for fear you'd hear of it. The bank *couldn't* fail with all your money and the Claibornes' back of it. I've said right along the very idea is ridiculous. If it *should* happen, you'll phone me in time, won't you?"

Henry Morgan did not dine at home that evening and it was nearly midnight when he came in. Florida had waited up purposely to talk to him about her experience at the club and to inquire about its significance. When she had finished, he said:

"You won't have to telephone Lois. The news will be all over town in the morning."

"*Pappy!* What news?"

"That the bank has closed." Florida stared at her father, wondering if he could be in his right senses. "I don't know what it's all about,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Muscular Aches, Too
quickly relieved when change in weather brings twinges and pain. Stiff, lame, sore muscles soothed.

IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where *he* got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

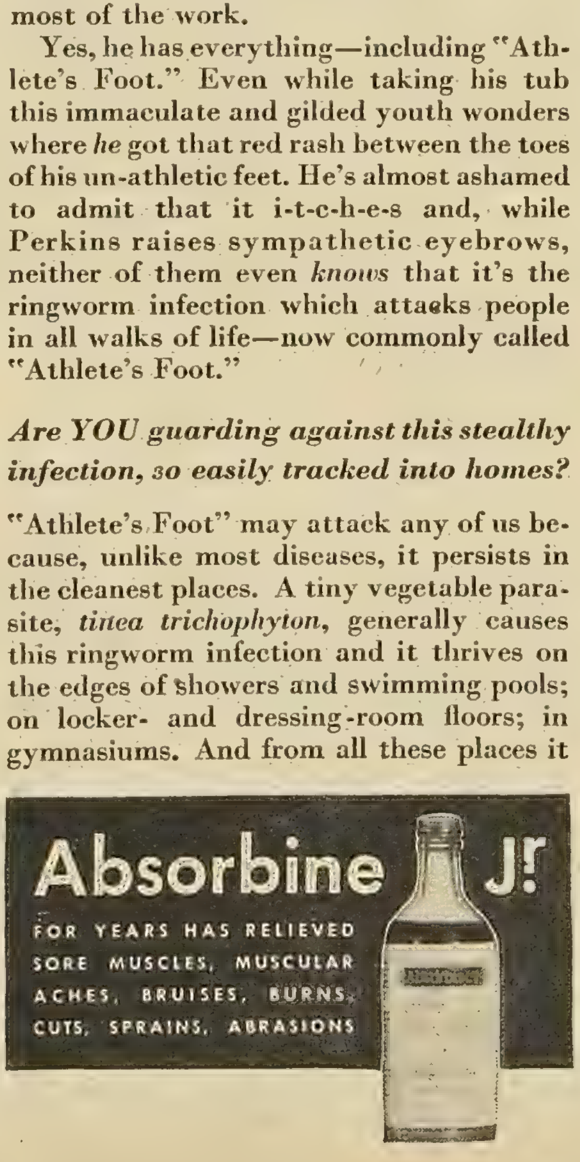
"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

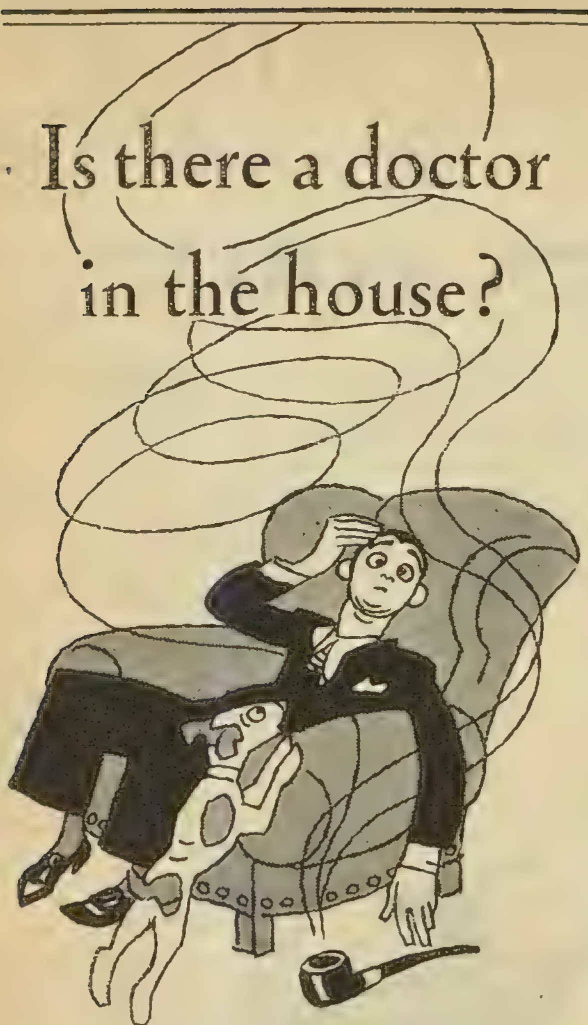
It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine Jr.
FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

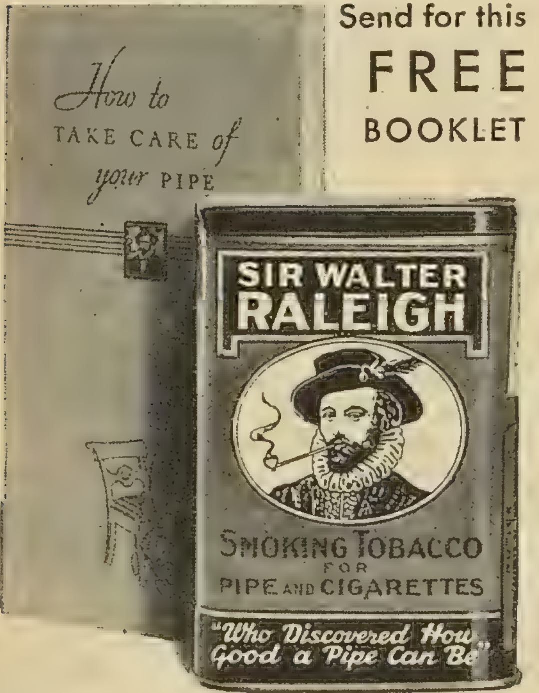
Is there a doctor in the house?



CONTEMPLATE the sad state of this gentleman, whom strong tobacco has made blotto! Rouse him! Whisper in his ear that he could smoke a whole tinful of Sir Walter Raleigh's milder mixture and feel only the better for it. It's not only milder but more flavorful, being a blend of excellent Burleys, well aged and kept fresh and fragrant by an inside wrap of gold-foil. Just try a tin—your favorite tobacco store carries it.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 152

Send for this FREE BOOKLET


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-one

he continued in a lifeless voice, " but —it won't open. I guess the others understand what they're doing better than I do. I've studied figures until my head is splitting. The Merchants and Growers is in the hands of the national bank examiner, or will be when he gets here."

" What—does that mean? "

Morgan shrugged, he lifted his hands, palms up.

" W-will Babaloo lose her money? "

The father looked down from tired eyes. They were the soft, friendly eyes of a hunting dog; in them now was bewilderment, doubt, pain.

" I can't tell what's going to happen, honey, but I'm afraid things are in a pretty bad mess."

III

HENRY MORGAN was right: the affairs of the Merchants and Growers were indeed in a mess, although that fact was not immediately made evident. Claiborne was stunned at the closing of its oldest and strongest institution. All that day and the next crowds blocked the sidewalk in front of its doors and incredulous people elbowed each other aside to read with their own eyes the formal notice, then stood about in groups dazedly discussing the calamity.

Extra editions of the newspapers were published and were eagerly read. They contained statements by the bank's officials, all optimistic but noncommittal. The closing, due to heavy and continued withdrawals, was temporary. Of necessity it involved an investigation by the national banking authorities. There would be some delay, but depositors were counseled to be patient. As soon as the examiner had completed his investigation business no doubt would be resumed as usual. Very little more than this could be read into the statements and meanwhile a thousand disturbing rumors gained currency.

The bank itself was a center of dismay. There was cursing and weeping. More than a few women became hysterical. White-faced men stared at that formal notice and voiced their impotent rage. All the money they now possessed was in their pockets, and it would be weeks, months, before the bank could possibly reopen, for the law is slow and there is a world of red tape to these affairs. Times were hard, there was no work. How could a fellow get food for his wife and family in the meantime?

Men of considerable means, finding themselves practically without carfare, asked themselves how they could meet their immediate obligations, how they could send their children to school. Merchants and professional men took stock of their debts and were appalled. When a bank like the Merchants and Growers goes under it puts an end to credit.

Certain depositors uttered stormy denunciations. They told how they had banked money on the very day before, when those inside must have known perfectly well what was going to happen. Small shopkeepers had rushed to get in with their day's receipts before closing time and the receiving tellers in certain instances had accepted their deposits after three o'clock, when the outer doors were locked. That was illegal. It was plain theft.

On the side streets rows of bespattered cars were parked: farmers' cars which had been driven lickety-split into town at the news. The owners, broad-hatted, sunburned fellows, assembled in groups and talked about taxes, mortgages, fertilizer bills, and the like. How were those to be met? How were crops to be moved? How were groves to be sprayed and cultivated? Creditors can wait, but nature never grants a moratorium. She demands prompt payment of her dues. A citrous grove, like a woman, demands constant attention and will not endure neglect. A neglected woman may be won back, but not an orange tree. Nor do the pestilential hordes of destructive insects which prey upon truck crops wait upon banks and credits.

Incredible as it seemed, this " temporary closing," this interruption to the orderly course of business, brief though it might prove, threatened swift and irreparable ruin to agriculture, upon which the life and the prosperity of the city depended. It promised to blight the fruit of patient years of work and self-denial. Yes, and it was more than a mere hardship to people in other lines: within a few hours it had been translated into terms of actual human suffering. It involved hungry bellies, pain, sickness, and death. No wonder people growled and cursed and raved.

THOSE directors of the Merchants and Growers who had coolly summed up their books and impersonally figured assets and liabilities had slashed at the throats of hundreds, thousands of helpless people. Their pens and their pencils were scalpels and probes with which they had cut close to live human hearts. Especially pitiable were the withered old people who had outlasted their vigor; they were inarticulate, bewildered, but specters peered from their faded eyes, and tears lay in the wrinkles of their cheeks.

Such were some of the visible effects of the calamity. The invisible effects were equally distressing. Claiborne was a stricken city, it was numbed, it was sick.

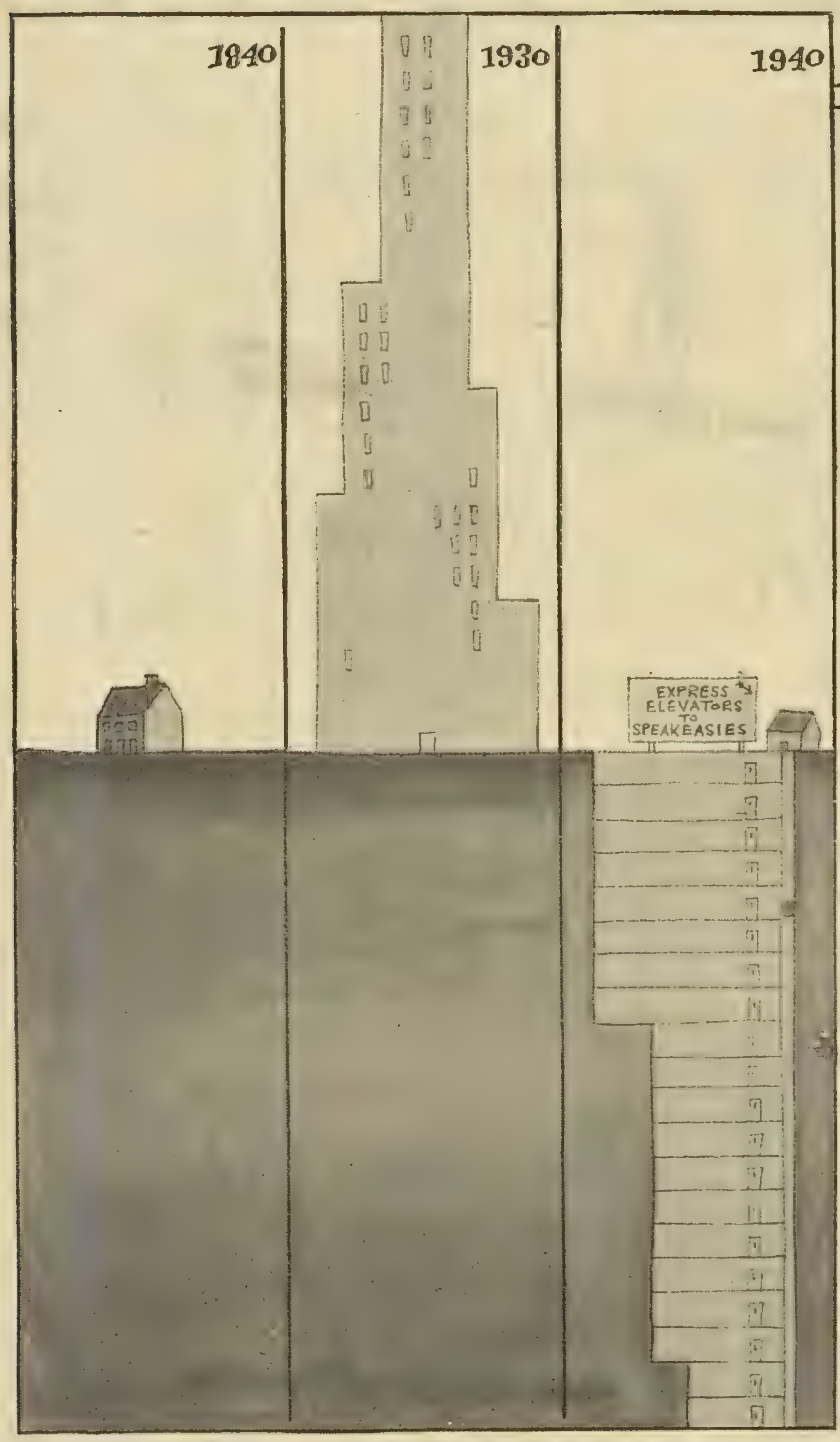
Promptly there began a run on the two smaller banks which quickly developed into panics. Frantic scenes followed, windows were crushed in, people were trampled. One of the banks closed on the second morning, the other followed suit that afternoon. By the end of the week not a bank in Claiborne County was open.

Bewildering days are in store for Florida Morgan. Follow her into next week's installment of the story, and watch her meet the crisis.

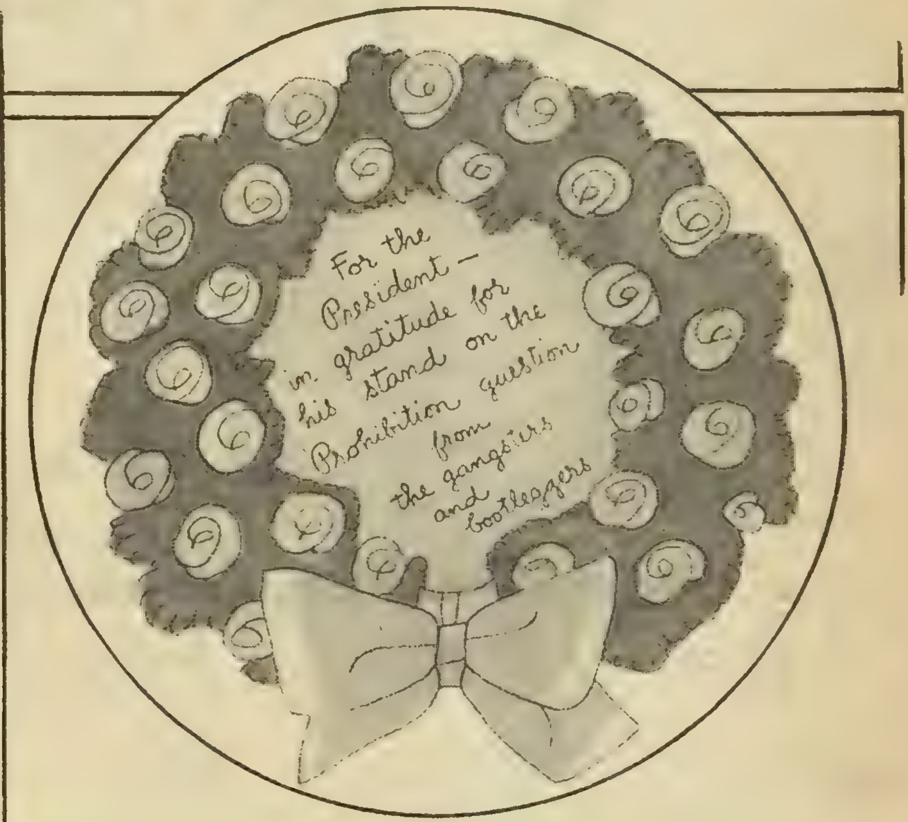
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

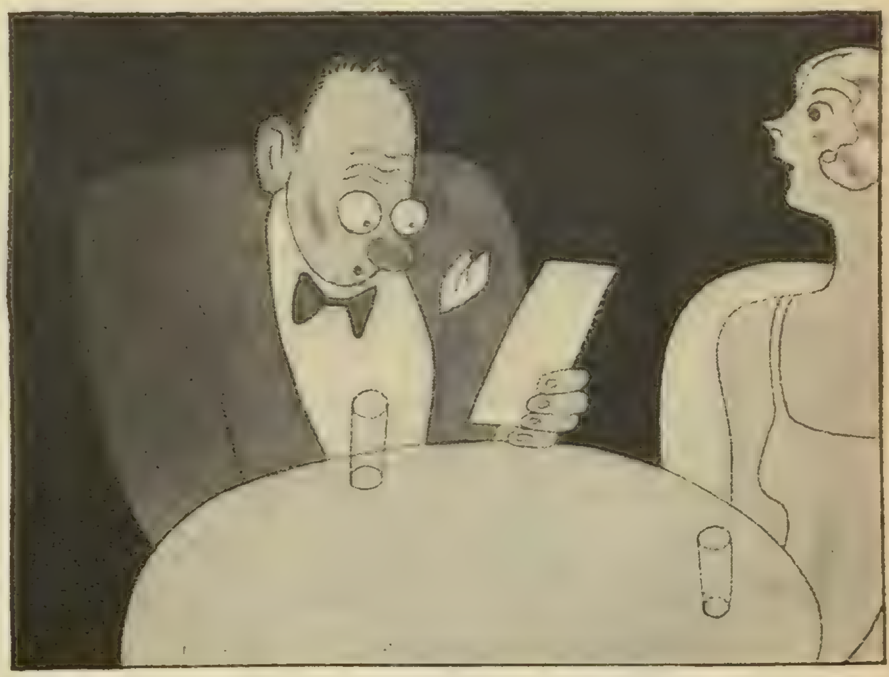
By RALPH BARTON


1840
1930
1940
EXPRESS ELEVATORS TO SPEAKEASIES

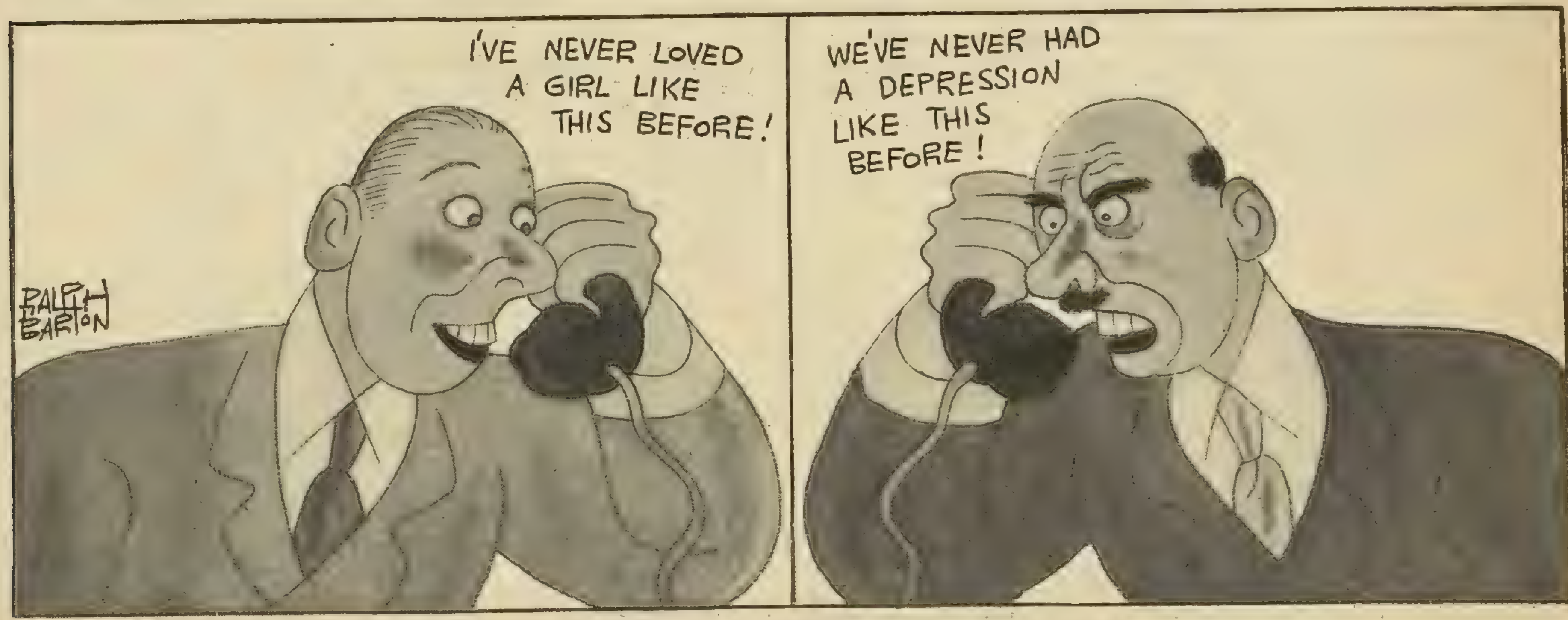
PICTORIAL HISTORY of New York's skyline.


For the President — in gratitude for his stand on the Prohibition question from the gangsters and bootleggers

AMONG RECENT GIFTS sent to the White House by admirers.

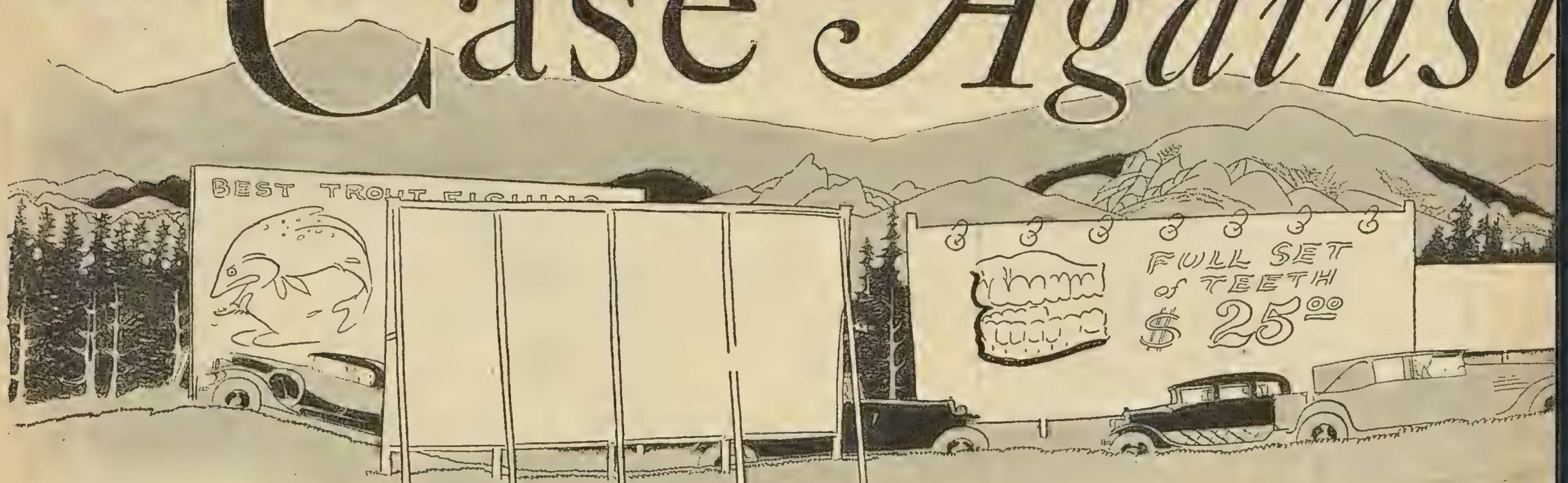


NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER invokes law to close night clubs at one o'clock, thereby doubling prices for drinks between one o'clock and morning.


I'VE NEVER LOVED A GIRL LIKE THIS BEFORE!
WE'VE NEVER HAD A DEPRESSION LIKE THIS BEFORE!
RALPH BARTON

FAMILIAR EXAGGERATIONS.

The Case Against

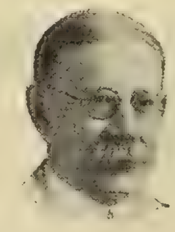


Being One Side of a Friendly Debate

{You'll hear the other side next week
See note at the end of this article}

By

J. Horace McFarland



who has spent a large part of his seventy-one years of busy life in working for the preservation of the scenic beauty of America. By profession a master printer, living in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he has been an officer of many civic associations, state and national. He is chairman of the roadside development committee, American Civic Association, chairman of the state art commission of Pennsylvania, and the author of a number of books.

(Reading time: 15 min. 11 sec.)

THE term "billboard" is assumed to include all outdoor advertising efforts for private advantage as forced upon the attention of every individual citizen who is not deaf, dumb, and blind, when displayed on premises unrelated to the business to which the billboards refer, and located within the public view. In this arbitrary definition there are therefore not included signs relating to the business conducted on the premises of the display, or legal notices of any sort. In the Court of Public Opinion the billboard stands indicted as—

1. Destructive of the beauty of the land we live in.
2. A nuisance about the home and on the highways.
3. Bad business for America.
4. Bad advertising.
5. A serious menace to the public safety.

We first consider:

1. The Destruction of the Beauty of the Land. It was the late Dr. Eliot of Harvard who insisted that the billboard "uglified" the landscape. The natural outdoor beauty of America is the basis of the patriotism upon which the security of our institution depends. Someone wrote that "No nation ever took up arms in defense of a boarding house." Could it be expected that we would ever fight to protect the billboard lanes through which we ride in trains or automobiles today?

Our national anthem sings—

My country, 'tis of thee . . .
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills.

But all too many of these "rocks" have been painted with signs begging us to buy something. All too many of the "rills" trickle unseen behind great poster boards. The "woods" are fringed with announcements of mushrooms, chewing gum, bacon, paint. The "templed hills," even, are not seldom hung with signs, the message of which is lost in the anger and disgust felt at the sight. The heart does "thrill," but not with rapture.

That the billboard men are not yet satisfied with their "uglification" is apparent. They are distinctly ambitious and, like all American business men, forward-looking. I once saw a sign in a metropolitan street car which asserted on behalf of an advertising concern that "The moon as a billboard would be at a discount compared with the service we offer." The use of airplanes to drop advertising material on defenseless citizens and to write messages on the sky is an evidence that the journey to the moon has begun. This destruction of the beauty of the land has social value, if we are to believe another recent statement of a billboard promoter that a properly besigned highway is "a relief from the unutterable boredom of nature." Once I saw on the cover of a billboard magazine the ideal highway set forth in full color. It left no space on either side the street save for incidental access to it. The border of signs was complete.

The raw selfishness of this beauty destruction adds another item to this count of the indictment. A patriotic citizen gives his city a much-needed park or a public library. The sign man rushes to border its approaches with his appeals to buy candy or tobacco, soap or stockings. If the angered community endeavors through a local law to protect its pride in these finer things, the legal department of the billboard concern is prompt to fight such restraint to the last court.

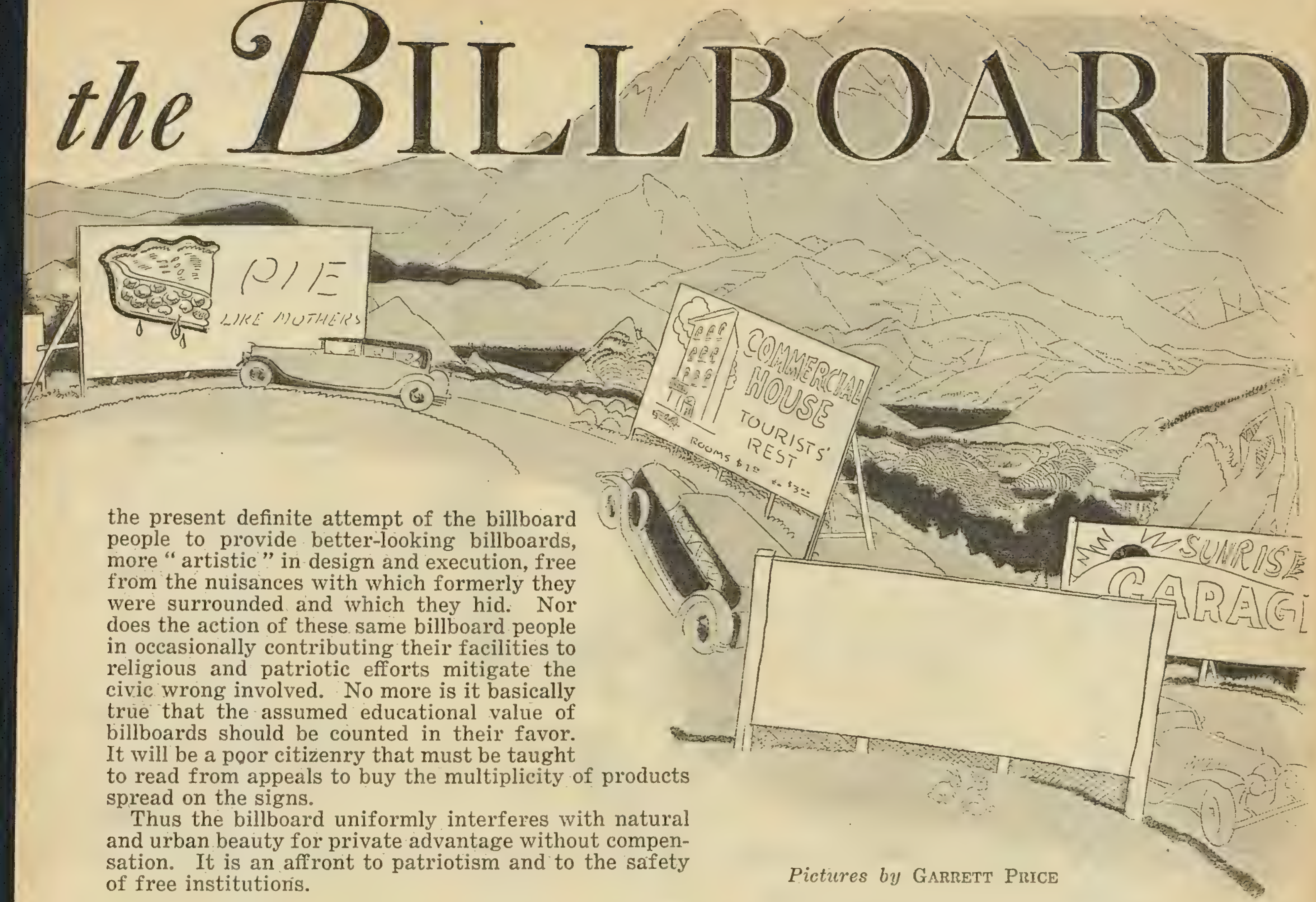
A GREAT new highway is completed, modernly paved. It is built at the expense of all the people. Yet it is hardly in use before an eruption of advertising signs shuts out much of the countryside. The situation was admirably expressed by Colonel Frederick S. Greene, Superintendent of Public Works in the state of New York, as follows:

"As everyone knows, a dirt road has no advertising value, but after the state has expended $50,000 or more per mile to convert a dirt road into an improved highway, traffic is immediately attracted and signs inevitably follow the traffic. Signboard companies thus reap, without any return to the state, a benefit which the state has provided through expenditure of millions of dollars."

Does the nation or one of its subdivisions memorialize a battleground, mark a historic location, erect a great public structure? At once the billboard creeps as close as it can get, unless and until law protests. It required a major civic operation to get the billboards away from the national Capitol in Washington, D. C.

This disregard of public beauty is not answered by

the BILLBOARD



the present definite attempt of the billboard people to provide better-looking billboards, more "artistic" in design and execution, free from the nuisances with which formerly they were surrounded and which they hid. Nor does the action of these same billboard people in occasionally contributing their facilities to religious and patriotic efforts mitigate the civic wrong involved. No more is it basically true that the assumed educational value of billboards should be counted in their favor. It will be a poor citizenry that must be taught to read from appeals to buy the multiplicity of products spread on the signs.

Thus the billboard uniformly interferes with natural and urban beauty for private advantage without compensation. It is an affront to patriotism and to the safety of free institutions.

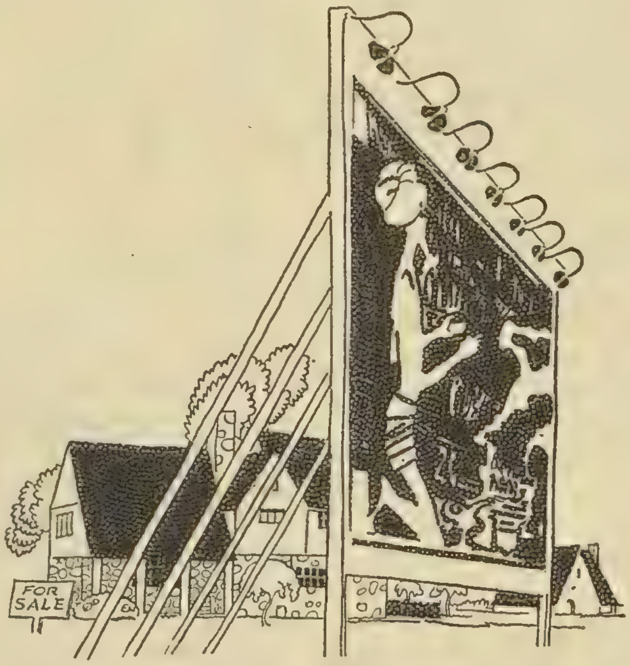
Pictures by Garrett Price

2. The Billboard Is a Nuisance about the Home and along the Public Highways. We pride ourselves in America that we are a nation of homes. Whether in the open country, in the villages and towns, in the small and large cities, the vast majority of us yet live in homes rather than in hotels. It is our joy to improve these homes, and from them our children go to the schools in which they are to be fitted for citizenship. It is the American home for which we are willing to fight, rather than the factory.

By its proximity, its disturbing suggestions, the billboard interferes not only with the beauty but with the quiet and the comfort of these homes. It definitely decreases their financial value, as one may easily ascertain who tries to sell his home after a billboard has been brought into the picture. This nuisance quality follows the home from the city, through the suburbs, to the open country. It particularly relates to the humbler homes inhabited by those who cannot control where they will live.

Does the billboard promoter want his home sign-surrounded? Far from it. I have followed this to find that the major personalities who put up and who use billboards almost invariably live well away from them. They are not willing to subject their homes to the sign surroundings they force upon others.

Our children attend the public schools, and constantly communities make them larger, finer, better, more beautiful. Not seldom a bitter legal battle must be fought, and frequently lost, as a community endeavors to keep the signs from intrusion upon the good architecture of these places of public instruction. The billboard is a serious nuisance about our homes, our schools, our parks, our churches, our public buildings, our memorials.



3. The Billboard Is Bad Business for America. This is because it lessens or obscures for wholly selfish ends the beauty of the scenery that when uninjured is a tremendously productive asset for profit as well as for patriotism. It is because of this interference with beauty travel that additional legal attempts are being aimed at the billboards.

The United States Bureau of Public Roads takes cognizance of this productive capacity in our land. The Congress has seen fit to provide aid for planting along the highways to protect and to increase their attractive beauty. The state of Pennsylvania, as a separate example, maintains a highway forester and a nursery to plant the roadsides for their protection and with a very definite aim at the financial advantage to the state in the beauty travel.

It is the assault of the billboard on this prosperity relation of the nation's highways that has caused the passage of laws, all with the same general purport, in every state except Wyoming and South Carolina.

The billboard is costly to America in its influence on profitable beauty travel.

4. The Billboard Is Bad Advertising. Advertising is undertaken to sell something—an idea, a service, an

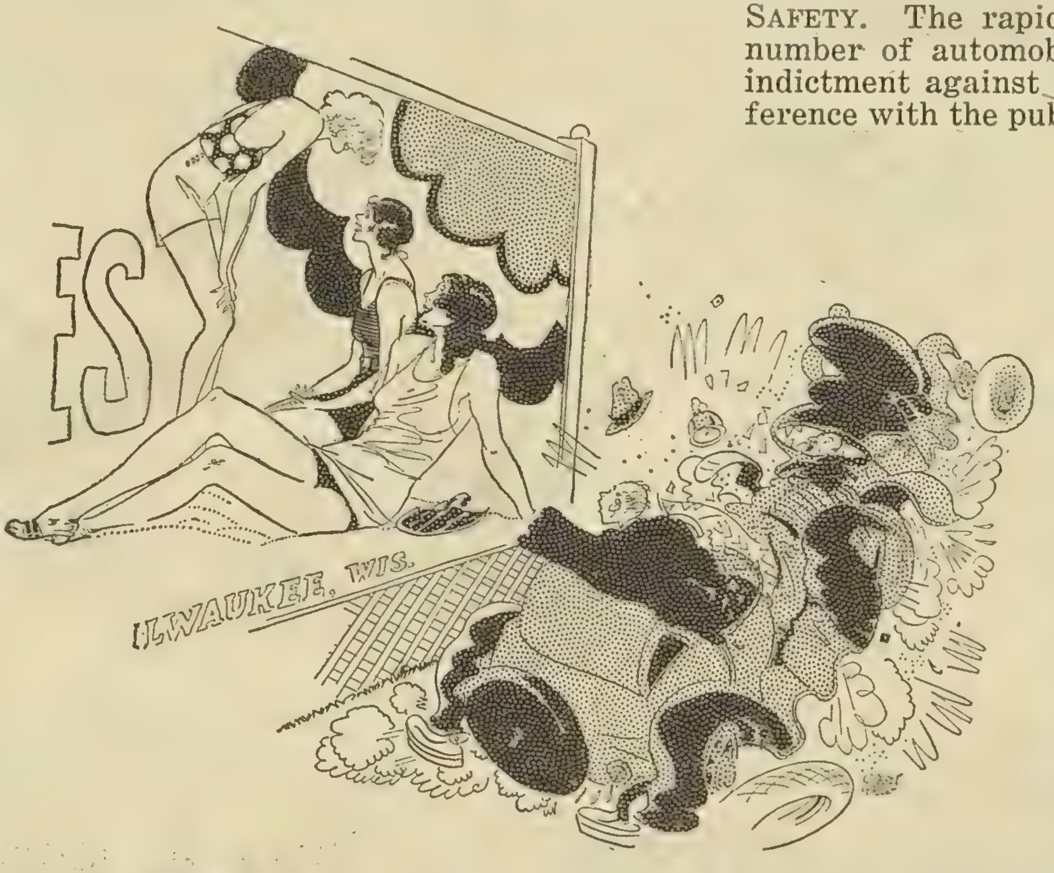
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CASE AGAINST THE BILLBOARD
Continued from page thirty-five

article. It must attract, please, convince, create acceptance or the buying impulse, if it is good advertising. Can this be properly done by the billboard, which considerably angers, repels, provokes? The mere fact that it is legislated against in all the states of the Union save two indicates its dubious quality as advertising if viewed from the most favorable angle.

Unlike other forms of advertising, the billboard cannot often directly trace or show its results, and where results are reported they are related almost invariably to traceable campaigns that back up the billboard.

No sane American undervalues modern advertising, through which wants are created and satisfied, and by which a vast enlargement both of the business and of the standard of living has occurred in America. But as I have said, advertising to be of value must attract, and not repel. It must please and convince, not anger and annoy. There is a pretty little black pussylike animal wearing a white stripe down its back which has under certain conditions unique power to compel attention. Is not billboard advertising in general altogether too much like the skunk in its attention-compelling power?



The absence of billboards is construed as definitely valuable advertising along one hundred miles of scenic beauty included in the Roosevelt Highway, from Bandon, Oregon, to the California state line. This highway is maintained free of commercial signs and billboards by concerted action between the Oregon State Highway Commission and the local business men and citizens of certain counties bordering the road.

Above have been presented facts respecting legal consideration of and restrictions placed upon outdoor advertising by all American states but two. This is the only form of advertising requiring such regulation, and the billboard is now, at least in some legal jurisdictions, under the police power. When this power is successfully invoked, signs on private property can be removed without compensation as public nuisances.

Nor does the defense of the billboard erectors, insisting (in the words of the secretary of one of their organizations) that opposition includes “manufactured and organized attacks on outdoor advertising . . . naturally assuming large proportions over a period of time,” express the facts. To be sure, the opposition is “manufactured,” but it is by the billboard excesses. It is “organized” as communities and states band together in their own protection.

THE attitude of the federal government, as recently stated by Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, is significant. He told a group of national advertisers, as reported by the American Nature Association in its Roadside Bulletin: “You have not done right by this country in many ways. This country feels that you can do it if you want to. Put a little more brains in what you do instead of putting it in large and wasteful letters that destroy the beauty of our country.”

No other form of advertising has been condemned by organizations of buyers. The powerful General Federation of Women's Clubs, with its 3,000,000 members, has long opposed the billboards, and the chairman of its committee on roadside beauty urges its members to “favor firms which favor scenery . . . buy products not advertised in the landscape. . . .” The women of America are said to represent eighty-five per cent of its purchasing power. While this does not leave much room for the men, no one could assert that all the men favor billboards or are indifferent to them. Is it good advertising to use a form that angers organized women, as well as many—possibly most—patriotic men?

The billboard is bad advertising.

5. BILLBOARDS ALONG THE HIGHWAYS OF COUNTRY AND CITY ALIKE ARE A SERIOUS MENACE TO PUBLIC SAFETY. The rapidly mounting speed and number of automobiles constitute a major indictment against the billboard—its interference with the public safety.

If billboards are to be of value, their meaning must be absorbed by reading, for as yet there are no smelling or squawking signs.

If the automobile driver must read the signs, he is not concentrating on the road and its dangers. He is not fully taking account of approaching vehicles or of those close to him in the rear. The split second which may mean life or death may have been given over to reading the selfish announcement of the billboard.

If it be urged that the motor operator also may have his attention dangerously diverted as he appreciates the scenery, the reply is that a near or distant view can be enjoyed subconsciously, without the eye-focusing necessary to read the words and pictures of an advertising sign.

If the billboard man answers that the operator of an automobile need not read the signs, he at once confesses to the advertising failure.

Anyone who reads these words will remember where important and necessary road signs, erected for the public advantage, telling where to go and how to go and what danger to avoid, are made almost invisible by surrounding commercial announcements.

This traffic danger has been recognized in many states, with the result of laws or regulations forcing the billboards away from road intersections, from railroad crossings, and similar places. It is only fair to the billboard interests to say that they have more quickly yielded to remonstrances and regulation in this respect than in any other relation.

In 1925, while Admiral McGowan (retired) was chief highway commissioner of South Carolina, he inquired of the state attorney general as to his authority, and was advised that he “had no authority to remove roadside billboards unless they endangered or interfered with traffic.” He proceeds: “To me this meant that I did have the necessary authority when traffic was endangered or interfered with.” Believing all signs that were attractive enough to find a place along the highways were dangerous to traffic, he ordered them down. Instant recourse to the courts by the billboard erectors checked his work.

In Pennsylvania, with its comprehensive plan for roadside improvement previously referred to, the irritation caused by these signs which divert attention from the heavy grades where the Lincoln Highway crosses the mountains and elsewhere, has resulted in one drastic law now on the statute books. The so-called “wheat law,” passed June 14, 1923, permits the protection of the view at curves or intersections by condemnation of the *view*, the owner being permitted thereafter to grow “grass, oats, wheat or other crops which will not obstruct the vision more than wheat.”

Another Pennsylvania proposition, offered in the Legislature in 1925, and again in 1929, both times being prevented of passage by the billboard lobby, endeavors " to protect the public safety through controlling outdoor advertising heretofore and hereafter erected or constructed or placed and displayed on private property in such manner as to be readable or visible from state highways." After reciting that " the placing of private advertising on abutting property intended to be read from these highways is not a natural right or a servitude properly imposed upon the highway itself," the further statement is made that this private advertising " diverts attention from the dangers of traffic and from the signs placed along the highway to warn users thereof of dangerous points, and is therefore an interference with the public safety, adding needless danger to passing traffic." Then follows the proposed regulation that there shall be no outdoor advertising displayed along the highways until " each separate structure or item of the said outdoor advertising has been approved by the Secretary of Highways as to its location and size," and an arrangement is then set forth for the payment of such fees as will take care of the cost of inspection and licensing.

Without doubt, because the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania believes the danger from signs to be constantly increasing, this proposition, or one closely similar to it, will be again introduced in the Legislature.

I HAVE not adverted above to the increase both of nuisance and danger accomplished by illuminating at night the signs in the city and in the open country. The hazard is particularly accentuated in this way, as one knows who has faced the myriad lights of passing traffic along our crowded highways.

It is proper, in summing up, to say that the remonstrances reaching many able national advertisers have been effective in reducing the billboard area. There are such advertisers who can see that billboard advertising not infrequently presents very effectively what *not* to buy.

But enough has been said, it is submitted, in support of this indictment of the billboard in the Court of Public Opinion, further to arouse citizens, communities, and states toward this misapplication of the advertising thought so that it may not much longer be permitted anywhere in America destructively to reduce the beauty of the land; to make itself a nuisance about the home and on the highways; to make business worse when business needs to be made better; to continue bad advertising; to menace further the public safety of the highways.

The case FOR the billboard will be presented in Liberty next week by Alexander Stoddart of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, Inc.

TOUGH BEARD?

THEN YOU NEED MENNEN

IF YOUR BEARD IS TOUGH, your skin is tender...that's always the case. And shaving a tough beard over a tender skin is almost a major operation... except with Mennen!

Mennen Shaving Cream is specifically made for tough beards. It contains *specially processed tristearin.* It's that ingredient which gives you the special "tough-beard lather"—lather that can take the fight right out of wiry, splinter-like stubble!

Start to shave. Where's that tough beard you were grousing about? It's softened into submission—a cinch for your blade...Use hot or cold, hard or soft water—it makes no difference! You get real comfort!

Mennen offers you two creams: *Original* and the new *Menthol-iced.*

A Daily Skin Treatment While You Shave. Mennen lather penetrates into the pores. There it softens the embedded dirt and oil deposits which are the cause of most men's skin ailments—pimples, blackheads, muddy skin. After your shave, wash away the lather—and you flush away those dirt deposits. You leave your face really clear and clean...

P. S. To finish off a good shave in a good way—use Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint—doesn't show. Removes face shine. Protects the skin... Great after a bath too.

To introduce

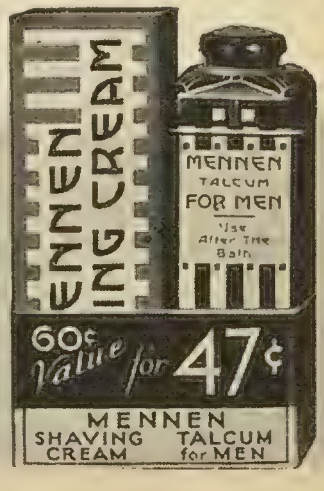
THE NEW 35¢ TUBE

This Sensational Money-Saving Offer:

35¢ TUBE MENNEN SHAVING CREAM (ORIGINAL OR MENTHOL-ICED)

25¢ TIN MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

BOTH FOR 47¢



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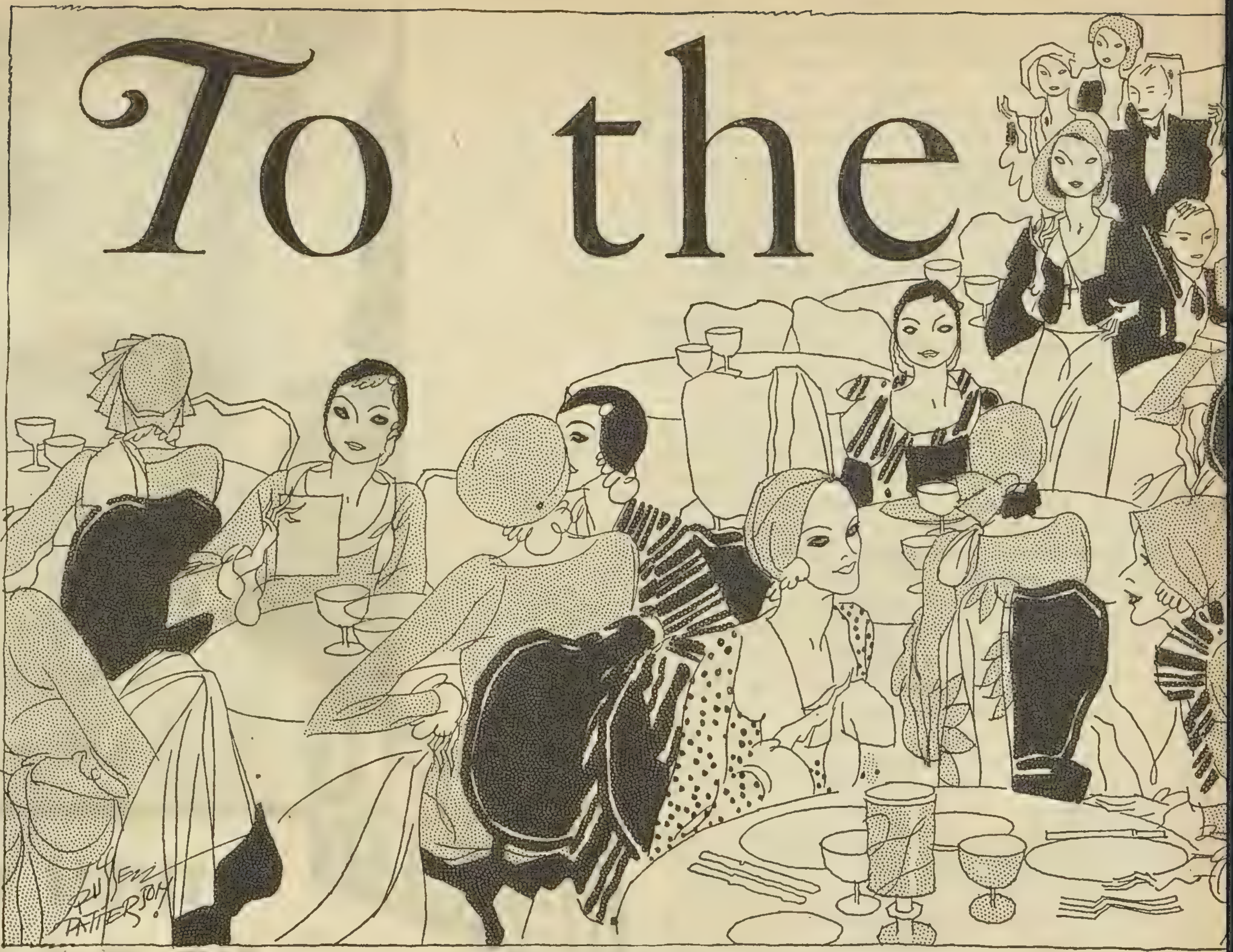


By Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist and style authority who, though she can look back to the first czar of Russia as an ancestor, finds her major interest in the affairs of 1931.

[*Reading time: 8 min. 37 sec.*]

DO chivalrous men make women happy or not? Michael Arlen says masculine chivalry makes women lonely. He was quite emphatic about it when I talked with him the other day. I asked him just what he meant, and he explained that the more chivalrous a man is toward a woman, the more it separates them by leaving the woman outside the man's real life.

We were discussing the present position of independent women, married ones particularly, when Mr. Arlen brought in the question of chivalry. He sees no likely adjustment of the problems which face so many married couples when the woman is completely independent financially. In his opinion men are more anxious than women to live lavishly, to put on a big show. Therefore they welcome financial independence in their wives. And Mr. Arlen thinks that women who earn money or have money are in a far better position to be their husbands' comrades than women who are just dependent creatures, to be shielded and spared.

According to Mr. Arlen, companionship is the compensation gained by independent wives who so often are inclined to believe the "clinging vine" woman is getting a better matrimonial deal.

Independent as American women are, Mr. Arlen voted them the pleasantest dinner partners. "For, although I hate to generalize about nationalities," he said, "it is true that American women excel in this respect because they are specially brought up to entertain and to be entertaining. Sit next to an Englishwoman at dinner and you soon find out that she doesn't care a whoop whether you're bored or not. She doesn't see why it should be her business to amuse you."

By the way, Mr. Arlen is the proud father of a promising young son—Michael John—aged not many weeks. Michael John loves being photographed, and, unlike most babies, he has a perfect camera smile.

NOW I'm going to tell you a romantic story—the real true romance of a poor American widow, a beautiful French empress, a clarinet player, and a secret formula.

Once upon a time there was a clarinet player who played his clarinet so tunefully that he was attached to the royal household of Napoleon III, last emperor of France. Queen of the empire was lovely Eugénie, famous for her sightly charms, her wonderful complexion. And Eugénie had a private beauty doctor, and the beauty doctor had a very secret fa lotion which was highly prized by the queen. And it came pass that the court beauty doctor and court clarinet play became close friends.

When the empire fell these two friends parted. The doct fled with the runaway court; the clarinet player emigrated America. As a parting gift the royal beauty specialist in parted to the royal musician the secret formula for Eugénie royal face lotion.

We come now to the poor widow. She's the daughter of t clarinet player. She inherited the secret formula from h father, and it was all she had when her American husband di some twenty-five years ago, leaving her penniless with thr small children to support.

At first she prepared the lotion herself, selling it in sma quantities to friends. Then she moved to New York, whe for years she continued to make the lotion with her own hand selling it only by private letters and personal interviews. Litt by little the reputation of her specialty spread and grew. No by quiet persistence, this elderly woman has developed a bus ness which prospers beyond her wildest dreams. She is grandmother now—and is really very much prouder of h grandchildren than of her business success. And there's you happy ending to this real-life romance.

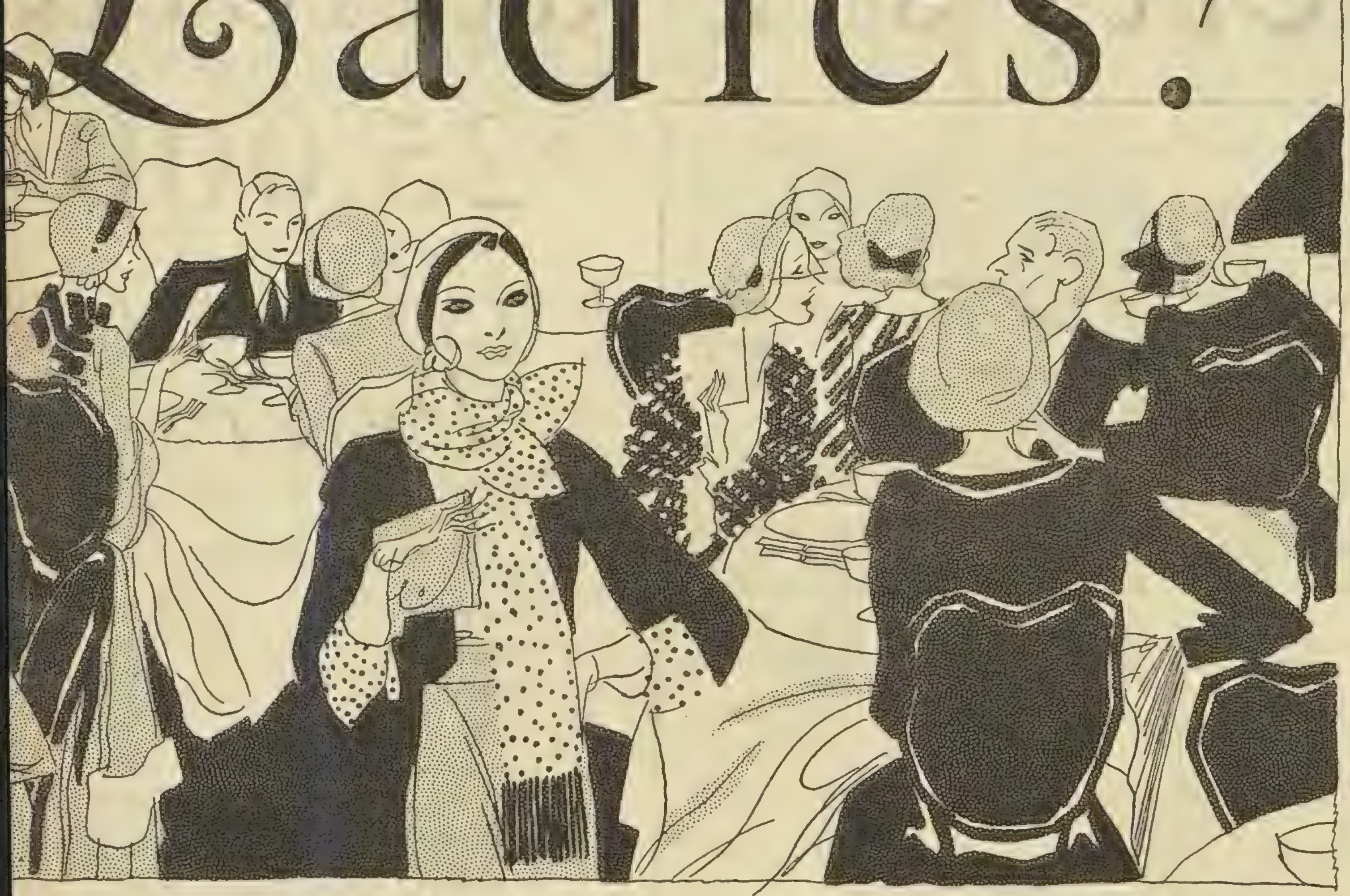
THE other day a friend complained to me that her othe wise perfect maid would not tell fibs for her. When a unwelcome caller arrived or phoned, the maid would not sa untruthfully, "Mrs. So-and-so is not at home." The girl ju *couldn't* tell lies.

From the practical standpoint this was very inconvenien no doubt, but the maid's ethics were absolutely sound neverth less. I can't see why people who demand for themselves ho esty and truthfulness on the part of those who work for the should expect their servants to tell elaborate lies on their b half. It just isn't consistent, is it?

There are lots of women who complain about the conduct their servants, but there are few women who ever take th trouble to think that a maid who is steadily occupied wit rather dull work might enjoy a little amusing conversatio once in a while. Women who strain every nerve to amuse thei friends can very well afford to spend a little wit and energ entertaining their "help" now and then.

Ladies!

Picture
by
RUSSELL PATTERSON



IAVE just been visiting one of the finest private
ollections of paintings in New York City. Rembrandts,
ans, Van Dykes, Romneys, and canvases by half a dozen
r famous old masters glow on the dark brown walls. There
a particularly lovely eighteenth century French picture,
agonard. How I sighed and longed for it!

ut in the midst of my sighing I recalled what a well known
ch collector once said to me. I had been admiring his
tings and saying how wonderful it must be to own such
ious things. "Ah, madame," he remarked sadly, "you do
ave to live with them."

is own room—where he sought refuge from all the beau-
possessions he owned—was a bare little room without a
le picture in it!

the other hand, completely bare walls aren't so hot, either,
everyone who cares for good things, in establishing my
home I have been faced with the ordeal of choosing between
walls and bad pictures, since really good pictures eat up
tune.

t in Boston I recently made a lucky discovery. At the
on Museum of Fine Arts I found the most beautiful photo-
hic reproductions of drawings and paintings by famous
ers. Only on close inspection does one realize that these
not originals. And they are all for sale at extremely
nable prices. About a dollar apiece! Ever since I found
I have been wondering why more people do not include
local art museums in their shopping rounds. Every
rican art museum carries a wide variety of these finely
duced drawings and etchings. They make delightful
. Simply framed, they are a real pleasure to the eye.

E Paris fashion shows have decided two important
oints for us. They have announced the rules for this
s waistline and for the length of this year's skirts.

to your waistline, you may put it where it suits your
best. The very slim will wear their belts at the natural
, but not too tightly drawn in. The not-so-slim may belt
selves a trifle lower.

to skirt lengths, twelve to fourteen inches from the
d is now the rule for day wear. Sixteen is permissible
orts clothes. Afternoon dresses about twelve or thirteen
s from the ground. Evening frocks clear down to the
s.

But latitude is allowed even in skirt lengths. Some very tall, long-limbed women have their smart afternoon dresses made ankle length, and look remarkably well in them. Like all of this season's elaborate clothes, such dresses are split so that plenty of leg is visible. I thought we wouldn't long give up exhibiting our legs! Showing them blatantly is out, however. Just a discreet glimpse—or is it indiscreet? Anyway, that's all we're allowed.

DID you know that in this country the stores sell twice as many doll carriages as baby carriages? I learned this alarming fact the other day when I went to see the National Toy Fair.

The Toy Fair is a trade fair, as you may know. It is for professional toy merchants and manufacturers only, but by courtesy of the management I was taken around. What a Santa Claus dream! Here is every imaginable plaything that a child could possibly crave for—from the tiniest doll to real kid-size bungalows completely furnished and fitted for little folks to play in and learn the art of housekeeping. Then there are swings and scooters, games, miniature railroads, all sorts of toy musical instruments.

It is perhaps rather alarming to find how warlike many of these playthings are. Vast armies are there in miniature, and every type of military weapon is represented.

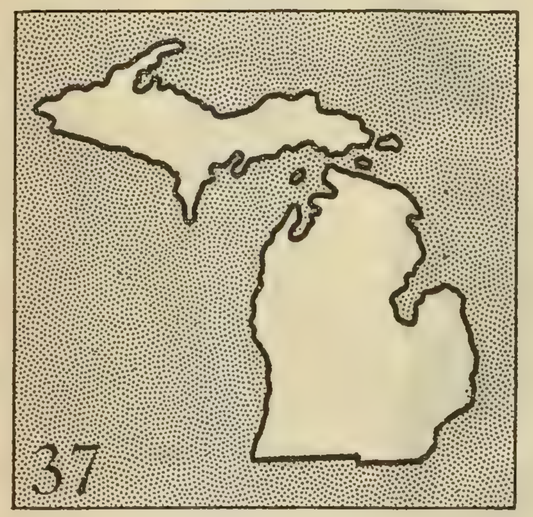
The more peaceful games for smaller children appealed to me. Also the humorous and vividly colorful designs of the new toys. I found the craziest toy circus whose performers and animals were marvelously carved and painted caricatures—really a work of art.

Since the American tariff on imported toys is very high, a number of master toy makers from Germany are now working in this country. The Germans have always been fine toy makers, and I was impressed by the fact that American toys seem to be ever so much better—and cheaper too—than those I have seen in Europe.

On the other hand, I found the dolls unattractive and tastelessly dressed unless they were very expensive. The dolls' dresses were generally crude, and were trimmed atrociously. I believe this unnecessary, and regret that it is so. Surely it is not a good thing to teach even the smallest girls to tolerate ugly clothes.

NOW that eggs are so cheap, a French way of serving them may be of interest. *Œufs à la gelée*—eggs in jelly—make an excellent springtime entrée or luncheon dish. Take a can of bouillon, add a half can of cold water, and cook for about twenty minutes with a slice of onion, a bay leaf, and a clove. Strain and add a scant tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Then put in the correct amount of gelatine to make a firm jelly. Poach some eggs and drain well. Put the eggs into individual soufflé dishes—one egg in each little dish—and pour the jelly over them. If you can get tarragon leaves lay two, crosswise, on each egg. Serve cold in the dishes—but not too icy cold.

Liberty's Patriotic


37

This state is rich in coal, iron, and copper. It has more extensive water boundaries in proportion to its area than any other state in the Union.

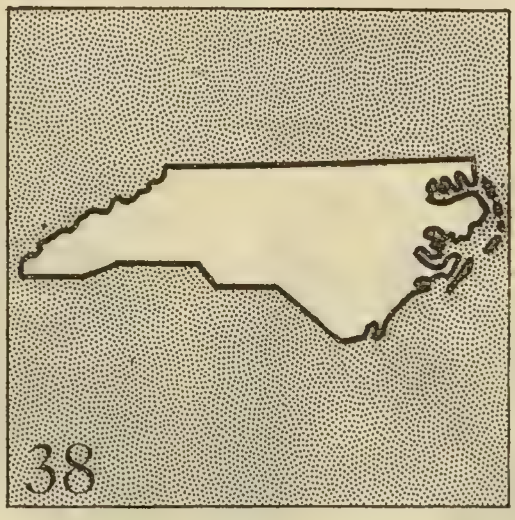
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 10


38

This state is second only to Massachusetts in the manufacture of cotton goods. Its northern boundary is the birth state of seven Presidents.

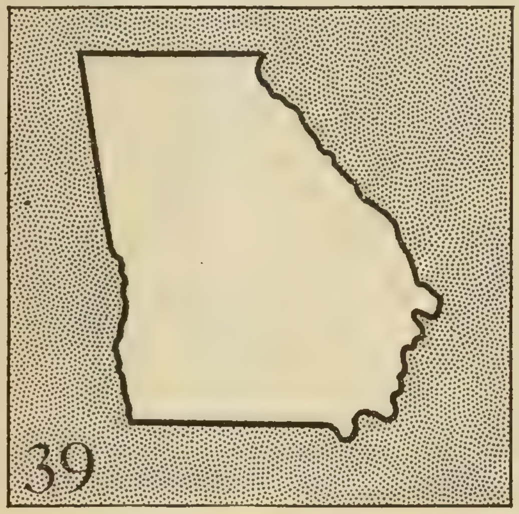
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 10


39

This state was named for a king. Its eastern boundaries are a great body of water and a state which is noted for the quality of cotton that it produces.

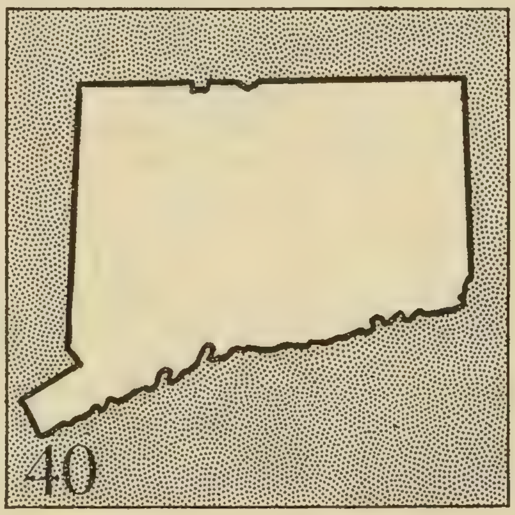
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 10


40

This, one of the leading industrial states, is bounded on the south by a large body of water, and on the west by a state which contains seven Indian reservations.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 10

HERE is the tenth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next two issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

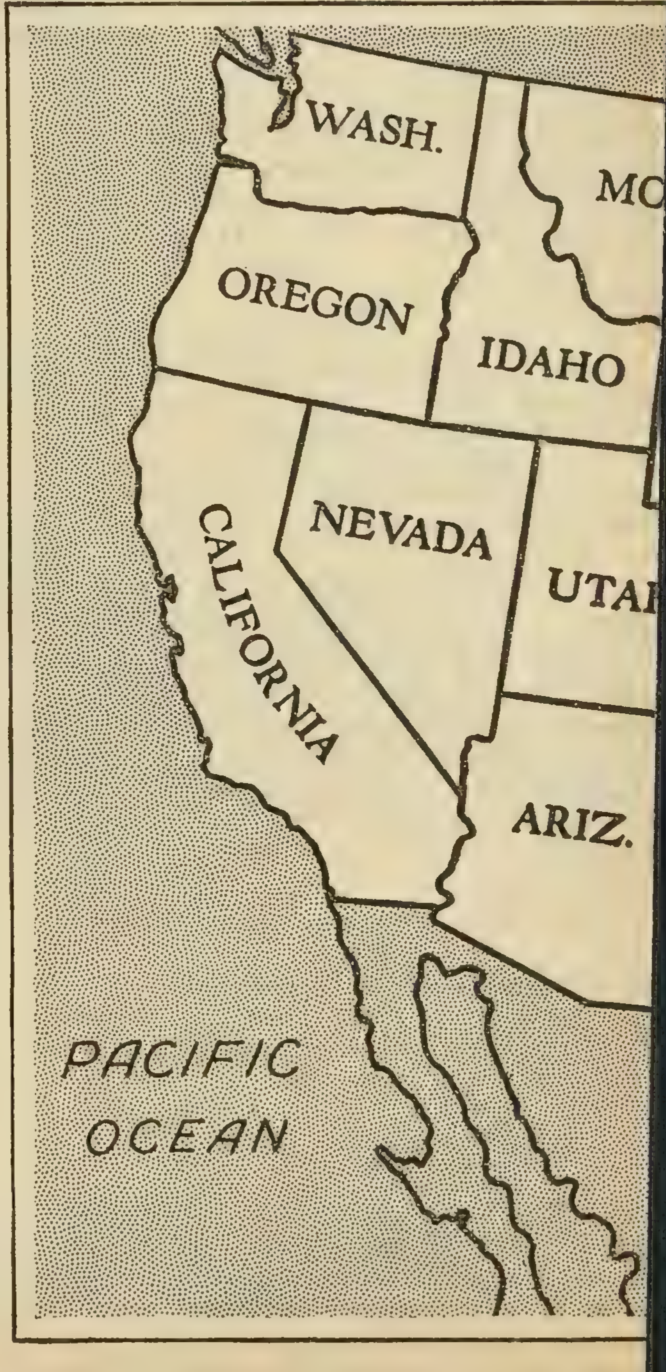
Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

$25,000

IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essay, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

EXAMPLE

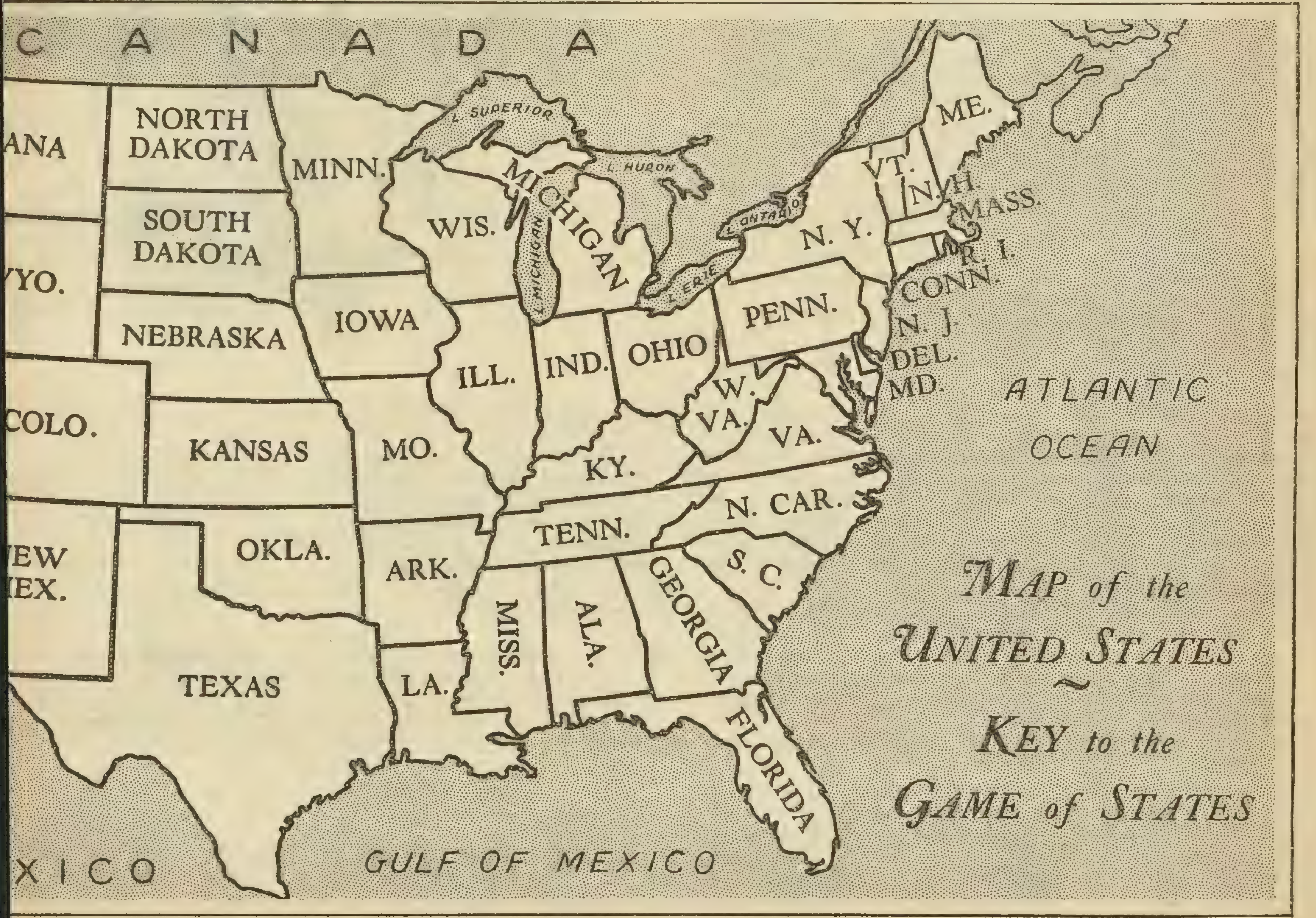
Alabama
Georgia
Atlantic Ocean
Florida
Gulf of Mexico

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *Florida.*

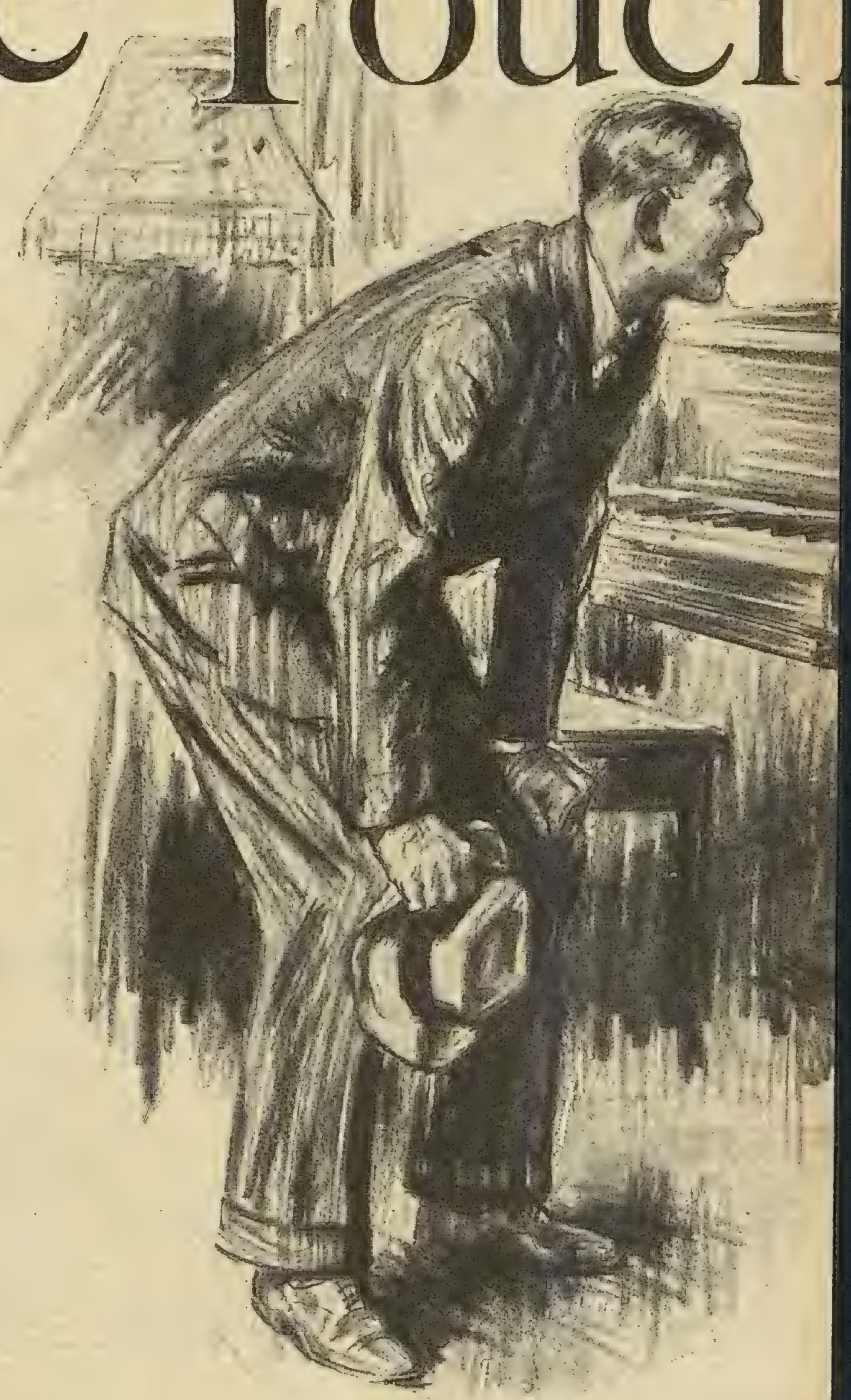
Bounded by *Alabama, Georgia, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico.


CANADA
NORTH DAKOTA
ANA
MINN.
SOUTH DAKOTA
YO.
L. SUPERIOR
MICHIGAN
L. HURON
WIS.
L. MICHIGAN
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
L. ERIE
CONN.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
PENN.
N. J.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
DEL.
MD.
W. VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
VA.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
EW EX.
OKLA.
ARK.
S. C.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
XICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES ~ KEY to the GAME of STATES

A Little Touch



The Story of a Hard Guy's Courtship

By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 20 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOE came from Tacoma, so he said. He'd been in lots of places, and hadn't stayed long in any of them. He had hard blue eyes, and heavy shoulders, and an independence that was more than an air. Most people thought it was insolence.

He was a good mechanic, Gus Petersen said, and Gus must have thought he was honest, for he'd let him sell gas and oil, and he'd leave him in charge of the garage. Gus liked him well enough; he was a grouchy man himself, and he prized efficiency above social attractiveness.

There were lots of things about Joe that would cause the quiet members of the community to raise their eyebrows. He played too good a game of pool, and he spent plenty of time in billiard halls. He'd bet with anybody on anything, and he'd quarrel on small provocation. The town loafers made their drawling attempts to put a newcomer in his proper place, and were unpleasantly surprised at the contemptuous brutality that greeted their advances. They concluded that Joe was one of the bad men from the west and didn't bother him.

If he had few men friends, at least the girls liked him. He was a good dancer, so they said, and gold-toothed Ella, or Sadie from the five-and-ten, appeared to consider his casualness enchanting.

One day a straight eight pulled up at Petersen's. It had three occupants: a stout, red-faced man in a suit a college boy would love to wear but wouldn't dare to buy; a woman who might not have looked more than thirty-five if she hadn't made such efforts to look young; and a pretty girl. Joe sold them eight gallons of gas and a quart of oil, and the man handed him a quarter for himself. Joe looked at it and flipped it back accurately into the girl's lap. "Buy yourself a chocolate sundae," he said. She looked at him and away again, and he grinned and strode off. That was a fair sample of Joe's technique. It wasn't completely a pose. He'd gambled with lots of jobs, and lost.

These were new customers, it appeared; they hadn't been long in town. They had two cars, both new and both good. Joe worked on both of them in the next few weeks. The man in the college-boy suit seemed to have plenty of money. He spoke to Joe once or twice, and Joe's replies were as laconic as usual.

One morning the girl drove in, and Joe came swaggering out of the garage. "Hello," he said.

She nodded. "Hello," she answered, and Joe nearly fell over. She hadn't looked surprised; she hadn't smiled. She just told him hello, just like anybody. Well, what do you know about that?

He filled the tanks, and said the valves might need some grinding. The car was about a month old. She shrugged. "I don't know a thing about it. I just drive, that's all."

"Like to drive?" said Joe.

"I—yes, I guess so," she said.

"Rather go to dances, huh?"

"I don't go to many dances."

"Want to go with me some night?"

She hesitated, but she didn't blush. He waited, watching her with an enjoyment that was all the keener because he didn't know what she might say.

"NO, I don't think so. You—you might come up to the house some night, if you want."

"How about Wednesday?"

"Wednesday's all right, I guess. I—we live in that white house, corner of Madison and State Road."

"I know. My name's Joe Clark."

"Mine's—mine's Squires."

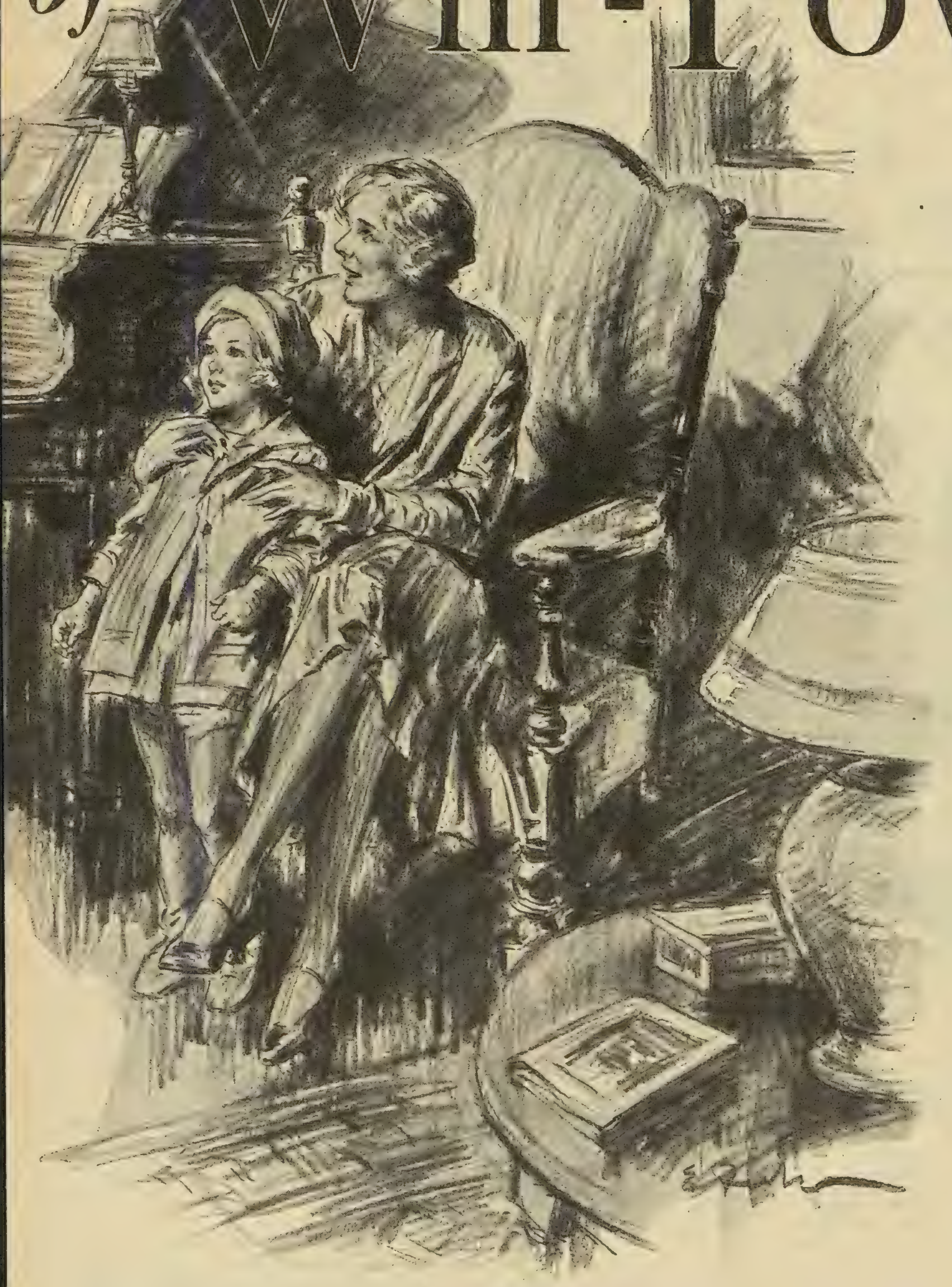
"Uh-huh. Got initials?"

"Initials?"

"Initials or a first name or anything?"

"Oh! Suppose you ring the bell and ask for Miss Squires. You could do that, couldn't you?"

# of Will-Power



"Isn't she a cute kid, Joe? O-oh, Joe, I'll make this up to you! Honest I will."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Joe, and watched his new lady love drive away.

It is only fair to him to say that he was surprised. He'd picked up almost every girl he ever knew, but they weren't girls of Miss Squires' financial status. Incidentally he'd have thought no less of her if she had declined his invitation. No less, and no more; he'd have shrugged his shoulders.

He rang the bell at the big white house the following Wednesday evening at eight fifteen, and she opened the door for him.

"You came, didn't you?" she said.

"What did you think I was going to do?" said Joe, and followed her into the living room. "You look nice."

"Do I?"

"Yep."

The house looked like luxury to Joe. There were flocks of floor lamps, and overstuffed furniture, and gadgets, and a big square piano.

"You play that?"

"Sure. I'll play for you by and by. Would you like a drink?"

"Sure," said Joe.

"Ginger ale or White Rock?"

"What you got, gin or liquor?"

"Well, there's some rye, and there's some Johnny Walker, and there's some De Wars White Label. There's some gin, too."

"Don't bother with it. The White Rock'd be the best. I suppose you like ginger ale, huh?"

"Come on, then. It's in here."

SHE snapped a switch and led the way through a dining room to a pantry with a built-in ice box and a cabinet, which she unlocked. Joe looked in.

"Wow!" he said, and then wished he hadn't said it. He didn't want to seem impressed, ever.

"I'll bet you'll get it, if your pop catches you using his liquor this way."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Yeah? I'll bet, if he walked in, you'd drop dead."

"He's gone to Chicago."

"Your mom gone, too?"

"No. She's upstairs."

"Oh," said Joe.

He opened the White Rock and mixed a drink; then he took the cap off a bottle of ginger ale. "Say when," he said.

"None in mine, thanks."

"Don't you use it?"

"No. I don't like it."

She bowed to him as a man does, and, startled, he bobbed his head and said, "Happy days," and then, that it was elegant.

"Come on. Let's go inside, huh?" said Miss Squires.

"O. K.," said Joe, bearing his tall glass tenderly. He sat down opposite her, and drew out a package of Camels. "Smoke? No? Got no habits at all?"

"I wouldn't say that."

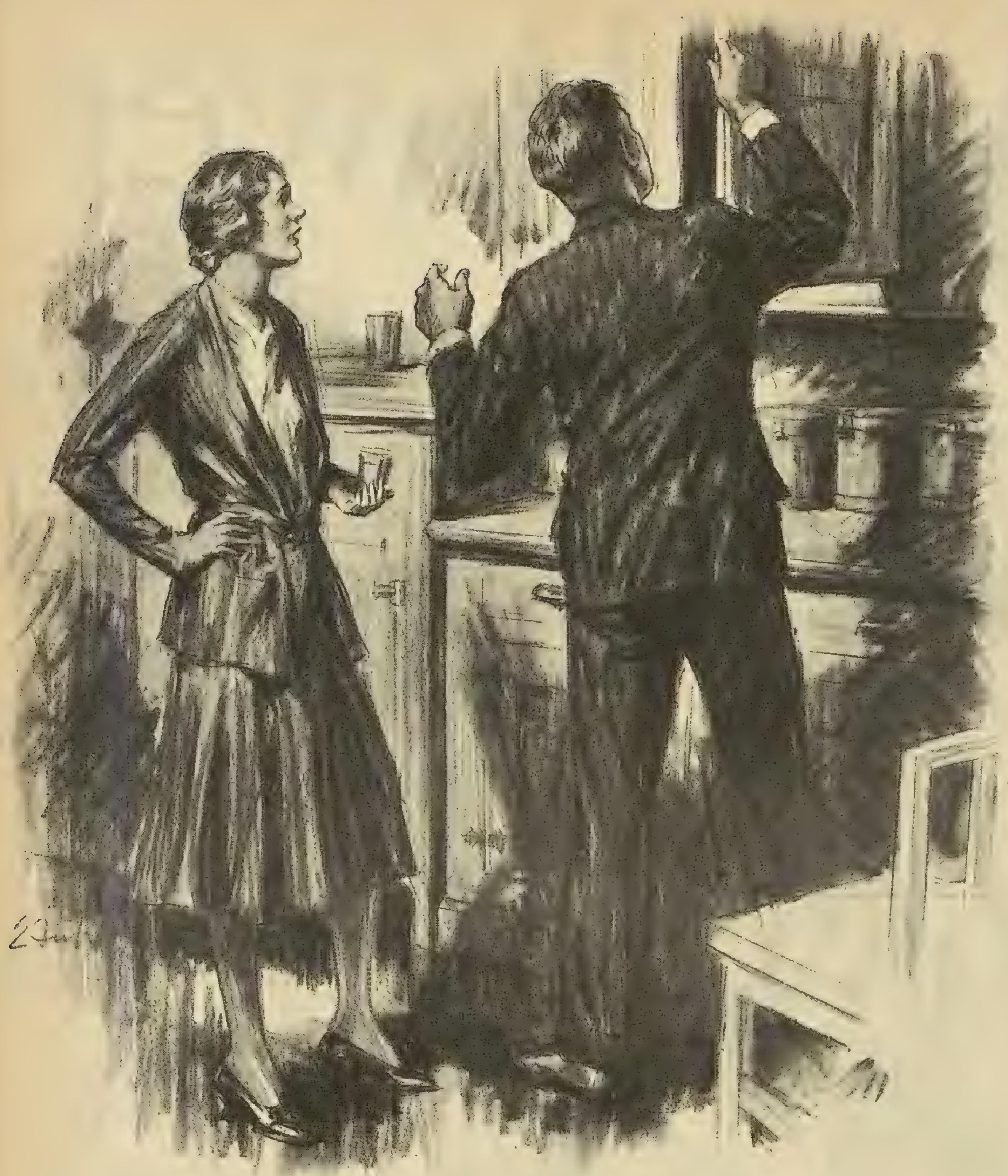
"Mama's girl, huh?"

She shrugged.

"You like this town?" said Joe.

"I don't know. We—we only moved here lately."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



She led the way to a built-in ice box. Joe looked in. "Wow!" he said, then wished he hadn't. He didn't want to seem impressed.

A LITTLE TOUCH OF WILL-POWER
Continued from page forty-three

"Me, too. I was just getting tired of it."

"One town's like another."

"So? What do you know about towns?"

"Mom was in show business," said Miss Squires, and Joe looked at her quickly, as he would at a poker player who has just said, "Well, I'll just give this one a little hike."

"Uh-huh," he said. "You ever been in Fargo, North Dakota? Well, one time I was in Fargo—I just came in from the wheatfields—and—"

JOE was off on his Odyssey, an Odyssey that had its good spots, too, and she listened, as many girls had listened. It wouldn't be bragging, necessarily—he'd tell about this and that, something he'd seen or heard, that he'd remembered.

"I guess you've been broke plenty of times," said Miss Squires, when he'd finished about Fargo.

"You said it."

"We used to be broke most of the time when mom was in show business."

"Ah, well, you get used to it," said Joe. "I remember, once, I was in Cairo, Illinois, I was working with a concrete construction outfit—"

"You ever been in Peoria?" said Miss Squires. "O-oh, what a town!"

"You been in Danville, Illinois? I was in Danville, one night, I got in a row with a lot of college willies from Champaign. I—"

"That's a terrible town, Champaign. Chicago—I love Chicago. I remember, we were in Chicago once. I was nine years old. We were playing a show—Madame Troubadour the name of it was. That was before I—before mom put me in the Sacred Heart."

"Oh. Convent girl, huh?" said Joe.

"I was six years in the Sacred Heart. I—it was—it was terrible the first little while—I was so lonesome. But you get used to that."

"You get used to anything," said Joe. "What do you say, good-looking? Play us a tune, huh?"

"All right. You want another drink first?"

"That'll be swell," said Joe.

THIS time he bowed to her, and she said, "Happy days," and he grinned.

Then she sat down at the piano and played for him.

Just what Joe may have extracted from Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp major and Caprice Viennois by Kreisler must remain a subject for speculation. What they may have meant to Miss Squires is equally a puzzle.

As for Joe, he was, no doubt, saying to himself, "Some class, hay?" He might have meant a lot of things by that. Some class to Miss Squires, some class to the two drinks of uncut liquor bubbling inside him, some class to Joe, sitting there, listening to a pretty girl who could play the piano like nobody's business.

At half past ten he rose to go. He kissed Miss Squires good night—he wasn't the man who'd merely try to kiss. She didn't seem indignant, or shocked; she didn't scrub her lips with her hand, as Joe had observed the outraged ladies of the screen to do.

"Don't do that again," she said.

"What harm is it?" said Joe.

"I've got some choice about it, I guess."

Joe considered this. "I guess that's right," he said. "You're not sore, are you?"

"No. I'm not sore. I'm only telling you."

"O. K." said Joe. "Mama's little girl, just like I told you."

"That's all right."

"Listen. You want to go to a dance this Friday?"

"I—I can't. I— You can come up here some night, if you want."

"What night? Friday? Look at here. I—I'm not coming up here without taking you out some place once in a while. Maybe you don't want to be seen out with me. Is that it?"

"Much obliged," she said.

"Well."

"I'll go to the movies with you, if you want."

"O. K. Friday?"

"Uh-huh."

"'S a date. Second show. Say, what's your name?"

"Estelle."

"Hello, Estelle."

"Hello, Joe."

"Well, that's more like it. So long, Estelle. See you Friday." . . .

HE took Estelle to the movies; he came to call again. He met Estelle's mother, and had a drink with her. She didn't drink ginger ale, either, and Joe decided she wasn't hostile.

Estelle's father he couldn't quite figure. Estelle called him Tom, as her mother did. He was polite to everyone; he had business that took him to Chicago, or to New Orleans, every so often. He was always offering Joe cigars, but Joe never smoked them. He was supposed to be interested in the stock market, but Joe found a copy of Racing Form lying around, and he had his private suspicion that Mr. Squires was either a bookmaker or a bootlegger. Certainly he wasn't practicing either of these professions in town. . . .

After a month or two of conventionality, Joe decided that all this nonsense had gone far enough. Returning from the movies one evening, he seized Estelle and kissed her soundly. "What do you think of that, hay?" he said.

She seemed to tremble. "Joe—Joe—I told you—"

"Ah, go on. What's the idea? You're over seven."

"Joe, listen. I—I—I've got to— Don't make it hard for me to be—to be good, Joe! I—"

"Ah, say—"

"Joe— They'll—they won't let me see my little girl—"

"Your what?"

"My—my little girl. I'm divorced, Joe. I—"

"Holy gee!" said Joe.

"Joe, listen. I didn't do anything! I—I—was married when I was seventeen. I—I—lived with him eighteen months. He was only twenty, Joe. He—his people thought it was terrible. I was in the chorus of Springtime. I— They were awful mean to me, Joe. I— His mother, I couldn't get along with her. And mom got married again, and they— And Tom was nice to me, and I was sick, and mom said come on home—and—and I took Yvonne—that's my little girl—and—and then he divorced me, for abandonment, and—and they took Yvonne—and—and I go to see her every four months. They live in Cleveland—"

"I see," said Joe.

"And—and that's why I don't want to go to dances, Joe. I—they hate mom and Mr. Squires, and they hate me. He was tired of me, Joe. We were—just a couple of kids; he was in school, and all. And—and if I couldn't see Yvonne once in a while I'd die, Joe."

"I get you. How old's the kid, Estelle?"

"She's four."

"That makes you twenty-two, huh?"

"I'll be twenty-three in August."

"Uh-huh. Well, listen, Estelle. It'll be all right. It'll work out some way. If that's the way you feel, I—you don't have to worry. It'll be O. K."

"Joe, I—I'm telling you the truth, Joe. About—the divorce and everything. And about the dances, see? I'm only afraid to death. They— I can't get myself talked about, Joe. They— Honest, Joe, they're awful tricky. He—he's not so bad; he's just—he was just a kid. But his people, they're always sneering at you, and watching you, and—and making a joke out of you—"

"Uh-huh," said Joe, and his face darkened.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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TO MEET the present-day demand for extra value, Kelly-Springfield offers you the Kelly Lotta Miles Tire. To say that it is made by Kelly speaks for its quality. Study these Kelly Safetygraphs. They are actual "carbon-copies" of Safe Miles and long wear, made by a test car equipped with Kelly Lotta Miles Tires. At regular stages of 24-hour-a-day driving, the test car drove over strips of carbon paper. In the sharp-edge contact of the Lotta Miles tread you can see the printed proof that Safe Miles are delivered by every Kelly Tire, regardless of the price you pay.

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KELLY TIRES

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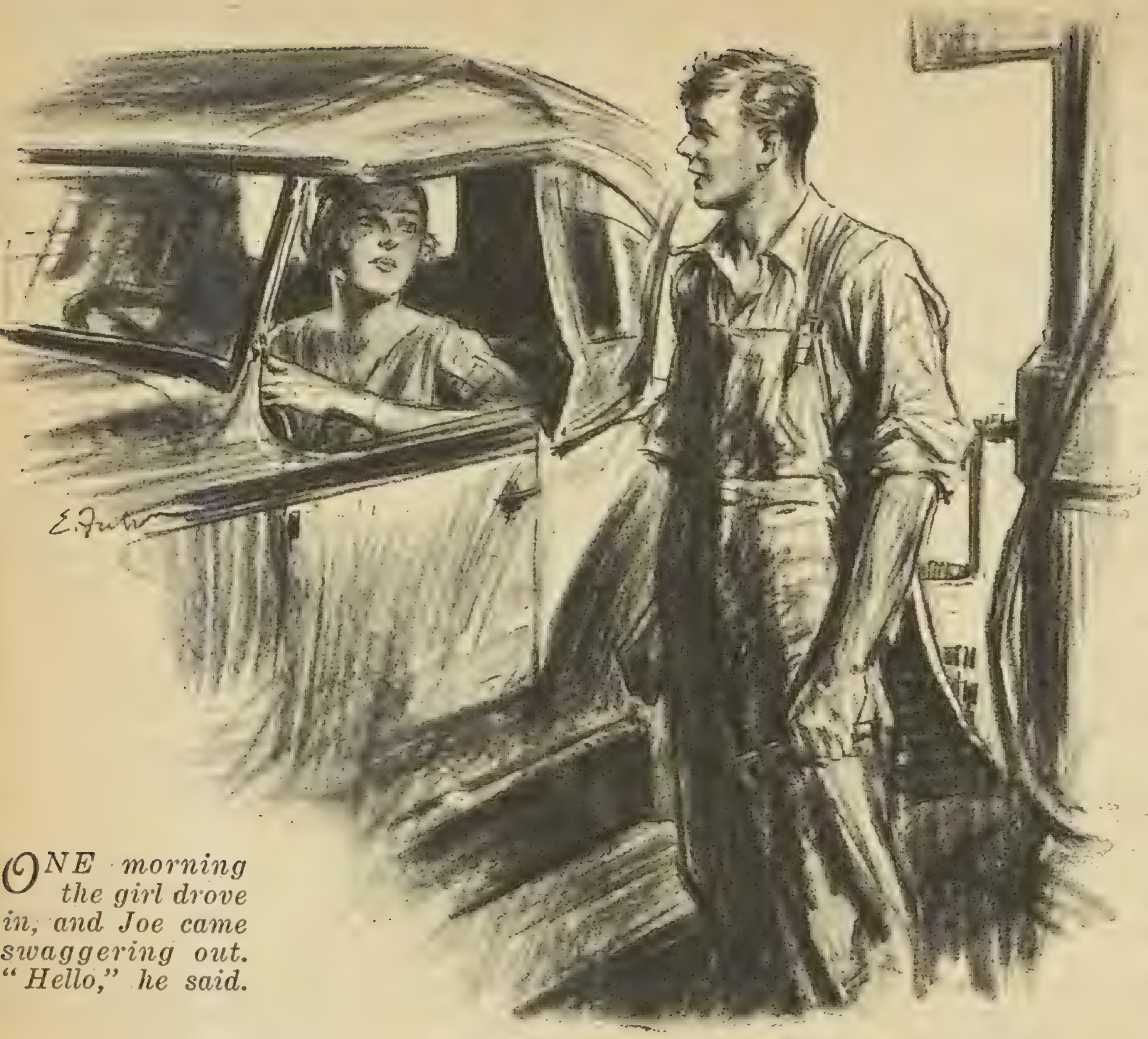


ONE morning the girl drove in, and Joe came swaggering out. "Hello," he said.

[A LITTLE TOUCH OF WILL-POWER
Continued from page forty-five]

"Maybe—maybe now you won't want to see me any more, Joe. I—"

"Maybe I'll give you a bust in the nose," said Joe. "Doing anything tomorrow night?"

"Make it Wednesday, Joe. Wednesday, just the same as usual. I— Nobody knows about this, here, Joe."

"I'm going right out and tell them," said Joe. "O. K. See you Wednesday, Estelle."

He didn't go straight home. He went for a walk and thought things over.

He was about eight months older than Estelle. He didn't want to settle down. He'd been in love before and had seen it fade away. He'd been in towns before—good towns—and had tired of them and traveled on.

Then he began to think about Estelle. Estelle, nine years old, riding around in day coaches, from Eau Claire to Fond du Lac, from Erie to Ashtabula, while her mother played one-night stands. Estelle and her mother, eating in one-arm lunch rooms, and glad to get it. Estelle in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, for reasons of convenience to her mother, whatever they may have been. Estelle learning to play the piano. Estelle at sixteen, at seventeen, playing in the chorus of Springtime and meeting a worthless kid in a college town. Estelle marrying him, by luck or otherwise, living with people who despised her.

OF course, all that was only her story. That occurred to him, too. He shrugged his shoulders.

He didn't think Estelle was a liar, Joe concluded. That helped him to make up his mind.

Doubtless the fact that Estelle was a pretty girl had something to do with it, too.

He left Petersen and the garage to shift for themselves the next morning and went over to Estelle's house. She wasn't expecting him, and she looked pale and tired to Joe, or maybe he only imagined it.

"Listen, Estelle," he said. "Are you busy? You want to get married, hay?"

Her hands clenched; she looked at him.

"Well, what do you say?"

"Listen, Joe. I—I feel like crying, no kidding, but I'm not going to cry. I—I thought maybe you'd ask me, Joe—"

"Ain't you the mind reader!"

"Joe! Listen, Joe. Get me my baby back— Get me my baby back, and I'll do anything in the world for you. Will you? I—Joe, I even tried to make up with—with him, but he doesn't want me any more."

Joe stared at her.

"Joe— Don't be jealous, Joe, of him. I'd do anything to get my baby back. Oh, Joe, listen! Please, honey, get me my baby, will you, please? The first time I saw you, I thought to myself you could do it. You don't care for rich people; you're not afraid of them."

"O. K.," said Joe. "Now, look here, Estelle. You get a pen and ink; you sit down and write a letter to this bozo. Tell him we're going to get married, and to give me the kid."

"Joe, he'll never do it. She's the cutest kid, Joe."

"Oh, I got an idea he'll do it," said Joe. . . .

JOE went to Cleveland that afternoon, and the following morning he called upon the man Estelle had married. He had considerable trouble getting an interview with him, but he finally found him at the Silver Hills Country Club, driving off the fourth tee.

"Your name Bruce? My name's Clark," said Joe. "I've got some business with you. What time'll you be through here?"

"What is it?" said Estelle's ex-husband, somewhat pettishly.

"I'll tell you that later. I'll be waiting for you over on the porch."

And Joe was waiting for him, as he said. Bruce nodded to him as he came up the steps.

"That's O. K.," said Joe. "Is there anywhere around here we can talk?"

"This is all right, isn't it?" said Bruce. "I'm rather in a hurry. I have to take a shower and get back to town."

"This won't take long," said Joe. He handed Bruce Estelle's letter and Bruce read it without comment. He was taller than Joe, though not so sturdy.

"I see," he said at last. "Let's go into the lounge, Mr. Clark." Joe followed him.

"Mr. Clark, what—uh—what Miss Squires wishes is quite impossible. I'm very much attached to my daughter, and I couldn't think of giving her up."

They looked at each other silently.

"Mr. Bruce," said Joe at last, "I'm not going to argue with you about this. I can understand a man feeling like that about their children. I—

"Quite so," said Bruce.

"I wasn't through," said Joe. "I'll talk a while, and then you can talk. You married this dame. That seems like it was a mistake. You get married; you have a kid; and then you get rid of the dame and keep the kid. The dame gets the rotten end of it all the way. She gets herself in wrong; the court gives you the kid. Estelle's young—you're young, too, I know that. Still and all, she's younger than you. You don't give her a break; you take her home to live with your folks. That ain't no way. They don't expect you to marry anybody like Estelle. They've got no use for her, and she knows it."

"If you're talking about my mother, Mr. Clark—"

"I told you, I'm not through yet."

"Oh! Pardon."

"Now, you look here. I don't say you framed Estelle.

I say she was framed. All right. Now, here: this time you're up against a different proposition."

He stopped for a second. Bruce was gazing meditatively at his knees.

"Maybe you think this is all boloney. It's not. You're either going to give me and Estelle this kid, or something's going to happen to you."

"Ah," said Bruce pleasantly.

"Ah," said Joe. "Take a look at me. I don't care two whoops and a hurray about anything in the world but one. That's bringin' this kid back home. I got no money. I got no family. I'd as soon bump you off as look at you. I won't do it with a gat, either. I'll tear you apart."

"See here—"

"Just a minute. You could call a cop and put me in jail. What'd that get you? You could go to Europe. You could hire bodyguards. Things are funny in the U. S. now, Mr. Bruce. They've gone back where they used to be."

"I don't scare, Mr. Clark," said Bruce. "If you're quite through?"

"Listen! Listen! I'm telling you facts. If I'm trying to bull you, I'll tell you I worked with a mob on South State Street, in Chi, or something like that. I'm not. I'm telling you I only care about one thing. I'm either going to bring that kid back, or something's going to happen to you. It's wrong for you to have that kid. It's bad for the kid, too."

"How's that?" said Bruce suddenly.

"It's like this. The kid's either like you or like Estelle. If she's like Estelle, she needs somebody to tell her what to do. Your mother ain't the one. Your mother's not kind. She's bossy, but she's not kind. Whyn't she show Estelle what to do, instead of laughing at her, making her miserable? Estelle's a good girl, anxious to get along with people." He was silent for a moment.

"Well. That's my proposition, Mr. Bruce."

"I see. Is—is Estelle anxious to have Yvonne?"

"Anxious? She's her mother."

"Yes. You—you haven't made this too easy for me. You threaten me, and so on. I—I ask you to believe that I am more concerned about Yvonne than about anything else. She's—unfortunately—afraid of my mother. My mother's very fond of her, but she's—well, she likes her own way, too. Yvonne's fond of me, too, but she doesn't take me very seriously, I'm afraid."

They were silent.

"I wonder, if—if I did this, if you'd be willing for me to have some sort of arrangement by which I could—well, send her to a good school and so on."

"No, it wouldn't—anyhow, not now. Not till she's grown up. It's got to be one thing or the other."

"You don't seem to have any doubts that you can handle this, do you?"

"No. It's right. I've got to get the kid back to Estelle."

"Even at the kid's expense?"

"It won't be at her expense. She'll come out O. K. I savvy these dames like Estelle. Kid 'em along and encourage them, and they're O. K. They're not like men. They're good, but they're dumb."

HOLDING his new daughter by the hand, Joe went barging up the front steps of the big white house for almost the last time.

"So— Now, we'll get married tomorrow, hay, Estelle?"

"Joe—whatever you say. Isn't she a cute kid, Joe? O-oh, Yvonne! O-oh, Joe, I'll make this up to you! Honest I will."

"Sure. She's a swell kid. She's the best in the family. We'll take good care of her, hay? We're getting out of here tomorrow, Estelle. We're going to Des Moines. I got a buddy got a garage out in Des Moines. 'S a good business town, Des Moines."

. . . . .

Let's see. What was it became of Perseus after he rescued the princess from the rock? Oh, yes. Didn't he live happily for ever after? Anyhow, he left a name for himself.

THE END

Now! a Lip Rouge That Lasts *All Day!*

You use it on both lips and cheeks and thus gain color harmony—amazing in contrast to using different lipstick and rouge, invariably different in color.

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"—You Make Up But Twice a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above.)

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with one of his famous clients, Betty Compton, of movie fame.

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Regular lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box form. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus

Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe, Inc.

Vox

A Picture and an Editorial

The picture, if you've forgotten it, is reprinted on page 4 of this issue.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—I have just received my copy of the February 21 issue of Liberty and I want to congratulate you on your "Hit and Run" cover picture and the editorial that went with it.

Mr. Thrasher's picture is enacted hundreds of times daily throughout the country and it should appeal especially to two classes of people: namely, those who drive automobiles, and those who have children just like Red.

The driver of a car cannot always be blamed for running down a child who is allowed to play in the street and who may run in front of him without warning. Nevertheless, the driver who is in the "hit-and-run" class should pay the full penalty of the law, and I don't know of any law too severe for him.

The only criticism I can make of your editorial is that you should have let all of us worry about Red's condition for another week.—*John R. Patch.*

AUBURN, ME.—At the present time I am away from home, and when Liberty for February 21 arrived, it sent a pang through my heart, because I could picture the same thing happening to our Bobbie. Immediately I sent a wire to my wife, as follows: "Reference current Liberty do not let this happen to our youngster."—*Robert C. Arnold, Sr.*

CONOVER, OHIO—Your "Hit and Run" cover and editorial were seriously needed. We should have some more Thrashers on the side of human beings. —*J. B.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Your "Hit and Run" cover picture is the best editorial ever published by Liberty. If that picture could be placed in every home in Massachusetts our judges would have to consider slaughter by auto a crime.

The drunken and callous drivers of Massachusetts kill more in one week than all the racketeers in the country kill in one year.—*C. P. Kruger.*

ALGOMA, WIS.—It was with great admiration that I looked at Liberty for February 21 and saw the cover design, printed to arouse the interest of your readers in the need of precautionary measures in regard to motor-car accidents. And I certainly see no reason for complaint, unless it be from that class of people who cannot stand to be advised.

Of course, the picture is pitiful—but practical! Indeed, it would be a wonderful thing if all the internationally known brands of cigarettes, coffees, automobiles, etc., would cover their advertising spaces with pictures such as this. I'm sure the public would be more in sympathy with their product if they showed that sympathetic affection toward the public.

Though my influence in this matter is very insignificant, I *can* put the cover in a gasoline filling station which is a favorite of the host of tourists who travel up in this "neck of the woods."—*John Hassberg.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I not only congratulate you upon your splendid editorial on the subject of accident prevention, but I also admire the courage it required to use the cover picture that you did.—*Ernest Feinhals.*

MAILLARDVILLE, B. C., CAN.—Your editorial and cover of February 21 should be placed in every school in the United States and Canada.—*Harold E. Escott.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My reaction when I got a glimpse of my Liberty for February 21 was: Oh, the poor little fellow was knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. What a shame!

It brought all the horror of this terrible waste of human life through carelessness home with a jolt.

I wish to compliment you on having the courage to print so unconventional a cover, and say that I think it will accomplish more good than any publicity I have ever seen.—*Elsie L. Karwiese.*

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA—Your cover, "Hit and Run," appearing on your February 21 issue, might also be labeled "Butler's Reason for Falling Out with the Government"—i. e., if your car bore an Italian number.

Nevertheless it is quite appropriate to run it now!—*Nelson E. Fassett.*

BUCYRUS, OHIO—Without a doubt, it would be impossible to court-martial your publication, but don't you think it is a trifle rash to put such a cover on your issue of February 21?

I don't know if your over 2,500,000 includes Italy, but, even if not, you may rest assured that Mussy will hear about it. Better be careful!—*Lawrence K. Foulke.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Just a word of praise for Leslie Thrasher's covers. I have three children, who wait patiently each week for the covers. And they are a lesson to them, especially the "Hit and Run" cover.

I also read your "Hit and Run" editorial to them, they not missing one detail.—*Sophie Sargent.*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Your "Hit and Run" editorial seems particularly appropriate in North Carolina.

We had a bad one here Saturday night, and three in the state yesterday.

We hate to admit it, but the ratio of motor-car accidents in North Carolina runs about thirty-three and a third per cent more than the ratio for the United States.

We think this is partly on account of no drivers' permits, but the legislature is now in session and there is a suitable bill pending, which will, no doubt, be passed.—*Osmond L. Barringer.*

WEST NORFOLK, VA.—Your "Hit and Run" cover was straightforward and to the point.

It makes us all think.

More power to Thrasher and to Liberty.—*L. E. Thomas.*

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—Your cover picture, "Hit and Run," struck me as being "tuff," to use the vernacular. I did not like it on first sight, but after looking at it a little longer, and noting the "See editorial inside," of course I turned the page.

Your explanation of the reason for printing this picture completely changed my mind, as it is a lesson, and a follow-up of the previous week's cover picture. It has my O. K., which does not mean much, but, however—*W. F. Hogan.*

BRAINTREE, MASS.—Contrary to your expectation, here is one letter approving your cover, "Hit and Run." It can well be used, together with the information in your editorial, to give our young boys and girls a lesson.

Indeed I enjoy your cover series, and hope you keep "Les" on your pay roll.—*Harold H. Bryant.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—I want to compliment you on the picture on the front cover of your February 21 issue: "Hit and Run." This impressed me as being such a good picture, and conveying such a good lesson to motorists, that I have framed it and hung it up on the walls of my engine room.

Have heard many complimentary remarks on same since it has been placed on the wall.—*Thos. M. Street.*

EVANSVILLE, IND.—My babies and I are always interested in the covers of Liberty as my own baby girl is named Gwendolyn. We always wait anxiously to see what the cover kids will do next.

We have always tried to impress the danger of streets upon our babies' minds, but your February 21 cover means more than we could ever say, as I found them crying because Red had been hit by an automobile.—*Mrs. E. M. Baylor.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—When I picked up your issue of February 21 and saw the brat lying in the street, I was overjoyed. Your promise (in the P. S. to your editorial) to resurrect him disappointed me horribly.

It's high time the rest of Thrasher's trash was bumped off, never to reappear.—*Southerner.*

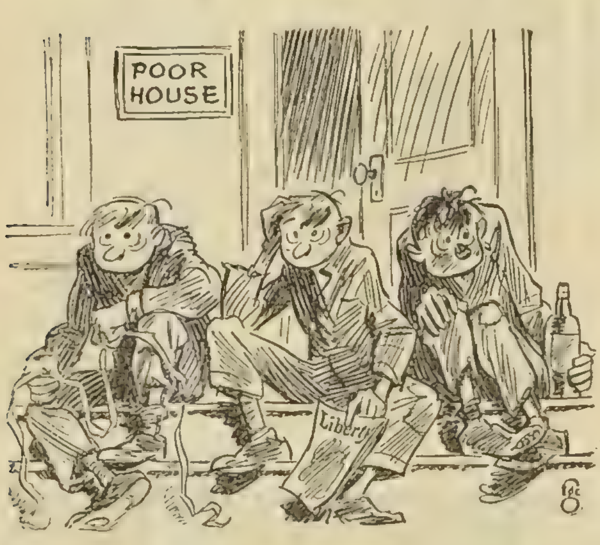
Pop

Aw; You Know Too Much Now

BALTIMORE, MD.—I am in the poorhouse with my two brothers, R. and B. R. is here because of the stock market, B. is here because of booze, and I am here because of Liberty.

I spent so much mazuma on stationery and stamps in sending in so dawgone many short short stories, children's bright sayings, lines for limericks, problems of conduct, solutions to puzzles and all your other fake contests, that I had to borrow fare to come to the poorhouse.

All my answers were swell and I should have gotten a coupla grand already for all I sent in.



If I had all the stationery that I wasted on Liberty, I could paper the walls of my bedroom; and if I had all the money I spent on the paper and stamps, I could do something that you can't do—publish a magazine.

I could keep on telling you what else I think of you, but I want to give you a chance to tell *me* something.—*Poorhouse Rat.*

The American Soul Takes Chances; You Don't Have to Give Them

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—"The Jazz Age," by Vachel Lindsay, in your February 21 issue, struck me as being a golden stone in a shovelful of gravel.

Why not have a poetry page as a regular feature and give the American soul a chance?—*Ish Ivry.*

Progress

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Allow me to say I think your magazine is going from bad to worse and still traveling.—*F. Rocklin.*

A Novelist Is Warned

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—What a learned guy Robert W. Chambers is! He eats encyclopedias raw! I would enjoy "Silver Knees," but keep losing the plot in my wonderment at the colossal scientific, geographic, linguistic, and miscellaneous knowledge displayed by the highbrow author. How does he soak up so much information, I ask you? There must be some trick to it. And yet I am not altogether overwhelmed by the gigantic intellect of Mr. Chambers. Where, for instance, does he get his peculiar idea of General Zachary Taylor? Tut! The "Old Zack" whom he portrays never existed in the flesh—or anything like it.

Of course, the brainy Mr. Chambers knows better, and relies on the ignorance of his readers in depicting one of the ablest and most successful military leaders that America ever produced as a simple blockhead—whose very speech (invented by Mr. Chambers), couched in ignorant and unrefined English, was that of a clodhopper.

If such a creature as Mr. Chambers' General Taylor ever existed, how comes it, Mr. Editor, that the American people ever voted him into the presidency?

Let Mr. Chambers watch his step! The reading public may be an awss, but not such a silly awss as Mr. Chambers thinks.—*T. W.*

For Mr. Price

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—If anything better than Norman Price's illustrations for Liberty have ever appeared in the history of magazine illustrating, I would like to know where they can be found.

Harpers used to show some fine things by Howard Pyle, Edwin Abbey, and others, but nothing, to my way of thinking, approaching the perfection of Price's work for form, extraordinary fidelity, and the most amazing quality of atmosphere, which his pictures fairly exude.

This is to express my gratitude for the keen enjoyment his work has given me, and to wish him the speedy international recognition which must eventually be his.—*C. R. Plank.*

Hands Across the World

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—I consider it the duty of a world journal such as the Sydney Referee to thank you for your very able and convincing article on Wing Commander (now Air Commodore) Charles Kingsford-Smith.

Such an article will do a great deal to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the United States and the Commonwealth of Australia.—*F. E. Baume, Managing Editor, Referee and Arrow.*

Wise Crack for the Week

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Recent census figures are consoling as well as enlightening. Liberty may have several million readers, but how sweet to reflect that perhaps 120 million never see the darn thing!—*Richard A. H.*

We Can't Think of a Thing

BROOKFIELD, MO.—I wish to explain to you that you most certainly have a black list.

I have sent you stories, both short shorts and long longs. I have sent you Vox Pops. I have also sent you Bright Sayings, and have entered every contest you have had and have faithfully followed all your instructions regarding all your contests.

I have also mailed you numerous Problems and, to go way back, I even tried to furnish you a name for your magazine, but all my efforts have failed to even touch even your skirts. So why should I not feel that my name must most certainly be on your black list?

What have you to say now?—*Reuel L. Huffman.*

Oh, Sure

DECATUR, ILL.—When crazier articles are written, Robert Benchley will write them. And I suppose you will continue to print them, too.—*M. A. D.*

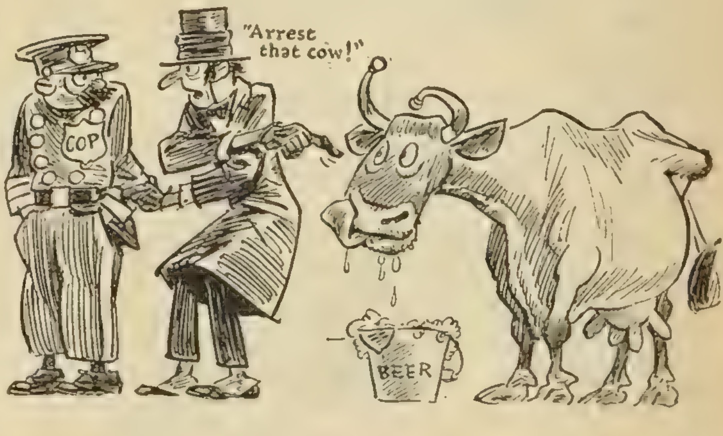
Consider the Cow

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Your recent editorial, "Slavery," belongs in the funny jokes section.

The only real difference I can see between the common herd in this country and the common herd in Russia is that, in one case, slavery is enforced by law, while in the other it is enforced by the fact that men and women must eat.

You say: "If . . . the Communist system survives . . . a human being will be like a cow in a stall, which gives all its milk and gets only what it must have to eat."

Well, there are millions of people in this rich country of ours who are nothing more than the "cows" of which you write. The cow in this country enjoys no guarantee against poverty, want, and starvation in old age, while the Russian cow does enjoy such a guarantee.



Add to the above that the American cows are constantly harassed by a bunch of religionists and reformers telling them what they can do on Sunday and what their private morals shall be, etc., and your editorial becomes most amusing.—*Edgar F. Wilton.*

Was Tom Mooney Guilty?

There's New Light on a Famous Mystery in This Installment of

German SPIES in America

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

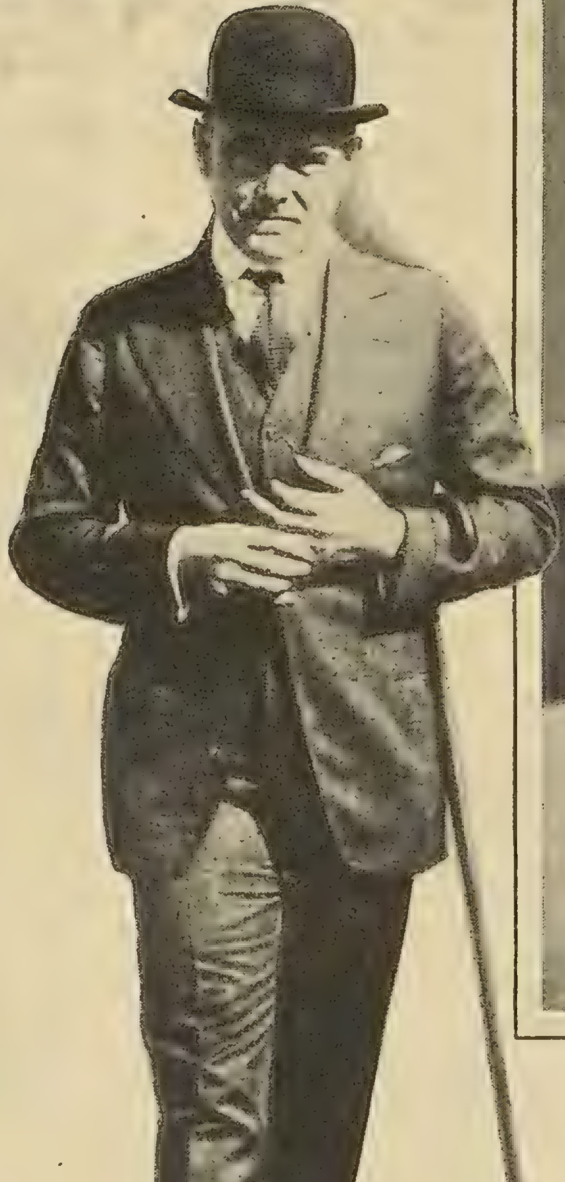
(Reading time: 18 minutes 56 seconds.)

HERE, out of the shadows of war's intrigue and peacetime concealment, emerge for the first time the living shapes of the men and women who carried on Germany's fight on neutral America. Last week Mr. Sutherland described the activities of women spies; now he offers a possible new explanation of the tragedy that sent Thomas J. Mooney to prison fourteen years ago.

PART FIVE--WAR ON TWO COASTS

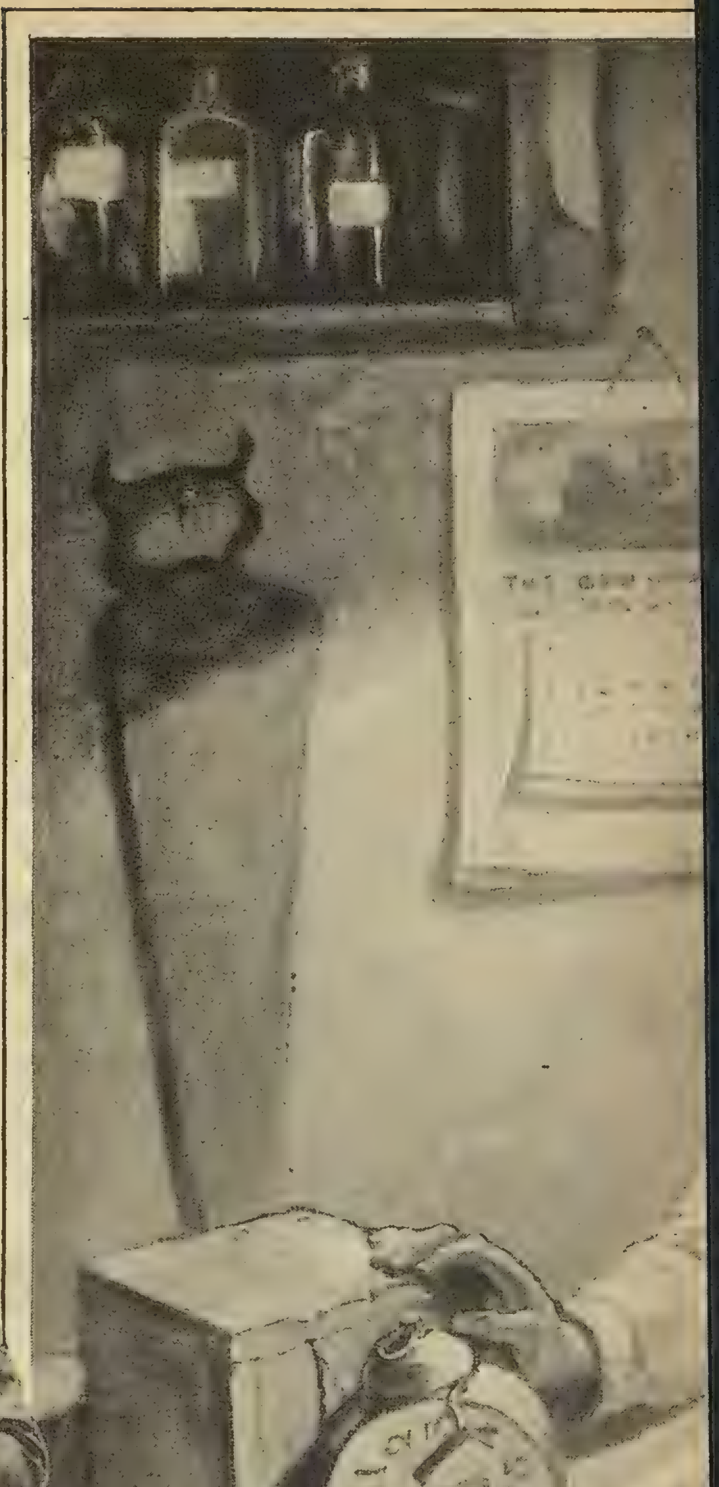
WHILE Consul General Franz Bopp of San Francisco was ordering numerous German agents to wreak sabotage all along the Pacific coast, and paying liberally for the wreaking, his undercover men were likewise busy fomenting unrest and violence among the workers in every industry the Germans could reach.

Working toward the same general end—the causing of trouble for employers—but inspired by different motives and employing somewhat different methods, were the radical leaders Thomas J. Mooney, Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, the McNamara brothers, and similar anarchists and agitators. The trails of the German agents and the American radical chieftains naturally crossed often and in sinister fashion.



International News photo

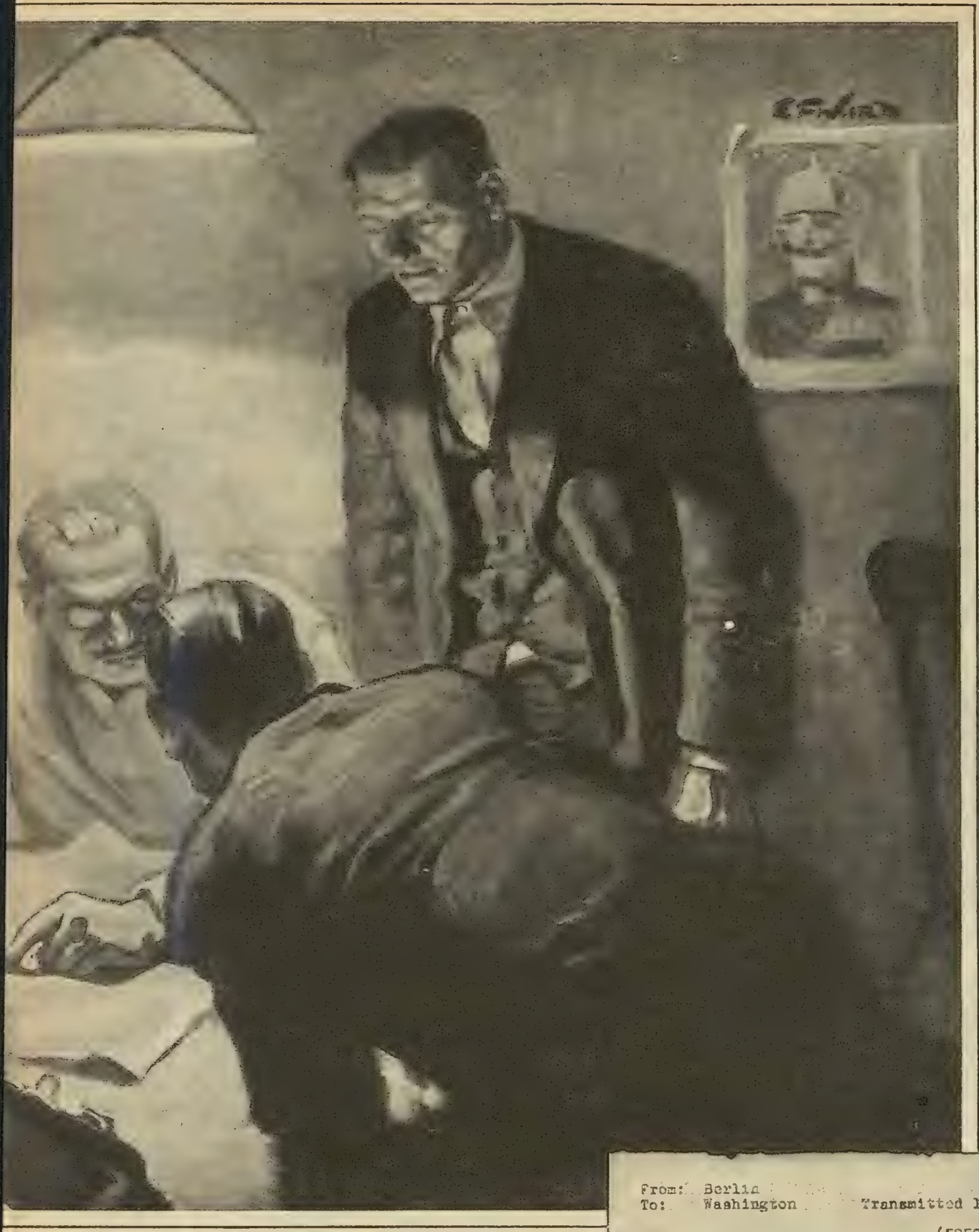
George Wilhelm von Brincken, who, a saboteur said, paid him to blow up Canadian bridges.



Time bombs supplied th

Yet, at this late date, and in the light of the facts disclosed in this series of articles, it is difficult and probably unfair, in the absence of specific proof, to assign to one group a crime which may have been perpetrated by the other. Thus, while it is wholly possible that Tom Mooney caused the bomb explosion which killed ten persons and maimed forty others during the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco at 2:06 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, July 22, 1916, yet it is equally possible, and much more likely, that such an atrocity was caused by the German destruction agents.

Just how Mooney could advance the interests of union labor, even radical labor, by killing innocent and helpless men and women nowise involved in his fight, is not clear. Mooney may have



topic that interested von Brincken.

Picture by E. F. Ward

been rabid but nobody ever has accused him of being stupid.

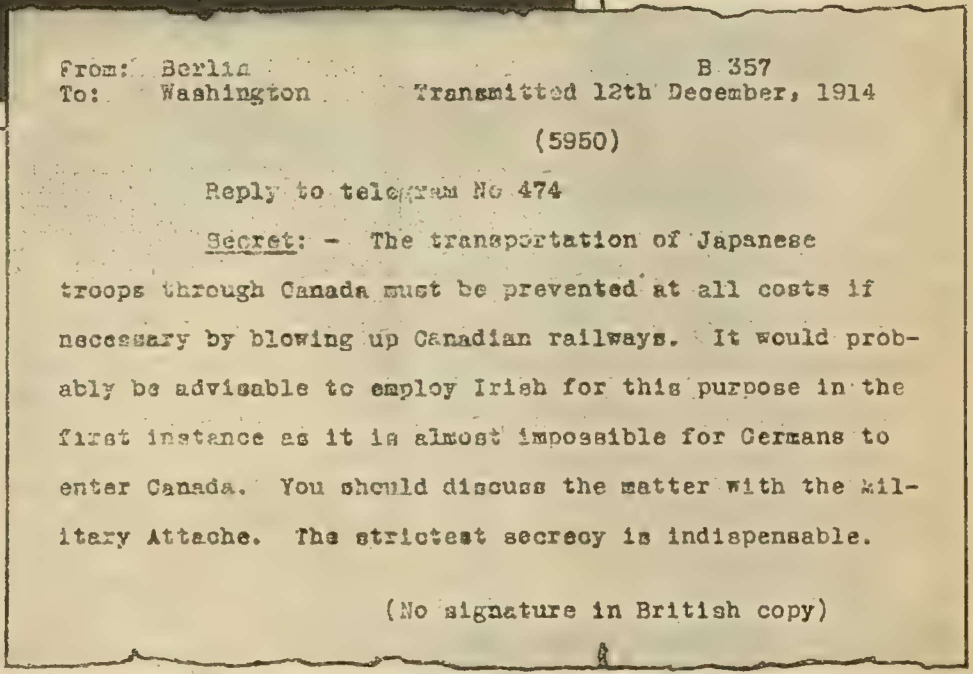
For, while the record shows that Mooney was guilty in the matter of inciting violence, in dynamiting transmission towers and property of California public utilities, in defending, by pen and purse and platform, the McNamaras and other murderers who fought capital so relentlessly in those unhappy years—yet the record doesn't show anywhere that Mooney ever engaged in any enterprise, howsoever anarchistic his affiliations and sympathies, that caused the deaths of human beings.

Whereas the taking of life was a matter of utter indifference to the German agents who were bombing, burning, and otherwise destroying American property, ashore and afloat, in their efforts to stop the shipments of supplies and munitions to the Allies. Particularly when the Preparedness Parade, as its name implies, was propaganda for America's preparedness for the step the whole world knew she was going to take—entry into the war on the side of the Allies.

BUT there is something more significant in the discoveries I made while examining the activities of German agents at war on neutral America than this mere psychological divergence between Mooney habits and German practices. There is a concrete and definite parallel between the evidence brought against Mooney by District Attorney Fickert—much of it perjured and purchased—and the evidence against the German agents in California, most of it proved by convictions in American courts and by confessions of the agents themselves, of the German officials in this country, and of the higher authorities in Berlin.

J. H. van Koolbergen was arrested by the American secret service which sent Bopp and his accomplices to the penitentiary for violating American neu-

[Cont'd on next page]



From: Berlin B 357
To: Washington Transmitted 12th December, 1914

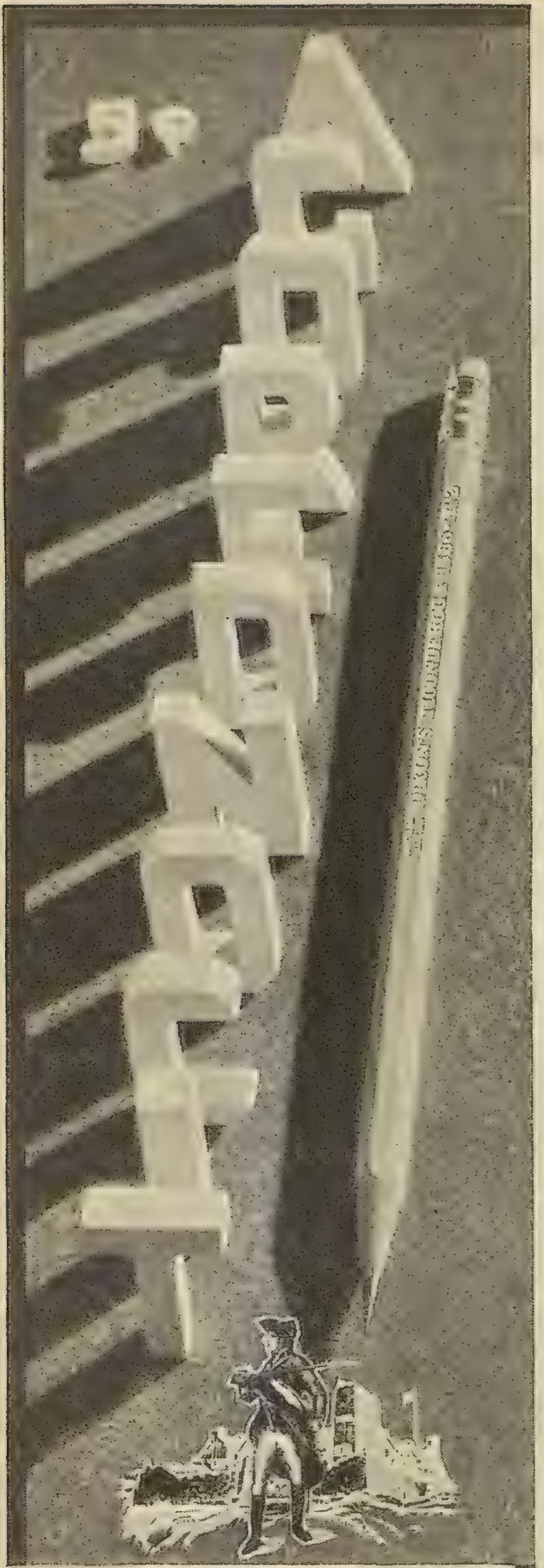
(5950)

Reply to telegram No 474

Secret: - The transportation of Japanese troops through Canada must be prevented at all costs if necessary by blowing up Canadian railways. It would probably be advisable to employ Irish for this purpose in the first instance as it is almost impossible for Germans to enter Canada. You should discuss the matter with the Military Attache. The strictest secrecy is indispensable.

(No signature in British copy)

One of the Berlin messages intercepted by the British.



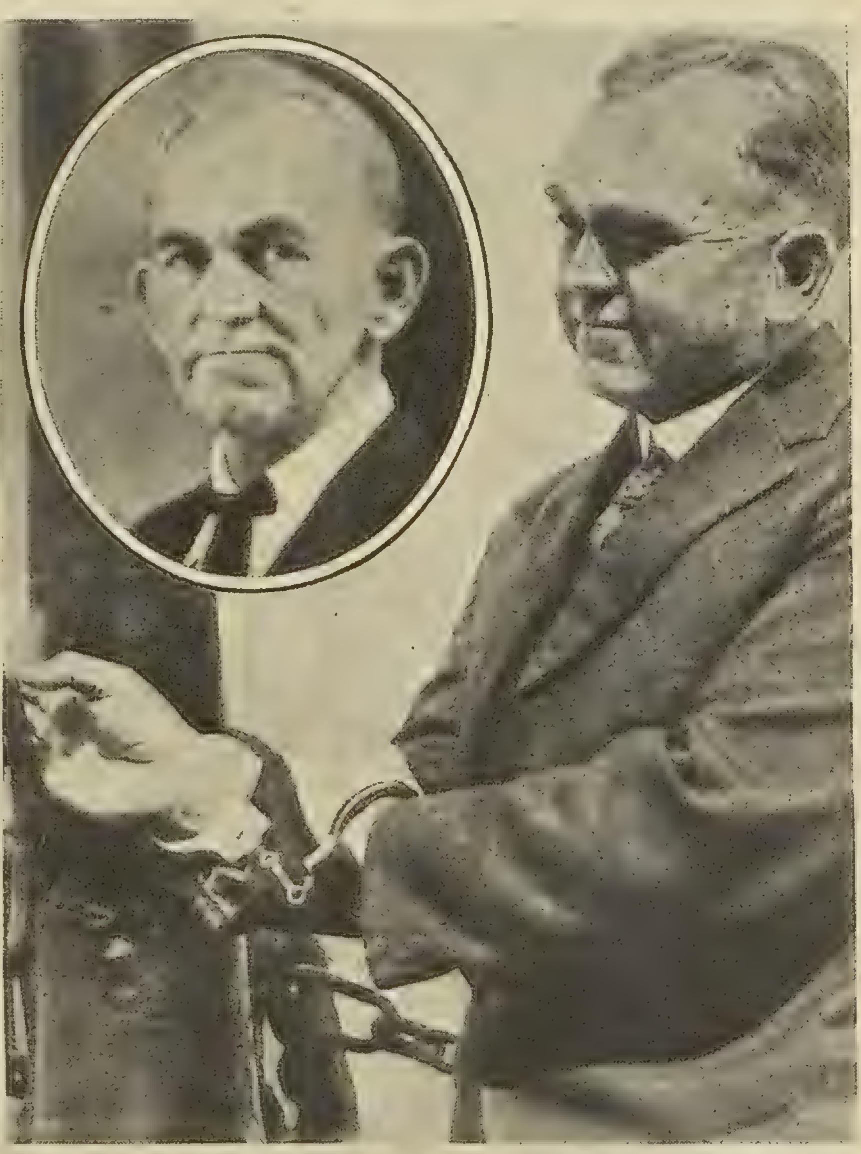
Busy executives, hustling stenog-raphers, Earnest school children learning to write Ease the strain with Ti-con-der-oga.

PENCIL SALES DEPT. 10-J
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-one

trality. On August 17, 1915, he swore to and signed an affidavit from which the following facts are selected:

Van Koolbergen was paid for his sabotage by Wilhelm von Brincken and by the consul general. One task assigned to him was the destruction of tunnels and bridges on Canadian railways. He was only partly successful, but he collected in full.



International and Acme-P. & A. photos

Tom Mooney, convicted of setting the San Francisco Preparedness Parade bomb, as he looked in 1916 and, in the inset, as he appeared after thirteen years in prison.

One day von Brincken sent for him, and they met in Room 7076 of the Palace Hotel. Time bombs was the topic that interested von Brincken. There was a club or association of about fifteen Germans who worked as longshoremen and had access to all ships and waterfront warehouses. If a good bomb could be made these Germans could easily plant it, to explode later when it would be difficult if not impossible to trace its origin.

As a consequence of this plot, van Koolbergen got busy and a bomb was presently created. It consisted of three small dry batteries connected with a tiny motor. A clock was so arranged that it would make an electric circuit with a little cogwheel at any hour required. When this circuit was made the little motor would start and through friction ignite a match or some other suitable inflammable fuse, which, in turn, would detonate a fulminate-of-mercury cap which would set off the explosive. The whole bomb could be fitted into a vacuum bottle, so workers might carry it aboard a ship without exciting suspicion—or in a three-inch iron pipe such as was used in the Preparedness Day bomb!

FOR his experiment van Koolbergen bought a book on explosives at the Holmes secondhand book store on Third Street; the clock from Jenkel's jewelry store in the Phelan Building; the batteries at an electric shop on Market near First Street; the tiny motor at the Emporium, a huge department store on Market Street. Von Brincken had visited the San Francisco Exposition one day and stolen a number of fuses from a mining exhibit there.

When van Koolbergen had his bomb ready he took it to the consulate and showed it to Bopp, von Brincken, and Lieutenant Captain Walther Sauerback, a parole-violating naval officer concerning whom much will be told here.

These bombs were turned out as they were needed and many of them were used in munition plants, under railway bridges, hidden in the holds of ships to go off when the vessel was far out at sea—and, perhaps, in the Preparedness Parade tragedy.

When it is remembered that Germans everywhere used almost identical methods in perpetrating their sabotage, and when their confessions are compared, it will be seen that most of their instructions came from a common source—the secret service tuition they got long before the war.

For example, Jahnke diverted suspicion and won the confidence of the authorities by urbanely warning the secret service men that Mare Island was to be blown up. It was blown up. Warning letters were sent to the Russian service of supplies that Kingsland was in danger of a conflagration because of careless methods. It was burned to the ground. There are many other similarities evident to anybody who has followed and will follow these revelations carefully.

The bomb which wrecked the Preparedness Parade and sent Mooney and Billings to prison for life was a time bomb inclosed in a cheap old suitcase and left on a side street a few paces from Market Street, where the parade was taking place.

And when Horst von der Goltz and his accomplices took the 300 pounds of dynamite from the duPont barge anchored near the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, they bought old secondhand suitcases from a pawnshop to carry the explosive with which they planned to destroy the Welland Canal.

And the manufacture of time bombs certainly was a more constantly practiced art with the Germans than with Mooney and his labor agitators, accomplished as the latter were in making and using such clue-destroying devices.

Van Koolbergen wasn't the only German who could make such a bomb. Christian Zammel was another. Bopp told van Koolbergen that Zammel had built the bomb with which a nearby powder factory was blown up and two men killed. He said he refused to pay Zammel more than $100 and the rascal turned traitor! Zammel was a friend of the editor of a German paper in San Francisco, and he lived at No. 130 Newman Street, where, Bopp said, he had a laboratory for making time exploding devices. He even told van Koolbergen Zammel's phone number, Mission 5273, in case he needed any expert advice in making the new time bomb.

When we come to the story of Lothar Witzke, other particulars important to Mooney in his endless fight for a pardon from prison will be seen. Few of these facts could even have been suspected by the Mooney Defense Committee, which has tried for fourteen years to get Mooney out of prison; or been known to anybody until the secret archives of the Department of Justice in Washington, D. C., yielded the affidavits and evidence to the American lawyers prosecuting the $40,000,000 Black Tom and Kingsland suits against Germany.

Until we come to Witzke's story, the story of the most dangerous agent Germany sent to neutral America, we have finished with sabotage on the Pacific coast, save for an interesting paragraph about Franz Schulenberg.

WHEN von Papen reached Seattle on his cross-country trip of consular reorganization, he gave Schulenberg other funds besides the $500 which immediately preceded the destruction of the munitions barge described last week. He gave him $4,000 to buy a lot of dynamite, fifty rifles, and fifty silencers. He was to give these to Ram Singh, a Hindu conspirator, who with 200 other Hindus was to invade Canada from a concentration point near Sumas, Washington.

Schulenberg got drunk and somebody stole some of this money, so he went to San Francisco and told his troubles to Bopp, who sent him to von Papen in New York. Von Papen was disgusted with his stupid agent and sent him to Mexico City with orders to keep out of America.

Later the Hindu leaders quarreled among themselves, and when they and the German officials were being tried in the federal courts in San Francisco, Ram Singh lost his temper one day and shot and killed Ram Chandra while court was in session. A court official thereupon shot and killed Ram Singh.

In closer touch with public opinion throughout the world than the general staff and admiralty overlords could be in their more detached spheres, the German foreign office frequently tried to curb the German agents who were, under direct instructions, carrying out the sabotage campaign in neutral countries throughout the world.

The military authorities, aiming tirelessly and with all determination at just one goal—the winning of the war—were usually impatient with the restraints which the political section of the German government strove at times to impose. We have seen, and we shall see, in these articles the embarrassment caused Ambassador von Bernstorff by the dispatching of orders for still further excesses on the part of the spies and saboteurs in America.

Thinking only of saving the lives of the Kaiser's soldiers and sailors by keeping priceless munitions and indispensable supplies from the Allies, the War Department and naval bureaus in Berlin decided again to brush aside purely political considerations—and so Kapitan Franz von Rintelen strides upon the scene.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DO YOU SMOKE

FROM
HABIT
OR DO YOU
SMOKE

for pleasure
?

HOW many times a day do you reach for a smoke without thinking—without realizing what your hands are doing? That kind of smoking is just a habit, not a pleasure.

Learn to smoke in the way that will give you the greatest pleasure. A pipe smoker never smokes just from habit. He smokes for the genuine enjoyment that his pipe gives him.

If you do not smoke a pipe, today is not a bit too soon to start. Get yourself a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth, then settle down to smoke for pleasure.

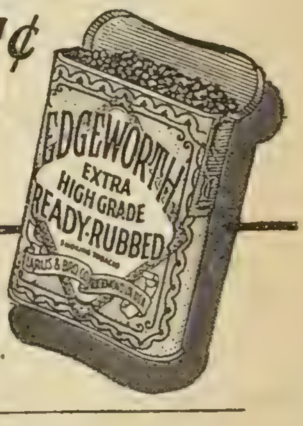
Edgeworth's blend of fine old burleys and its distinctive eleventh process give it a flavor that the man who smokes *for pleasure* quickly learns to relish.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or clip the coupon below for special sample packet, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

15¢



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample. I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

Name__________

Address__________

City and State__________

B-70

EXCESS FAT REDUCED SAFELY

Modern treatment makes you stronger—healthier all while unhealthy flesh rapidly disappears.

Betty: *My dear—how* did *you obtain that bewitchingly slender figure? The girls are almost frantic with curiosity.*

Joan: *Well I won't be selfish—I'll 'fess up. Kruschen Salts did the trick!*

The most expensive clothes can't give a fat woman that stunning appearance that her slender sister achieves with even the simplest outfit—so better banish excess fat—don't let it rob you of beauty, popularity and success.

And wonderful news—now you can reduce SAFELY—in fact you can tone and energize your entire system, build up superb health, keener mental activity, great physical charm and fitness as well.

Simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—to hasten results eliminate pastries and go light on potatoes.

Kruschen is an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which your glands, nerves, blood and body organs should daily obtain to function properly and eliminate accumulations which generally turn into fat. Kruschen strikes at the usual cause of fat—it's safe, simple, pleasant and quick.

And when you see ugly fat gradually disappearing—when you joyfully obtain a chic, slender figure demanded by 1931 fashions—you'll admit Kruschen is the most effective reducing treatment obtainable.

Mrs. Edith Marriott of Baltimore, Md., reduced from 200 lbs. to 145 lbs. after taking 4 bottles of Kruschen. Mrs. Ethel Smith, a nurse in Norwich, Conn., lost 16 lbs. with the first bottle. Both report a marvelous gain in health as well.

Kruschen is sold at all good drugstores thruout the world — an 85¢ bottle lasts 4 weeks.

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-three

Von Rintelen reached New York City on April 4, 1915. A naval reserve officer, he had distinguished himself, while still a young man, as director of the Deutsches Bank in Berlin. He was a brilliant financier, member of a famous German family, and possessed all the culture and graces of such a social station. He also possessed all the qualifications that General von Falkenhayn and Admiral von Tirpitz deemed desirable in a German secret agent bent on blocking the steady flow of munitions to England and France and Russia.

Von Papen heaved a massive sigh of relief when von Rintelen appeared. He, too, had been chafed by the restrictions von Bernstorff sometimes found it expedient to recommend, though the record shows that von Bernstorff's moderation was based solely on his desire to deceive the State Department, allay all suspicions, and placate an indignant press.

International News photo

Franz von Rintelen, the banker-agent captured by the British.

Von Papen promptly cabled General von Falkenhayn, expressing his gratification that at last a real man had arrived to supervise sabotage, particularly as he was to be responsible solely to the General Staff and, furthermore, was furnished with more than $500,000 in cash.

Long after the war had ended, Berlin admitted that von Rintelen had come to America exclusively for the purpose of impeding Allied shipments—but qualified the admission by insisting that he was to do so "only by legal means."

Von Rintelen wasted no time. He was soon in touch with Paul Koenig, head of the German secret service and principal employer of the men who actually planted the bombs and fired the factories; with Paul Hilken, Baltimore paymaster for German agents; with Dr. Walter T. Scheele, excellent chemist and builder of time bombs of an incendiary character; and with other ranking saboteurs.

WHEN I tell the story of Koenig and the confession of Scheele we shall find more detailed disclosures of von Rintelen's methods.

The New York City press, and Editor Rathom of the Providence (Rhode Island) Journal soon found out that von Rintelen was among us and quite a lot about what he was doing. It became desirable for him to disappear from the picture for a while, just as he was getting everything well lined up along his own ruthless military theories. The desirability of his disappearance came at an opportune time, for there was much that headquarters in Berlin ought to know and von Rintelen decided to go home and tell them. He left America in July, 1915, reached Germany safely, turned in his report, received fresh instructions, and tried to come back to America. But the British were not asleep: von Rintelen, traveling on a Swedish passport under the name of Gasche, was dragged from his cabin when the Noordam put in at Ramsgate in August, and was taken before Sir Reginald Hall, admiral in charge of the British intelligence section.

After a prolonged examination, the result of which was communicated to Ambassador Walter Hines Page and by him transmitted to Washington, von Rintelen was put into a rather high-class prison where German officers were interned, to be kept there for the duration of the war.

SOON after von Papen and Boy-Ed were expelled from the United States, von Rintelen was named in a federal indictment. That was on December 28, 1915. As soon as America entered the war he was returned in custody to the United States, tried and convicted of conspiracy to violate American neutrality, and sentenced to four years in prison. He served a part of that time, from about June, 1919, to February, 1921.

Upon his return to Germany he was awarded the Iron Cross and the Order of the Red Eagle. He had been in America only three months, and had spent the rest of the war in English and American prisons, so it is interesting to speculate as to just what Germany had in mind when she conferred those honors on him.

Though von Rintelen had been severely questioned and then imprisoned by Admiral Hall, the young saboteur took quite a fancy to his British captor; and long after hostilities had ceased they met in Paris. In an expansive mood these veterans of the war behind the war reminisced over the past, and von Rintelen candidly admitted that he had been sent to America in April, 1915, to "burn, bomb, and destroy" and to do anything else necessary to halt the shipment of munitions.

All of the money von Rintelen brought to America which had not been disbursed at the time he was captured was seized by the American Alien Property Custodian in April, 1917. Von Rintelen claimed that more than $8,000 of those funds belonged to him personally. He tried for years to make the German Treasury officials repay that sum, and his letters to them and theirs to him are almost as amusing as they are interesting. I think they offered him an enormous sum in marks, which Banker von Rintelen quickly translated into four American dollars.

This infuriated him, and he decided to turn to his advantage the fact that Black Tom and Kingsland claimants were suing Germany. The principal claimant in the Kingsland case was the Agency of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., and on May 16, 1926, von Rintelen wrote that firm a long letter in which he offered to testify for them against Germany, providing:

First, that he would be guaranteed safe-conduct to and from and while in North America, and all expenses;

Second, that no charge of any kind would be laid against him by the United States or Canada;

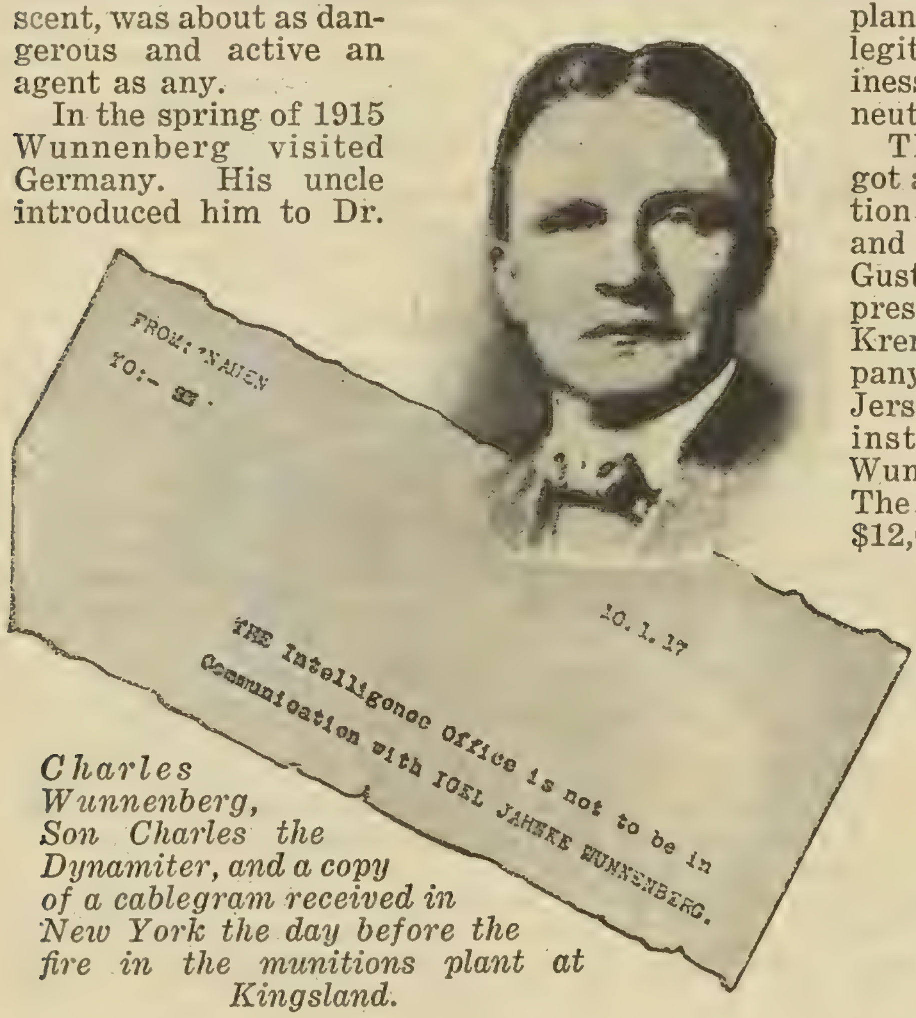
Third, that the company reinsure his $300,000 life and accident policies against any emergencies as far as 75° west of Greenwich; and

Fourth, that he be handed $10,000 cash upon acceptance of these terms.

The Canadian company did not accept this offer—and Germany, for reasons known to itself but never made public, never called von Rintelen as its own witness in the two big claims!

Charles N. Wunnenberg, a naturalized American citizen of German descent, was about as dangerous and active an agent as any.

In the spring of 1915 Wunnenberg visited Germany. His uncle introduced him to Dr. Posse, editor of the Cologne Gazette, and Dr. Posse took him to see Eugene Wilhelm, chief naval intelligence officer in the German bureau at Antwerp. He agreed to join the espionage service in America, and was put under German experts who instructed him in the use of invisible inks and codes.



FROM: NAUEN
TO:- 87.

10. 1. 17

THE Intelligence Office is not to be in Communication with IOSL JAHNKE WUNNENBERG.

Charles Wunnenberg, Son Charles the Dynamiter, and a copy of a cablegram received in New York the day before the fire in the munitions plant at Kingsland.

Once proficient, Wunnenberg was given $4,000 and told to return to America and arrange for the sending of Americans who could, unsuspected by the British, serve as spies in England. In New York City Wunnenberg hired Rutledge Rutherford and sent him to Holland as a newspaper man equipped with all necessary credentials. Rutherford found his way into England, established himself, joined the London Press Club, and traveled often between London and Holland, ostensibly to report for his newspaper but really to convey information to the Germans.

In New York Wunnenberg decided to expand his value to his employers. Later he said he hired seven other newspaper men to follow in Rutherford's footsteps, gaining the confidence of the British and collecting information or carrying messages. He then returned to Berlin and became an expert bomb-maker under the tutelage of Dr. Jansen of the naval laboratories in Berlin. From the General Staff officials Wunnenberg also received the famous incendiary pencils which will be described in all their sinister detail when I relate the amazing story of Fred Hermann.

WUNNENBERG had been so successful in introducing spies into England that he quite won the hearts of Berlin authorities, and they sent him to Copenhagen and all along the harbors of Norway and Denmark, to learn even more desirable lessons from the spies whom Germany had planted in the offices of legitimate German business firms in those neutral countries.

Then Wunnenberg got a letter of introduction to Kurt Jahnke, and another letter to Gustav Kremer, vice president of the Pass-Kremer Hatband Company of Paterson, New Jersey. Kremer was instructed to honor Wunnenberg's drafts. The spy also received $12,000 before he left Antwerp, and part of this sum he sent on to New York via Robert Davis.

After returning to New York Wunnenberg speedily earned the sobriquet he chose for himself and with which he sometimes, rather stupidly and boastfully, signed letters: Son Charles the Dynamiter. Son Charles was the code name Wunnenberg used.

Son Charles received his invisible ink from Germany in bottles with the suspicion-diverting labels "venereal disease medicine."

Wunnenberg traveled often to and from Germany. In a letter he wrote from Dundee, Scotland, on July 21, 1915, he describes the torpedoing of the Leelanaw, on which he was traveling, and his rescue by the submarine crew. They gave him coffee and dried his clothes, and when a steamer hove in sight put him and several other survivors off in a Leelanaw lifeboat which they had towed for a while.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR COUGHS
FOR THROAT PROTECTION
FOR CALM SLEEP
TWO KINDS
S. B. BLACK & MENTHOL
5¢
SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK

Speedy relief! Soothing — calming — relaxing. An S.B. Cough Drop stops even a stubborn cough—*double quick.*

Take an S.B. Cough Drop before you face "cough-and-cold" weather, . . . S. B.'s give thorough throat protection.

An S. B. at bedtime gives you and your throat rest for the night. No 2 A. M. coughs to bother you!

FAT
Is Going Fast

Why Not Yours?

No need to tell you fat is going fast. Think back ten years ago. Most folks above 40 were over-fat. Now slender figures are everywhere the vogue.

It is clear that some new factor is fighting obesity. Not starvation, not over-exercise, not harmful drugs. It is something which doctors everywhere employ. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a weakened gland, and they are feeding that gland to correct the condition.

Ask your doctor. He will tell you how and why this great new factor acts.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new idea. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. They are for those who don't wish to pay a physician.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others and the fame has spread. Now it holds top place in a field once dominated by harmful treatments and by frauds. In every circle there are people who can tell you what they do.

Marmola is not secret. A book in each box tells the formula and explains results. Price $1.00. Go try it if you need it. It is the right way to fight fat.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

STRANGE IRONING CORD
Pays Immense Profits

PREVENTS SCORCHING
SAVES ELECTRICITY
CANNOT KINK or SNARL

Tested and Approved
1910
Good Housekeeping Institute
Good Housekeeping Magazine

200% Profit! Hudson made $75 in 15 minute sale to large Company for telephones. We furnish proof. Two De Luxe and two Low Priced models give you **4 chances for sales where other salesmen have one.**

New Kind Cord Set FREE

Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful De Luxe Neverknot Cord set (with only Unbreakable Switch Plug of its kind in the world) which automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bills. Every woman buys this set instantly for it soon saves its own cost in electricity. It's brand new and it's yours free if you work for us. **Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.**

New Off'n On Plug Saves Electric Bills

NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 3-M, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago

[GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five]

Wunnenberg was picked up, landed at Kirkwall, interviewed by the authorities, given a clean bill, and allowed to return to New York City. He was finally arrested by the American secret service.

The secret archives of the Department of Justice in Washington yielded up a statement, listed as Document No. 2423, which was attributed to Mrs. Robert Davis of Brooklyn. Excerpts from it are quoted:

“Wunnenberg brought Freda Auerbacher from Germany on a bogus marriage certificate as his wife. Her husband, Wunnenberg told me, was in the trenches of the western front. The couple reached New York on this trip on Aug. 9, 1916.

“Wunnenberg offered Robert Davis $1,000 for every bomb he secretly planted on a ship. Davis was night engineer on certain Brooklyn docks, and he was supposed to report to Wunnenberg every ship planning to sail with material for the Allies.

“In speaking of the Black Tom explosion of July 30, 1916, Wunnenberg said to me: ‘Well, those barges that exploded were loaded for the Allies, but the God-damned limejuice — — — won't get it now.’

“Wunnenberg made three trips abroad that I know of, and he had to have a wife. He offered me $1000 to travel as his wife, but I refused.”

That Berlin officials were cognizant of the great conflagration planned at Kingsland is indicated by the fact that on January 10, 1917, the day before the fire, the German Intelligence Center at 60 Wall Street, New York City, received the following cable from Berlin:

“Intelligence office is not to be in communication with Igel Jahnke Wunnenberg.”

VON IGEL, it will be remembered, succeeded von Papen as head of the Intelligence Center after the military attaché returned to Berlin.

Wunnenberg, Son Charles the Dynamiter, finally wound up in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, and there, on September 1, 1917, he made a complete confession, from which most of the foregoing disclosures are selected.

The manner of the Dynamiter's release from Atlanta is not clear, but Lothar Witzke said, in 1929, that the naturalized American who created so much trouble in neutral America was running a “milk factory” in Germany.

The story of the events leading up to the explosion at Black Tom will be narrated by Mr. Sutherland in next week's Liberty.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

What He Found

A little fellow had lost his ball in a room that did not know much cleaning. After a prolonged search under the furniture, the owner sympathetically inquired:

“Had any luck, my lad?”

To this, in his exasperation, he could only reply:

“No; only a lot of dust.”—Louis O. Nextor, 75 St. Vincent St., Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

Who's His Hero?

Our boy is “air-minded.” He made the acquaintance of a mechanic at our local airport and has four twenty-minute trips to his credit.

One day I was explaining to him my reasons for not consenting to let him make more frequent trips, and he said: “Mother, if you were Colonel Lindbergh's mother he would still be pedaling around on a push bike!”—Mrs. Louis A. Ray, 86 Glen Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Funny Joke

A Short Short Story

By

PAULINE DE SILVER

who was born in Philadelphia, educated in Europe, lived in the Philippines for a time as the wife of an American army officer, and has traveled extensively in the Orient. Her home now is in New York City, where she does a lot of writing of one kind and another.

(Reading time: 5 min. 11 sec.)

IN the ointment of Elsie's and Tod's married happiness there was a single fly, but it was of the buzzing variety.

From childhood to maturity Tod Tolburt had loved a joke almost as well as life itself. Many had been his victims, but his chronic amiability had always insured forbearance. However, his friends did not have to live with him; his wife did.

By the end of their third year of marriage, Elsie could no longer see humor in her husband's conception of it. Young and pretty as she was, she grew rather peevish and critical with Tod and his jokes.

The situation offered good fodder for philandering. Elsie was bored by Tod; he was hurt by her lack of appreciation.

Perhaps the fact that women have a flair for marital contraband brought a woman into Tod's life before Elsie had begun even to sniff the air for trouble. Male duplicity being what it is, no faintest suspicion had crossed her mind by the time that Tod's own mind reached a state of miserable uncertainty.

He was too harried for jesting. But the jocular fly blister—on Elsie's sensibilities it had amounted to that—was less conspicuous by its absence than it had been by its presence.

Intrigued by a pair of languorous dark eyes and red full lips (Elsie was a dainty blonde), Tod teetered on the brink of disaster. It must be all or nothing, and the world well lost, decreed the lady in the offing.

After the customary degree and kind of pressure, Tod made up his mind, at least on one initial point. He would leave his wife—well provided for—and escape to a happier life with one who appreciated his genius. So far so good, but he had to go farther. He must choose between a personal interview with Elsie, an explanatory—and unanswerable—letter, and a telegram.

The path of least resistance appealed to him. An interview would have its drawbacks; a letter would require diplomacy; a telegram by its very nature must be brief, would invite no reading between its lines, and would act like the surgeon's knife—cut clean, quick, and true.

SO it was that on a day in April—the biyearly date of Tod's trip west for his firm—he escaped from his bed, room, and house while Elsie slept, and joined his dark-eyed one on the morning limited to Chicago.

Midway to the above city, Tod sent a wire to his wife:

LEAVING YOU FOREVER STOP YOU NO LONGER LOVE ME STOP SEE MY BANKERS STOP LOVE TOD

That cut the Gordian knot with one swift stroke. It left no room for doubt or argument.

Nearing Chicago, to relieve the tedium of travel, Tod played the first practical joke of which his inamorata was more than an amused spectator. Suddenly, with apparent desperation, he felt in all his pockets. Then he groaned aloud. When the climax was due, he told her that his wallet, containing one thousand dollars, was gone!

The lady's horror and distress were gratifying. Tears filled her eyes and her lips quivered becomingly. When entirely satisfied as to the success of his joke, he drew out his wallet, showed her its contents, and grinned amiably.

He was not prepared for the flash of rage in the languorous eyes, nor the unrestrained invective that poured from the red full lips. He stared at her, disillusion cooling his blood. The dismal failure of his little joke left him not only very flat, but very sore. This was not the price he had expected to pay for the desertion of his wife.

The sudden invocation of Elsie brought tardy realization of her sweet and long forbearance with his peculiar brand of humor. Even toward the last she had never been more than mildly irritated. And now, with a companion capable of such a violent reaction at the outset, what had he to look forward to? Nothing! At least, nothing that he cared to contemplate.

AN indignant scowl drew his eyes together. Coldly he said:

"I thought you had a sense of humor."

"Do you call that sort of idiocy *humor? I don't!*" To anger she added contempt.

"You've always laughed at my jokes—played on other people," he added pointedly.

She did not deign a reply, and he went on slowly:

"I guess we've made a mistake. On the whole, I don't believe we'd hit it off."

From his wallet he drew five crisp one-hundred-dollar bills and held them out to her.

"Sorry if I've inconvenienced you. Hope this will make it all O. K. I'm quitting at Chicago."

Her angry eyes flashed from his face to the bills. She fingered them as if they were beneath contempt, but she put them in her purse as she said scathingly:

"So you're going to run away?"

"Not away—just back home." His happy grin added insult to injury. . . . .

Tod boarded the first train from Chicago to New York. He had no clear idea what he would say to Elsie, still less what she would say to him. He was prepared to eat dirt at her small feet. If that didn't work, he would wait patiently for her forgiveness. Conceivably, she might never give it. You couldn't blame her if she didn't.

Trembling with excitement and other racking emotions, Tod flung himself into his wife's presence and upon her mercy. For the first instant the only expression on her face was surprise, as she said, holding up her face for his kiss:

"What on earth are you doing back so soon?"

Too nonplused for speech, he kissed her, because it was the simplest thing to do. Had his telegram gone astray? Shaking her finger at him, Elsie said with a laugh:

"You really are incorrigible, Tod. Your wire would have given most women heart failure. But, for the first time in ages, I got a great kick out of one of your silly practical jokes. My dear boy, you're certainly ingenious!"

THE END

YOUNG AS HER DAUGHTER AND AS BEAUTIFUL!

thanks to DR. EDWARDS

Do you long for beauty, for the divine glow of youth that comes only with perfect health? Just try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, for a few nights. Thousands have been delighted with the way color returns to the skin when pimples and blotches vanish, with the joy of feeling full of life, tireless and energetic from morning till night. These tablets, a fine substitute for calomel, and far easier to take, were for 20 years prescribed to folks bothered with liver trouble and constipation.

Gentle in action—wonderfully effective

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.

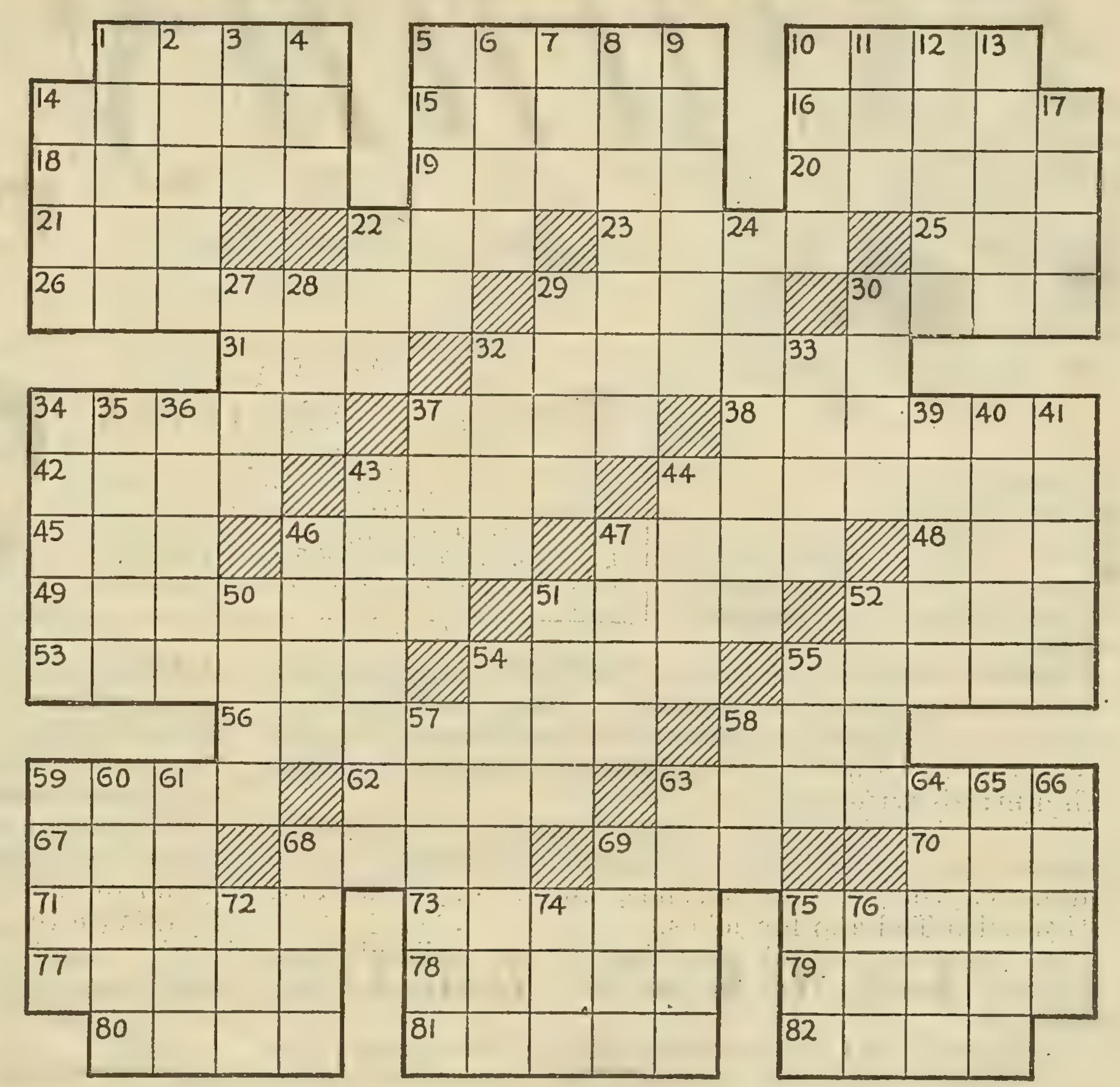
"ACID Indigestion" Wrecks Health Blights Careers!

Few things will do more to pull a person down than acid indigestion! Gassy fullness after eating, the gas pressure around the heart, the painful distention of the stomach, the burning sourness and nausea are enough almost to drive a person mad. Not satisfied with ruining our stomach, acidity steals our pep and energy, and makes us feel miserably tired and listless all the time.

Acidity is now corrected by a remarkable tablet called Pyrosan. Pyrosan consists of four simple, harmless, anti-acid ingredients in scientifically balanced proportions which not only afford immediate relief but three of them remain for a longer time in the stomach to prevent recurring Acidity between meals. In other words, Pyrosan is intended not only to afford you prompt comfort but permanency of results, as well.

You will not know how much has been done to correct the age-old evil of acidity until you try Pyrosan tablets. Get a package today at any good drug store and take as directed for just a week. If you don't experience a relief new to you, your money will be refunded.

Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

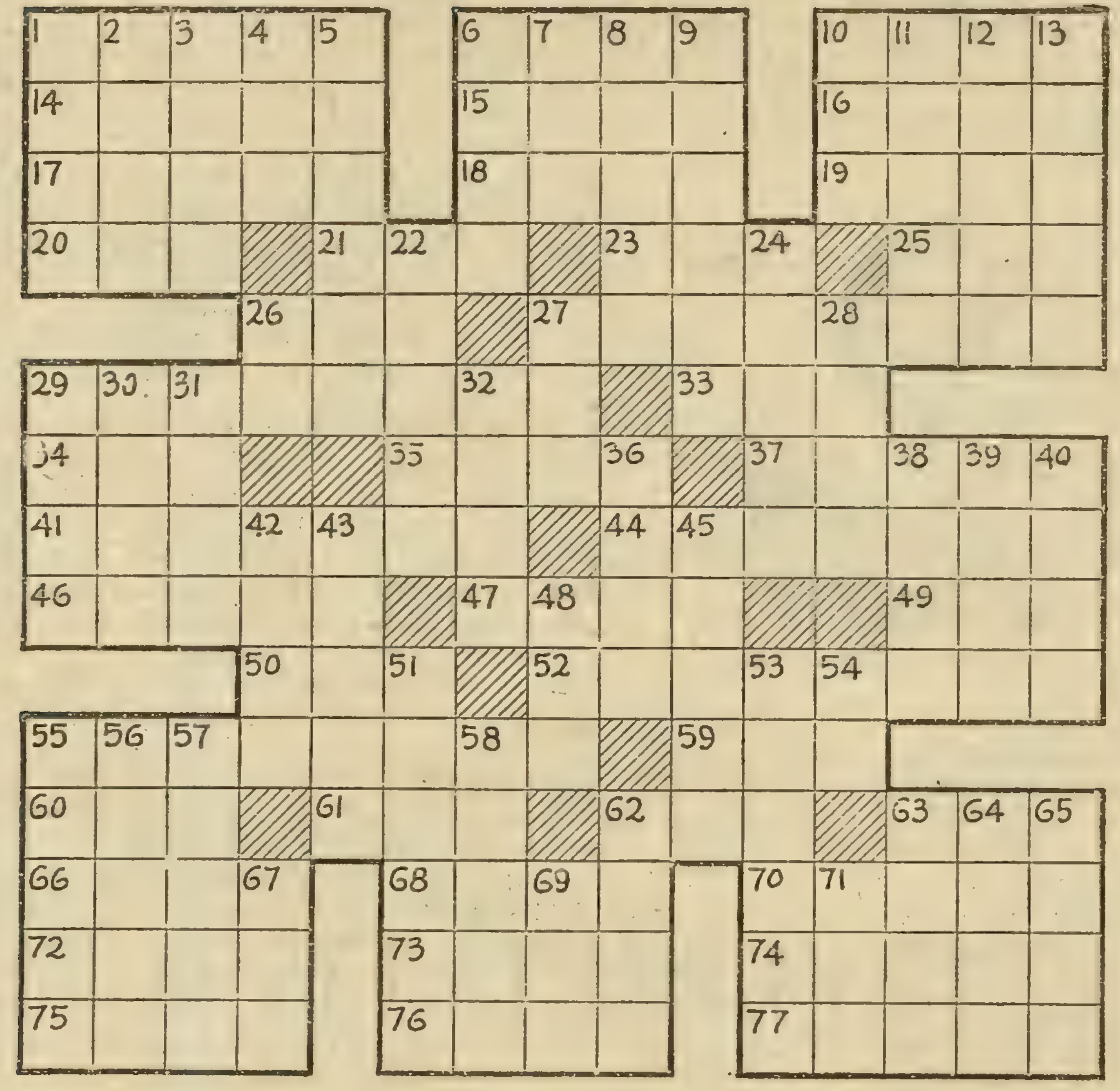
1 Cloth made from the hair of camels (plural)
5 Plunders
10 To gamble
14 Century plant
15 Battery terminal
16 Footless animal
18 More unusual
19 Warm
20 Jeopardy
21 Corroded
22 Chop; hack
23 Light blows
25 The whole quantity or amount
26 To bring under diabolical influence
29 Shelter for small domestic animals
30 Beverage (plural)
31 Short name for a species of dogs
32 A dissenter; nonconformist
34 Inferior to or lower than
37 Town in Belgium
38 Builds
42 Overcomes with reverential fear
43 Kind
44 Dull; commonplace
45 Condensed moisture
46 A town in England
47 A charge against property
48 Comprehend
49 More extensive
51 Transmit
52 Threefold
53 One of an ancient Jewish brotherhood
54 Part of a chair
55 A billiard shot
56 Rower
58 Wire measure
59 A pair of horses
62 Greek letter (pl.)
63 Witchcraft
67 A tree
68 Short descriptive poem of rural life
69 Ejaculation
70 A constellation
71 Small drum
73 Beast of burden
75 One who works diligently and steadily
77 A cubic meter
78 Fisher for lampreys
79 Move sidewise
80 Periods
81 Quaffed
82 Day of an ancient Roman month

VERTICAL

1 A size of type
2 Denuded
3 A salutation
4 East Indian weight
5 Badgerlike animal
6 Afresh
7 To make a sharp, quick sound
8 Publication officials
9 Calm; staid
10 Mountain passes
11 Mimic
12 Ethical
13 City official of ancient Rome
14 An Asiatic
17 Measures of length
22 A pronoun
24 Became exhausted
27 Series of events of epical dignity
28 Solemn promise
29 A coin
30 Playing cards
32 Wind instrument
33 A metal
34 Token or sign worn on the person
35 Pitchers
36 Town in Delaware
37 Native of a country in Africa
39 Containers
40 Rows or ranks
41 Place of action
43 Guided
44 Measure of capacity
46 Vessel for heating liquids
47 Spare
50 An eternity
51 Billows
52 A mineral
54 More diminutive
55 Russian community
57 Termed; denominated
58 Sound made by a domestic animal
59 Puts in place
60 Shallow dish
61 Clear light yellow
63 Large voracious fish
64 Strike out
65 Staggers
66 In time long past
68 Wrath (plural)
69 Portent
72 Anglo-Saxon money of account
74 A winglike process or part
75 Greek letter
76 A cover

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Exclamation used to express contempt
6 Mitigate; moderate
10 Performs
14 To make satisfaction for
15 Perverter of truth
16 Small bird of the rail kind
17 Praises
18 The god of wisdom in Norse mythology
19 A plan, scheme, or outline
20 To mistake in judgment or opinion
21 Authoritative rule
23 Guided or conducted in a certain course
25 To cover or supply with frosting
26 Low land overflowed with water
27 An elemental substance (plural)
29 Turning on one side
33 Filipino native of the lower class
34 A goddess of vengeance (Greek mythology)
35 Loses firmness or elasticity
37 A fruit
41 Marcher
44 Without emotion or excitement; submissive
46 A flock of herons
47 Sour in aspect
49 Unrefined
50 A note in the scale of Guido
52 Act of reaching a place (plural)
55 One who kills unlawfully
59 Measure of area
60 Character in a poem by Ibsen
61 Acted
62 Yes
63 Bustle
66 A fish
68 Ratify by hand or seal
70 More exacting in matters of taste
72 Prefix: partly
73 Kind of jacket formerly worn by women
74 Woman's name
75 Gaelic
76 Article of apparel
77 Throws

VERTICAL

1 To lose color or luster
2 To adorn with radiating bodies
3 Division of time
4 Furthermore
5 The founder of Methodism
6 A sudden calamity
7 Succor
8 Luminous train of a comet (plural)
9 Masculine personal name
10 Serpent
11 Of or pertaining to the colon
12 Part of a horse's harness
13 Satisfies to repletion
22 Plant cultivated for its aromatic seeds
24 Apportions
26 A note of the diatonic scale
27 Incite; urge
28 Negative votes
29 Undermines
30 A prefix meaning before
31 To stuff or enrich with pork or bacon
32 Spikenard
36 Goad to action
38 Star in the constellation Cetus
39 An ellipse
40 Tidings
42 Underwent change with the lapse of time
43 Marked for omission
45 Adorn with dress
48 Row
51 Comes into being or notice
53 Peaceful
54 A brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
55 Billiard shot
56 Court officer
57 A measure of paper (plural)
58 Feminine personal name
62 A former queen of England
63 Playing cards
64 Small hollow
65 Crude metal (plural)
67 To cease to partake of existence
69 Sticky substance
71 A deity in Babylonian mythology

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Hope I meet that—Bull-dog!

SERGEANT'S Condition Pills keep your dog feeling fit, and help him to resist disease. If your dog is irritable, restless, off his feed, give him Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week. They'll keep him on his toes!

Try feeding your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina. We guarantee he will like it.

A Famous Dog Book Free

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose and treat his ailments, feed and rear him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. *It's Free.*

Our veterinarian will give you *free* advice about your dog's health. Write him fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1501 W. Broad Street
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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

CORNS

QUICK, SAFE RELIEF!

For corns and tender toes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. In *one minute* pain will be gone—forgotten! Removing shoe friction and pressure and the soothing medication produces this speedy relief. *100% safe.* Thin, dainty, cushioning. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores—35¢ box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

One of the Girls

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

MRS. SMITHERS' bedroom looked like a vacant lot after a circus sideshow has moved out. Stockings with holes in toes and heels had been tossed on top of the floor lamp, house dresses and slips were draped over chairs, hats peeped out from under the chaise longue, and odd shoes with missing buckles had been kicked into a corner. Her fur coat was on the floor.

"Are my gloves dry?" Mrs. S. yelled downstairs to Tess. "If they're not, never mind. I'll carry 'em damp. I'm leaving right away. I'm—oh, for crying out loud, where's my bead purse? Where—"

"Look in your fur-coat pocket," Gwen giggled from the sitting room before Tess had a chance to tell about the gloves. "That's where it was once. Don'tcha remember?"

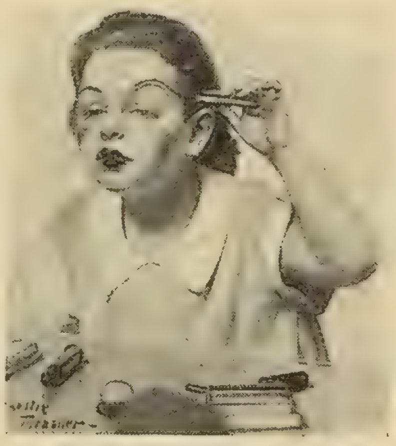
"Come and look for me!" her mother ordered, squirting a handkerchief with perfume. "And my gloves! Where are my gloves? Why can't I ever leave this house for a party without being all worn out first, looking for my things? I'm a nervous wreck."

Gwen ran upstairs and there was the bead bag squashed into the fur-coat pocket just as she had predicted.

"Got enough money?" she asked sweetly, daring to look inside. "You'll be playin' bridge."

"Shut that pocket book!" Mr. S. shouted as though Gwen were up at the corner standing by the fire-alarm box. "I'd like to know where you inherited your nerve. My gloves! Get my gloves from Tess an' meet me at the door with 'em."

Gwen slid down the banister and rushed into the kitchen. Tess was waving the white gloves in front of the open oven door. She was red in the face and looked mad.



This week's cover picture.

"Take 'em," she mumbled. "This place's a loooooooooonie silam an' I'm goin' to quit."

"Oh, Tess," Gwen giggled, snatching the damp gloves, "don't quit. I'll help you with the dishes tonight if you won't quit. And the dusting—"

"My gloves! My gloves! My gloves!"

As soon as the front door slammed, Tess sank to a kitchen chair and broadcast a string of mean remarks with saints' names thrown in for good measure. Then she tipped over the tin wastebasket for a footstool and fell asleep. Mrs. S. hadn't bothered to order supper, but that didn't bother Tess.

Gwen felt like snooping and she knew she had the stage all to herself. She leaped upstairs with the agility of a squirrel headed for his most expensive nut, and didn't stop hurrying until she reached her mother's bedroom doorsill. Then she had to stop. She couldn't see a spot to step on unless she chose some article of clothing.

"Gee, what a mess," she said. And she bent over like a gleaner and threw things from the floor to the bed.

Yes, that room was a mess and Gwen hated the dark chore of picking up, but she knew she'd see light soon—and there it was: The cluttered dressing table!

"Watch me make up," she told her reflection, dragging her curls from her forehead and pinning them back. "Lip stick. Eye shadow. Rouge. Powder. Swell eyebrows. Soon's I make myself up good-lookin' enough, I'm goin' outdoors an' make whoopee like one of the girls!"

(*Next week's cover adventure: The Spanking*)

Now Lose Fat a pound a day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

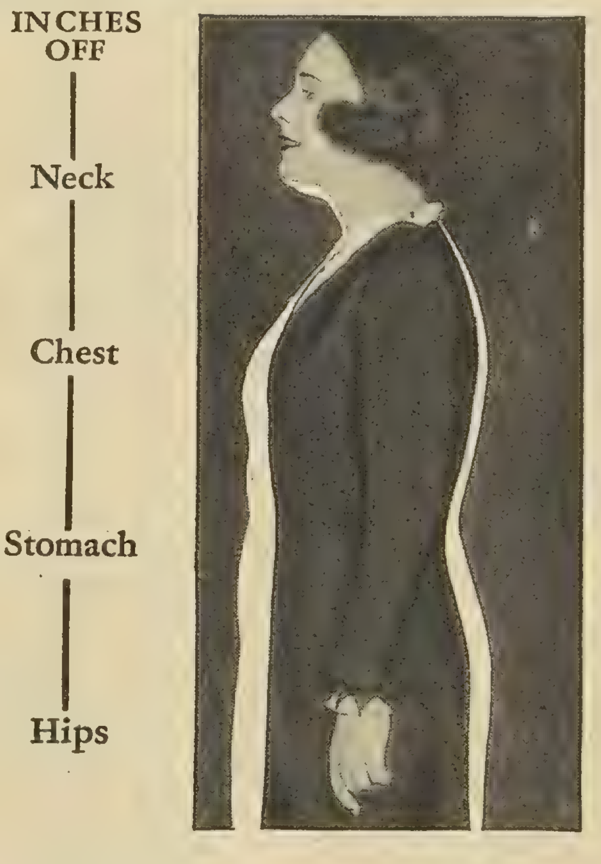
4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture*. That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach*. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:



The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

STANLEY K. BURKE

37 Johnston Avenue, Cohoes, New York

What would you do if you were one of the country's leading aviators and were in love with a girl who returned your affection but said, when you proposed to her, that she would have to refuse you unless you gave up aviation, since she believed it to be too dangerous an occupation for anyone to follow?

Would you give in to her, even though it meant the end of a great career and your life's work, or

Would you stick to aviation, though it meant that you lost the girl?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, March 28. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing five answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for February 14, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Suppose you were a young man and were to select a wife from among three girls.

A is homely, with a heart of gold.
B is beautiful, but immoral.
C is wealthy, but a " dumb Dora."
Which would you chose?

The Winning Answers

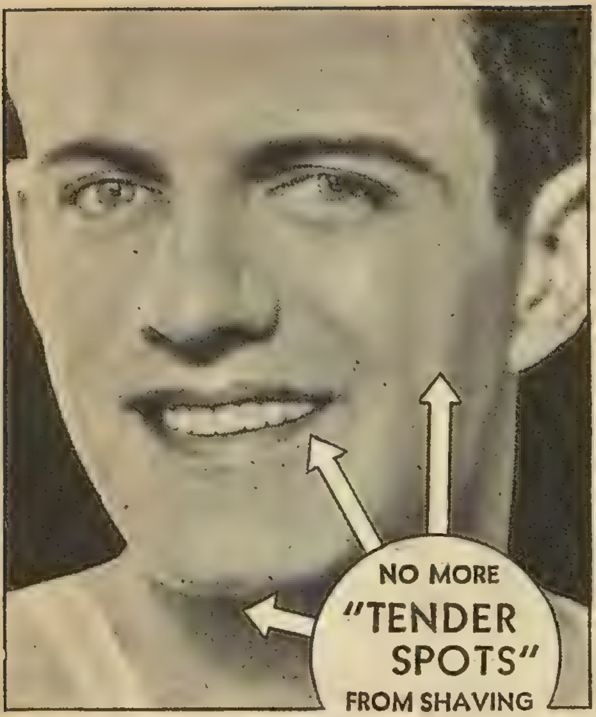
By WILLIAM PLAMPIN
625 Camden Street, San Antonio, Texas

I WOULD first cross off the " hot mamma." Beauty of face and form is desirable but not essential to a successful marriage, especially if it is linked with loose morals. I am no blue-nosed prude, but I couldn't live very long with an immoral person.

I might get along all right with the " dumb Dora," but I doubt it. Men who marry for money usually earn it before they get it. And ignorant people get on my nerves. So that lets her out.

The only one left is the " heart of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Just try this new, soothing lather

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

gold." Good looks don't count for much without some character behind them, and I would rather be married to a girl who is short on looks and long on love and companionship. I have known lots of girls I am proud to call friends, and most of them could not be classed as good looking, but you don't notice it.

This may sound like the old familiar "secret of success," but I married a homely girl with a heart of gold and I'd do it again.

By WILLIAM E. MEUSE
518 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut

WE live for such a short space of time in a world that is completely and sadly shackled by convention and "what we ought to do" that we seldom make decisions that suit ourselves. We are afraid of the consequences. But somehow I like consequences. Even though drama. There are no dull moments when hitting the high and low spots of life, but monotony is a parasite that makes life unbearable. I relish apple pie that is baked with cinnamon.

And now I make a decision to suit myself. Being theoretical, it is comparatively easy. This B girl—this girl that is so beautiful and immoral —shall be mine!

I like beautiful things—sunsets, a wisp of smoke curling from a farmhouse chimney, sailing ships with tall masts, and women. With such things around me—especially possessed by me—there is a certain fullness to life that counts for much in the long run down the home stretch. Charming wall paper, pretty morning glories, the cheeriest kitchen, the chummiest fireplace can be utterly ruined by a woman who is unattractive.

You will no doubt agree that it is all very well to choose a beautiful girl, but will argue that I have overlooked the fact that she is immoral. That is of no great importance. So am I.

By ZED WINTERS
Box 3593, West Palm Beach, Florida

A'S heart of gold would last through life, but so would her homeliness. B's immorality does not matter particularly, but her beauty will not be with her always, and when it goes she has nothing left. C, even though dumb, at least has money, which wipes away many cares, even if it does not invariably bring happiness. Assuming that I am not marrying for love, I would take C.

By MRS. FLORENCE E. ROOTH
101 West 89th Street, New York City

MARRY the homely girl and then march her to the best beauty salon in town. From there to the leading dressmaker. For the heart of gold is priceless and compensates for all other deficiencies. With our present knowledge of beauty culture and our fascinating clothes no woman need remain "homely." And this girl's fine inner qualities must be reflected in her face, giving her grace, charm, and poise, which constitute beauty of the soul.

A man could not respect the beautiful but immoral girl and in time will recover from the infatuation caused by her beauty. And no fortune can compensate for stupidity, for there can never be any real companionship where one partner is mentally inferior to the other. There is a lack of understanding which money cannot bridge.

By all means choose the girl with the splendid character!

By W. J. SULLIVAN
414 Selma Road, Springfield, Ohio

WEALTHY, but dumb—the millennium in desirability for yours truly. For one, I'm fed up with modern maidens who pride themselves on their cleverness, their wit and ability to confound the poor male with a chain-store brand of intelligence. I'll take 'em dumb and furnish the intelligence along with the groceries.

It's a terrible blow to man's self-respect to be forced to admit that his wife is more clever, more intelligent than himself. No man ever fought a duel over an encyclopedia.

"Dumb Dora" might confuse Einstein with an order for another beer, but she generally lands the cream of the crop in the matrimonial scramble.

I want my wife to admire me, not feel sorry for me. Therefore, give me "Dumb Dora." We can learn from our kids. "Smart" women don't have any.

Answers to the questions in Liberty for February 21 will be published next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—A person having one-eighth Negro blood.
2—South Carolina.
3—Resembling man.
4—Conservative, Liberal, and Labor.
5—Twelve.
6—The Russo-Japanese War.
7—Cambria.
8—Geneva, Switzerland.
9—Oscar Wilde.
10—Brigadier general.
11—A fish-eating diving bird.
12—France.
13—They are tailless.
14—London, England.
15—A high mountain in the Alps in Switzerland and Italy.
16—Acetic acid.
17—Spain.
18—Cancer.
19—Four.
20—Elver.

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*In our recent interviews with hundreds of America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers we found countless two-pack-a-day smokers. They said Spud always left their mouths moist-cool *and comfortably clean* . . . The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Silver Knees

A Romance of the Rio Grande

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the adventurous story of Major Maddox, chief of American spies in the Mexican War, and of Silver Knees, a white, half-Gypsy dancing girl.

The dancer saved Maddox's life, learned to worship him, and went to live under his protection in the American quarters. There she charged him with loving a beautiful Mexican, Doña Maria. Enraged, he silenced her by retiring to prepare dispatches.

You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART ELEVEN—GYPSY FURY

I HAD scarcely begun to write when the door opened and Silver Knees came in with a flurry of skirts and scurry of espadrilles.

"Take me to dinner and the dance this evening, Don Juan," she said in an odd, brusque voice.

"No; I have another engagement," said I dryly.

"What engagement?" she demanded.

"See here," said I. "Your manner is disrespectful. It's none of your business where I go."

"You are going to Doña Maria's!" she said. "If you do, you won't find me here when you return!"

"Come," said I in disgust, "don't you see I'm trying to write?"

"If you're going to love that woman I won't remain here!" she cried excitedly. "And I shall do something frightful," she added.

"What do you propose to do?" I inquired wearily.

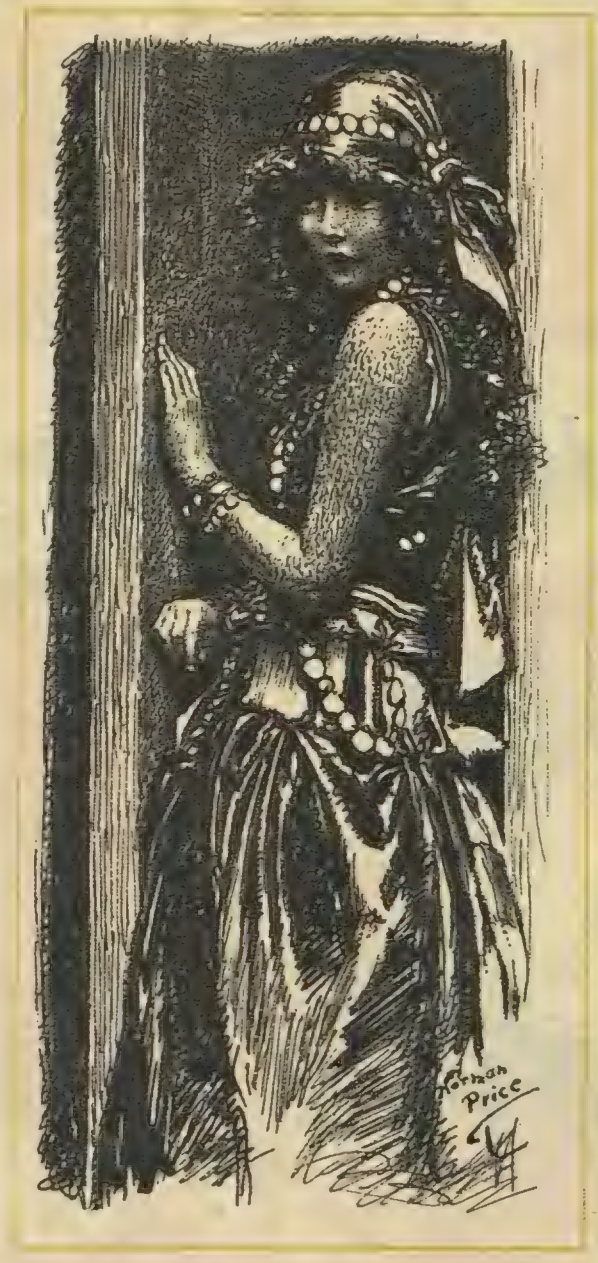
"You'll see what I shall do, Don Juan!" Her stormy voice choked with a sob; she turned like a flash and vanished, slamming the door.

It was my impulse to rise and follow her and reason with her if possible—at any rate, have a very plain understanding with her concerning her situation in my custody.

I didn't. In so perverse a condition of mind there could be no reasoning between us. She had been working herself into this tantrum all day. Also, she had deliberately taken too much pulque.

I went on writing; and while still busy with pen and ink I recollected that I needed several articles for the march, so I called Calixto and sent him downtown to make the purchases.

After he had gone, and while I was still busy with my papers, Bandara rode up jingling under my window, and hearing the clatter and tinkle of his horse and equipment, I went to the window and asked him what was the matter.



Silver Knees was regarding me intently.

For answer he handed me a written dispatch from headquarters.

"Well," said I, when I had finished reading, "here are our marching orders at last. The army takes the field, Emilio. Are you glad?"

"Yes, Don Juan," said he, grinning his tiger grin. "I am not very happy in towns where there are too many smells, too many noises—too many houses and people. When do we march, your honor?"

"On the fifteenth. So tomorrow you and Peep had better see to our horses and housings and arrange for the baggage and transportation. I am going to walk over to headquarters now, and I'll tell Calixto to begin to gather up my effects when he returns from shopping."

. . . . .

I ARRIVED at headquarters amid a lively, gossiping throng of officers. Old Zack, who was strolling about the place with an absent-minded air, presently noticed my arrival.

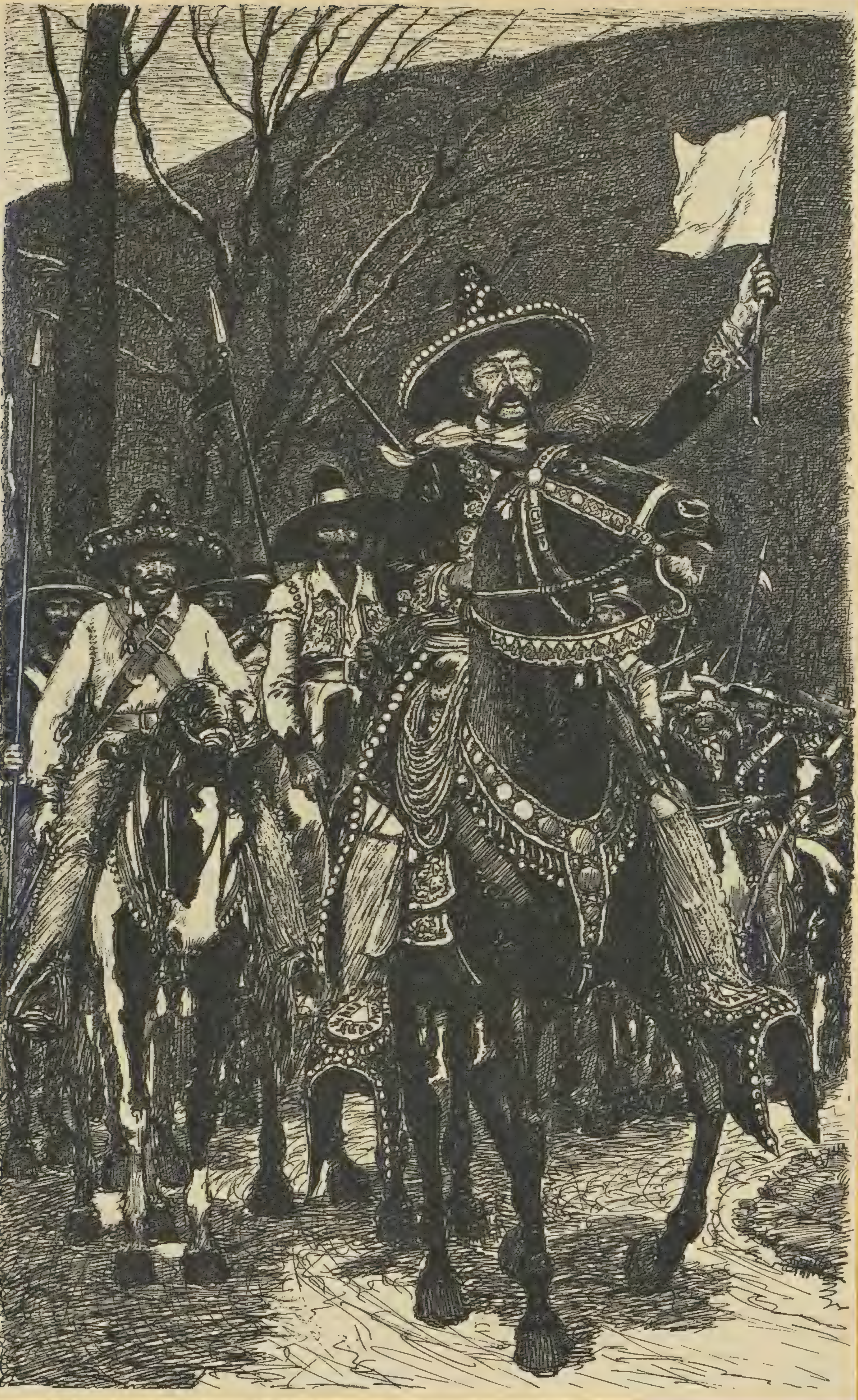
"Look here, Maddox," he called across the room to me; and, when I approached and stood at salute: "Say, Maddox, I want you should order me out a couple of your best scouts, and detail me a squad of Colonel Walker's Rangers, and take a peek into Saltillo and tell General Patterson that I'm sending Quitman and some artillery to him. But I ain't a-going there, Maddox; I'm a-going to Victoria first, and if I don't find Santa Anna there, then I'll march for Saltillo. I want you should tell Patterson, so he won't worry none. Tell him I'll be along if the enemy starts in to act funny."

"Yes, sir. . . . But, General—with your permission, and with all respect, sir—as you would be without the services of my department at Victoria, I take it that your early arrival at Saltillo is practically certain."

"No, 'tain't, Maddox. So if I don't move on Saltillo and San Luis Potosí, you got to come and find me at Victoria. See?"

He leaned over toward me with a shrewd twinkle in his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SIX]



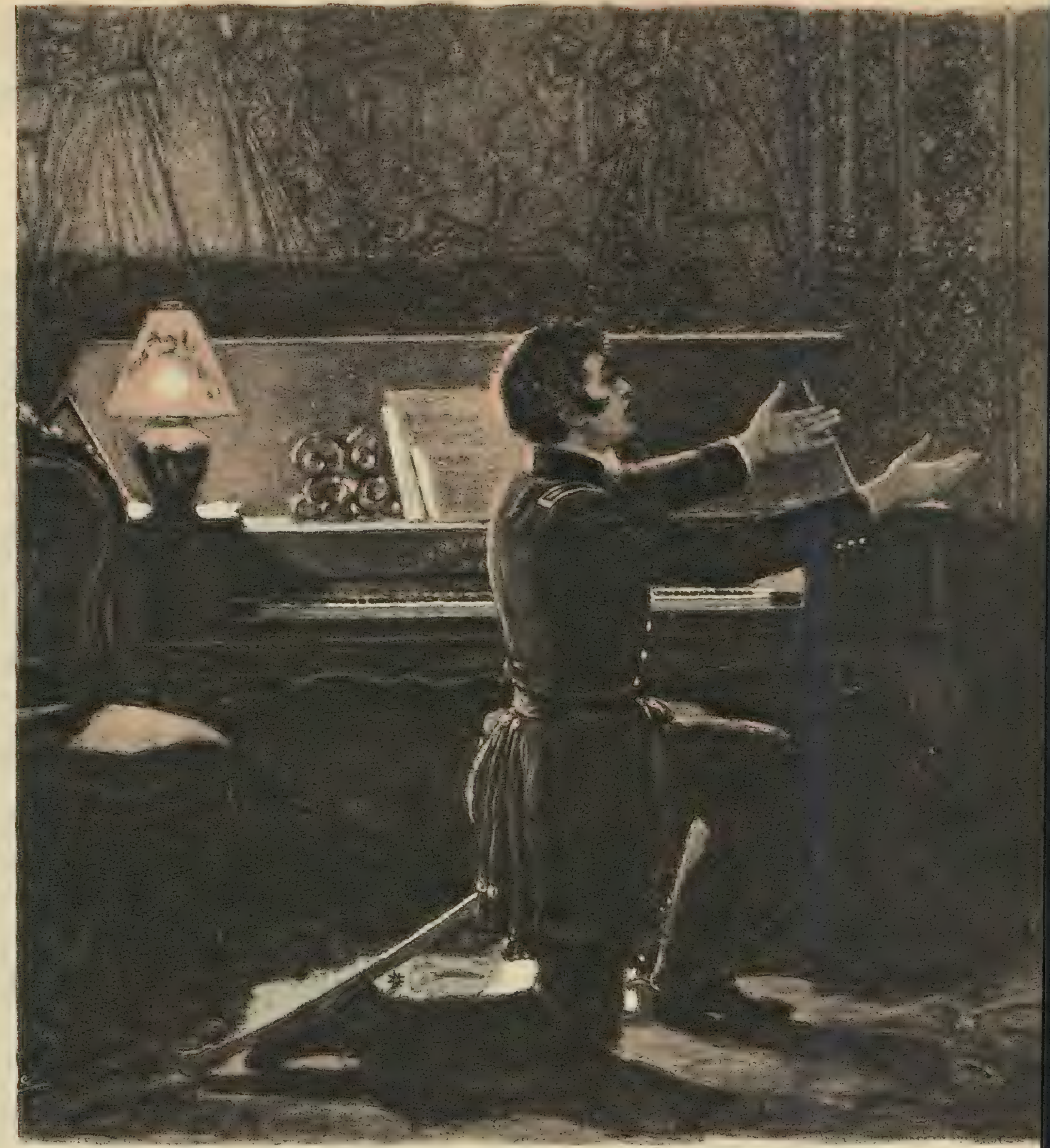
He had with him his whole band of polite ruffians—sturdy, gaudily dressed horsemen who seemed to feel quite at ease and confident.

SILVER KNEES
Cont'd from p. 64

eyes, and whispered hoarsely behind his weather-wrinkled hand: "I ain't a-going near Camargo, neither. I aim to fight Santa Anna before Scott stops me and takes my best regiments in requisition. See?"

Such orders were bewildering, almost incomprehensible. Why was Old Zack sending his chief of Military Intelligence to Saltillo while he himself marched to Victoria?

THE answer was obvious and unflattering. He placed little value upon my services. Also, he meant to send no more code communications either to Washington or to General Winfield Scott. That was the idea. The cunning old horse trader had made up his mind to keep clear of orders from his superiors. He didn't want to know where they were. He didn't care how many Mexicans might be in the field against him. All he wanted was to jog along at his own pace and in his own way, fighting the enemy wherever encountered, without plan, without objective, and in the same happy-go-lucky fashion that had given him unbroken victory from the day he had left Corpus Christi for the Colorado.



"No—no—no!" she wailed. "I couldn't ever listen to you now! Don't you understand, Don Juan?

Old Zack took my arm and began to walk up and down the room with me.

"Don't get it twisted, Maddox," said he. "I ain't jealous of Winfield Scott. He's my superior and I like him. His plan is the right plan. The only way to end this war is to start in at Vera Cruz and end up in Mexico City. But all I want is one more good crack at this Santa Anna feller who was let loose into Mexico by our blockhead government. To kick Santa Anna will feel as pleasant as to kick Marcy, and I certainly would admire to do that, only 'tain't good manners. Besides, my leg ain't quite long enough to reach Washington, D. C."

He laughed and patted my arm.

"All right, Maddox," he chuckled. "We'll see happy days yet before I say good-by to this damn' fine little army o' mine. . . . Who is the bandit feller who sends word he wants to talk to you personally?"

"Why, it's that chaparral robber, Dominguez, General, who used to prowl along our communications."

"What's he want?"

"I don't know, sir. He sent word that he desired to see me, personally, with a view of arranging terms for himself and his command. He wishes to know if he could come into our lines at the river below the Obispado tomorrow at sunrise. So I said I'd meet him."

"You look out, Maddox, that he don't pull out a mamúcha and fill you full of copper slugs."

"Very well, sir."

AS I was leaving the palace with Lieutenant Bryan of the topographical engineers, the marching music of a regimental band broke out from the Plaza. It was that splendid veteran regiment, the Fifth regulars, already marching out of Monterey.

The streets were dusky when I came to my garden gate. There was no sentry there; none pacing the path before my villa, either, which surprised and disturbed me. Nor did I encounter Pio Pacheco, who had been acting as my orderly.

ldn't endure it—the frightful self-distrust."

The door of the house was open. A lamp burned in the parlor.

"Calixto!" I called.

There came a soft shuffle of sandals, and the Mistec appeared, carrying the parcels for which I had sent him.

Also, he handed me a note. I recognized the faintly perfumed paper and the delicate superscription. It was a brief line from Doña Maria, saying that she was leaving for Mexico City, and asking me to come to her for a moment as soon as I received this note.

While I was reading it I was aware that Silver Knees had opened her bedroom door and was regarding me intently.

I put the note into my pocket and turned away toward the door.

"DON'T go," said Silver Knees in the ghost of a voice.

But, still annoyed by her impertinence, I went out, not noticing her at all.

When I came to Doña Maria's house it was apparent that I had been expected, and a servant immediately conducted me to the drawing-room.

It was quite dusky except for one lamp, turned low, on the piano.

Suddenly, in its vague light, I saw Doña Maria coming slowly toward me. She was dressed in black; and, in the uncertain light, her dark garb and shadowy pallor blended and seemed scarcely detached from the dusk around her. She held something dark in her hands. It was a book.

"Señor," she said in a colorless voice, "I have the honor to return to you your book."

"My—book?"

"Don Quixote."

I stared at her—at the book.

"Señor," she said in a low voice, "I thought it was my duty. I thought I could do this thing, and that the deed was consistent with honor. One of my servants took a wax impression. I had a key constructed.

"Señor, I love my country. But even for my country I cannot do this thing. It is treachery. And all treachery is dishonorable. And I do not believe that Mexico asks of her children that they sacrifice their honor in her behalf.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No. 101 — NEW Flying Scout — Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" Steel Wheels; Grade "A" Ball Bearings; 2 ounces lighter, 3-8 inch lower, 10 times stronger. *At Good Dealers* or Direct postpaid, $2.25

He Chose "Chicagos"
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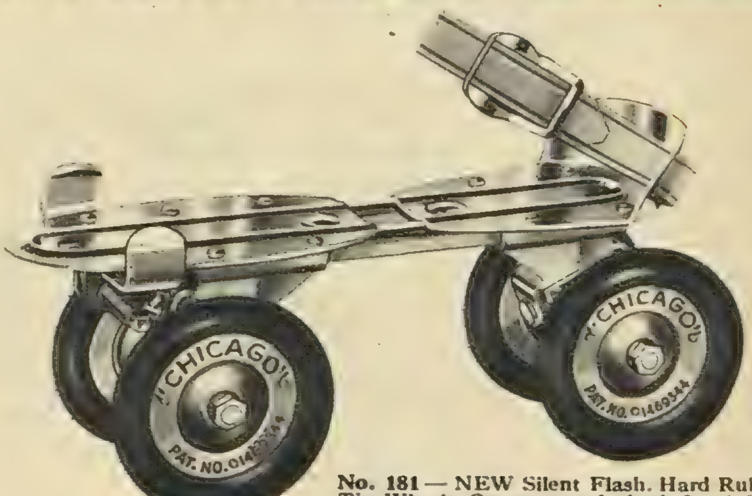


No. 181 — NEW Silent Flash. Hard Rubber Tire Wheels. Outwear steel wheels 2 to 1. New Powerful Arch will hold 250 lb. man, won't sag or bend. Noiseless and speedy. - - $4.00.

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven

“ Señor, I return to you your book which is the key to your secret code. . . . I believed that you had such a book in your safe. I did not *know* what volume it might be. Today, at tea, I guessed it was Don Quixote.

“ Señor, I read a little in your volume. And, as I read, suddenly the truth overwhelmed me, and I realized, by God's grace, that this poor, mad knight, who was the soul of honor, too, and stainless, never could have reconciled his conscience to commit a treachery.

“ And, God help me, he seemed, somehow, to me at that instant the very symbol and embodiment of my poor, distracted country—gentle, chivalrous, bewildered, credulous, half mad!

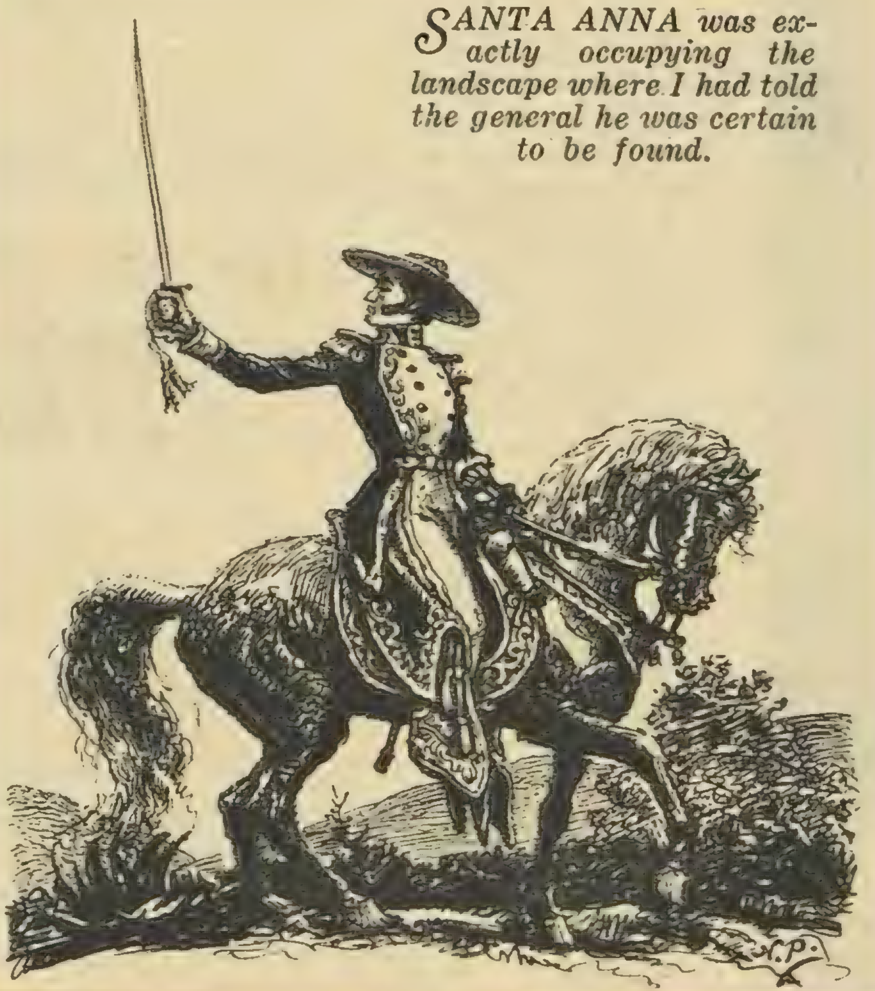
“ Señor, you have your code again; and I have mine, and still intact. . . . And so, with every humiliation of pride and race—”

The volume fell on the carpet; and I was down on my knees and kissing her hand, which she strove to disengage with a soft cry of terror and revolt.

“ Mother of God, let me go! Would you have me die of shame, after all—uncertain that it was honor and not love that swayed me—”

She tore her lovely hands away, and retreated as I followed her, closing her ears with both palms, against my impassioned protests.

“ No—no—no! ” she wailed. “ I couldn't ever listen to you now! Don't you understand, Don Juan? I couldn't endure it—the frightful self-distrust—not understanding why I returned to you your book! ”



SANTA ANNA was exactly occupying the landscape where I had told the general he was certain to be found.

I begged her to listen; she shrank away.

“ No, no! ” she cried. “ If I have done this for you and not for my own honor, I am an infamous woman, and may Christ punish me! ”

“ Maria, for heaven's sake, listen—”

“ Oh, Virgin Mother,” she sobbed, “ if I really love this enemy of my country, make my sacrifice acceptable to God! ”

There was a deathly silence between us.

Then, very slowly, she moved away into the deeper shadows. I heard a door open; close very softly.

I was alone with my book.

II

THE unexpected scene, with its shadowy, dramatic setting and emotional situation, had completely upset me.

The discovery that my military safe had been violated shocked me no more than Doña Maria's tragic admissions, and the violent reaction of my own passions, so suddenly responsive, so swiftly aroused.

However, this was no time for emotional reactions and muddle-headedness; and as soon as I entered my room I notified both General Taylor and the Secretary of War, Mr. Marcy, that our key volume controlling that particular system of military cipher had become useless, and that another volume must be chosen before the cipher could be of further use.

The report concerning the matter cost me much effort, and was extremely difficult to write truthfully without inculpating the lovely and guilty person who had so utterly upset us all.

I had not only to compose and write out the original and to put it into one of the vulnerable codes, but I was obliged to make a copy of both for Washington; and it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before I had finished.

Of course there was nobody awake in the house, so I took the papers and went out through the garden toward my office, where were sentries, and where Pacheco and Bandara could be found.

The sentry, a dismounted cavalryman, was the only soul awake—it being that early hour just before reveille when instinct warns all soldiers to sleep as fast and as soundly as possible before the shattering bugle blasts their dreams.

I went into the cuartel, awoke Emilio Bandara, and sent him to the palace with my papers.

Pio Pacheco also awoke when I spoke to Bandara, and, insisting that he had had sufficient sleep, prepared coffee for us both, and accompanied me back to my villa.

CALIXTO was not yet astir. The door of Silver Knees' bedchamber remained closed.

Over the sleeping city reigned that strange stillness which seems to deepen with the approach of dawn. The velvet darkness was scarcely yet tinged with gray when I went out upon the azotea, followed by Pio Pacheco. We seated ourselves on the parapet behind the oleanders and orange trees in tubs, and looked down at the garita below, which no sentry now guarded.

“ That's a damned funny thing,” said I—“ that, without a word to me, all sentries on guard over my quarters have been removed.”

“ Prala,” said Peep, artlessly familiar at night when all military restriction seemed to be in abeyance, “ now that we have our marching orders, what is to become of that saucy Gitana, Silver Knees? ”

“ If I leave her here with the nuns of the Incarnation,” said I, “ either she'll run away again or that pleasant gentleman called López the Leopard will get hold of her and spirit her away. . . . We'll have to manage, somehow, to take her with us, Peep.”

Peep could not understand my relations with Silver Knees. If I did not want the girl as a mistress, what did I want of her who neither cooked nor mended for me?

“ There would be no difficulty about that, prala,” said he, with a grimace, “ if she were like other Mexican girls—or even like other Gypsy girls. . . . Or if you yourself—”

He hesitated, shrugged, turned his face toward the east, which was growing quite gray.

Suddenly the silvery obscurity was pierced by a bugle note, and the next moment the vast crystalline silence was shattered from the bishop's palace to the Black Fortress, and from the Devil's Fort to the Bridge of the Most Pure Virgin.

I sat on the brick parapet, watching day break over the silhouetted eastern heights and splash the western peaks with gold. Peep, feeling the oppression of rank once more with the advent of daylight—though never, in fact, permitting his gay, affectionate nature to be quite blighted by any military or social etiquette—respectfully reminded me that I had accorded the bandit, Dominguez, a safe-conduct, and had promised to receive him as soon after sunrise as he chose to appear.

"All right," said I. "You and Bandara may ride out to the Obispado with me, and we'll find out what this desert thief wants."

As Peep and I went down into the patio, I stopped to listen at Silver Knees' door. She was evidently sleeping soundly; not a sound came from her chamber. In passing on I told Calixto not to awake her; and that I would return in about an hour and take coffee with Señorita Encarnación.

. . . . .

THIS fellow Dominguez had been the highwayman captain of ordinary road robbers operating on the Vera Cruz road. Recently he had appeared along our lines of communication, lancing and robbing stragglers.

So when Peep, Bandara, and I rode out along the river through the pretty villa-set suburb below the Obispado, I was wondering what this thug might want of us.

We saw him and his white flag almost as soon as we came to the river. He had with him his whole band of smiling, polite ruffians—sturdy, good-looking, gaudily dressed horsemen, who saluted us with a merry flourish of their silver-trimmed sombreros, and seemed to feel quite at ease and confident under the guns of the Obispado, where I could see our gunners looking down at us, and riflemen, alert and curious, posted within easy range.

"Ha!" cried Dominguez, grasping my offered hand. "This is no moment for lies. So listen to the truth! Señor Major, I was a guerrilla. I robbed the Vera Cruz highway. And what happens?" he cried excitedly. "Why, the rancheros ruined my trade. I could not make an honest living by robbery. No! My own compatriots now monopolize it. They take the bread out of our mouths. They snatch from our lips the crumbs we have filched from others! Mother of God, Señor Major, is this just? I respectfully inquire, your honor—is it right that the irregular cavalry of Mexico monopolize the trade of bandits, so that no honest chaparral rider can make a living any longer?"

This perfectly sincere and naïve speech was delivered in a hearty, aggrieved voice by a large, powerful, muscular, fearless, six-foot Mexican bandit who saw nothing humorous or incongruous in the matter.

Nor did Peep and Bandara, who, sitting their horses, continued to observe with sympathy Dominguez and his men, who were frankly admitting themselves unable to compete with the Mexican irregular cavalry in banditry and murder.

"Don Juan," cried Dominguez, pounding his silver-embroidered breast, "Mexico betrays us and denies us bread. Very well; if we can't be guerrillas we can turn contra-guerrilleros and punish these rancheros by serving America!"

"As what?" I asked.

"As a guide, scout, and spy company," he replied passionately. "Has not Mexico her Battalion of San Patricio, made up entirely of deserters from your army?"

"Yes, Captain; but when we catch one of them we hang him for a deserter and a traitor to his country."

"Very well, Don Juan; let Santa Anna hang as many of us as he can catch. Will your honor accept us? Vaya, seño'—here is my squadron and myself, guides and spies for the asking."

I said aside to Bandara and Peep, "Here is a strange offer."

"He means it," said Bandara. "After all, what does his native land mean to him except a place in which to ply his trade of thieving and cutting throats?"

"Is that also what you think?" I asked Pacheco.

"I think this Dominguez will serve your honor bravely and loyally if you don't interfere with his operations against the rancheros."

"I don't care what he does to the rancheros. . . . Very well"—nodding to Bandara—"take him and his riders to the Santa Rosalia Barracks."

"Ha!" cried Dominguez, dramatically flourishing his vast silver-loaded hat. "Does your honor accept me and my men, to serve you, Don Juan?"

"When we march," said I, "you shall ride with us as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Shake off the ills of raw March days with the summer-time health of grapefruit

Seald Sweet

ACIDOSIS is the cause of many a March ailment. Don't wait for summer to bring your system back to par. Eat plenty of luscious grapefruit because they *banish* acidosis. They're crammed with the "freshness" vitamin. And the plumpest, juiciest, sweetest grapefruit are "Seald-Sweet." Eat Seald-Sweets for breakfast—try the clear juice—and use them for tempting salads—two or three times a day, to guard against acidity and spring ills.

Seald-Sweet Grapefruit

FLORIDA'S FINEST GRAPEFRUIT

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-nine

aspirant, and we shall soon learn how much your services are worth.”

Around us, now, the entire city was becoming noisy with bugle calls, the strident music of cavalry trumpets, racket of fife and drums and the crash of regimental bands as some battalion began its march out.

As I rode back into Monterey at the head of this strange company of horse—one hundred and fifty of them, gaudily dressed, mounted on their odd little Mexican steeds—our people everywhere began to speak of them as our new spy company. And Mexicans in the street, on azotea, and at door and window regarded these fellows with horror, who, to them, were traitors sold body and soul to the hated invader.

On my way back to breakfast I passed Old Zack and his staff in the Plaza de la Carne, riding out toward the Teneria. He seemed willing to give Dominguez an opportunity to prove his value. “Tell him,” said he, “to show us what he can do to Reilly and that damned St. Patrick's Battalion.”

. . . . .

Having made arrangements for my new gang of cutthroats at the Santa Rosalia Cuartel, I left Bandara to keep an eye on them, and rode back with Pacheco to my villa, where I expected to breakfast with Silver Knees and have a final and definite understanding with this willful, wayward girl whose conduct was becoming unendurable.

Calixto told me that he had knocked at her door, but that the Señorita Encarnación refused to reply to him.

So I went to her room and knocked, and called to her; and as she made no reply, I opened the door and stepped inside.

The room was empty; the bed had not even been slept in. All her personal effects—her clothing purchased in Monterey, her underwear, slippers, mantillas, shawls, toilet articles, everything—lay on the bed, excepting the brilliant skirt and jacket she had bought of the bear tamers. Even money from the allowance I had made her in Monterey was dumped into a white handkerchief belonging to me. And to this was pinned a note dated the night before:

“Prala, you betray me with this other woman! Here is what you gave me. Give it to her! As for me, I go back to my bear folki. I am a Gypsy. The Ursari never yet have betrayed the Gitana who trusted them!

“Don Juan, I loved you, and you broke my heart!”

WHEN I had read this I became scared.

“Pio Pacheco!” I called. “Silver Knees has run off to the Ursari.”

“Well, then, your honor,” said he, “she is far enough away at this hour.”

“What? Have the Gypsies gone?”

“Certainly they have gone, Seño' Major. Did your honor suppose the bear folk would remain in Monterey after the American army left?”

“We leave a garrison, of course—”

“Yes, but the bear folk trust to *you* personally, prala. Now they are gone, bag, baggage, the whole camp—tent, nag and wagon, men, women, children, and babies.”

“Where?” I asked.

“I don't know, prala. I don't even know whether I could follow the patteran for you.”

I was angry, hurt, scared, and deeply concerned that Silver Knees should have gone to such lengths—proving herself more savage than civilized, more Gypsy than Gentile. I was the angrier and the more frightened and concerned because I now began to realize how deeply entangled in my affections this youngster had grown, and how difficult it would be to uproot her.

This child's passionate devotion—wild, unruly, often violent, often tiresome, even exasperating—had meant more to me than I had understood. Now that it was ended and this little human whirlwind gone, the world seemed suddenly a stale, gray, unventilated place without freshness, tang, or flavor.

Alarmed, profoundly stirred, I understood that, within the few months since I had known this girl, her salvage, her well-being, her restoration to where she really belonged, had become my principal purpose in life and my deepest interest in present and future.

And here, in a second's space, she's off and away in a flare-up of Gypsy fury, undoing everything that already had been done. . . . Gone in a flash of jealousy! . . . Because always I had striven to avoid any passionate and physical entanglement with her. . . . Poor, eager, headlong little pagan, who from the first had flung herself hotly into my arms, and who nevertheless had avoided the blinding, vital flash of revelation that later came to her amid the red and smoky reek of musketry and murder—

THE steadily approaching rhythm of drums became a roar. From the azotea, I looked down miserably where, through the street, our infantry was marching out of Monterey. As far as the eye could see, the streets ran blue with our uniforms—blue caps, blue tunics, blue trousers, and the bluish-white glitter of bayonets riding the moving blue as sunlight rides the ripples of a river.

The soldiers were singing their melancholy Mexican Song:

“I've lost my true love
Down by the Rio Grande;
I'll find a new love
Down by the Rio Grande—”

And:

“Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Down by the Rio Grande—”

“Try to pick up the patteran of the bear folki,” I said to Peep.

When he had gone away I called to Calixto:

“Pack up everything of Señorita Encarnación's and of mine. She has run away in a rage, Calixto, but Pio has gone to look for her, and I shall send Bandara and Dominguez to scour the land for the Ursari. . . . I feel extremely unhappy over this—”

Calixto came softly to take my hand and touch it with his forehead.

“Your honor should beat the señorita soundly with a stick,” he said in his soft Indian voice.

“Oh, Lord, no! One does not beat a woman grown. . . . And it is useless to pretend she is anything else, Calixto.”

“Two fine things, Señor Major, one cannot beat too often or too hard—maize and mistress—”

Bandara, fully accoutered and equipped, came jingling and clanking to the door with an order from Old Zack.

“Very well,” said I; “the general wishes to have our new spy company take the Saltillo road. Tell Captain Dominguez to report to me with his command mounted and forage and rations for three days.”

I went out through the patio toward the garden, and met Peep coming across the cuartel beyond.

“Prala,” said he, laughing, “there is a Mexican flag hanging from Doña Maria Zozaya's balcony. What will your honor do about it, who is paying court to the lady—”

“Do about the flag? Why, we'll salute it, Peep, when we pass it—as carefully and respectfully as a caballero salutes a lady.”

. . . . .

When I went to take my leave of Señora Zozaya, I was gravely informed that the beautiful mistress of the Zozaya estate had, that morning, retired to the Convent of the Incarnation for a long sojourn of meditation, repose, and prayer. And this, it was explained to me, was a custom of years and of generations among the ladies of that aristocratic race, who had inherited certain penances to be discharged during the weeks of Christmas and New Year's festivities, and who never failed to retire from the world during a period usually and universally dedicated to joy and gayety.

I looked at the stately old servant, in his impeccable dress, his dark skin and white hair and side whiskers.

I looked up at the balcony, where, on a red, white, and green flag, an eagle stood upon a cactus, tearing a snake.

For all time, I realized, this race, this house, this flag, and this lovely creature in her devotional retirement were irrevocably leagued against me, my country, and everything that North America represented.

Whatever I had begun to feel for Doña Maria, whatever she had, perhaps, begun to feel for me, was ended; and no ghost, even, of this shadowy, intangible passion remained to show whether it really ever had lived, and had its life, and died.

III

THE band of the Second regulars, which was passing the Plaza, crashed out into that new song called The Halls of Montezuma—a stirring sentiment crudely versified and scored, but which all United States soldiers were singing now.

The field music of the Second Tennessee infantry, which followed the regulars, was beating out and fifing the same air, and the soldiers sang it, timing the boastful words to the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of their trudging column.

Suddenly a terrible feeling seized and held me in possession—the frightful realization that Silver Knees was all alone somewhere out in this savage world of brutal violence, and that I might have prevented this tragic catastrophe had I had sense enough to handle her with patience and intelligence. And if I really had cared for her enough I ought to have been able to endure, forgive, and understand a nature full of caprice, feminine tyranny, and childish mischief, yet tender, loyal, utterly devoted, and capable of supreme self-sacrifice and abnegation.

"Damnation!" said I to Bandara. "I've made a bad mess of this business. If López the Puma gets hold of her I deserve to be shot!"

Bandara said, with his terrible grin: "If Torribio López harms your wayward little Gypsy mistress, then, your honor, he will have to deal with the Jicarillas, who know how to keep a man alive for six days while they are killing him all the while."

"That wouldn't help things, Emilio. I want you and Pio and Dominguez to pick up the trail of these Gypsy bear tamers before the rancheros do them a mischief."

. . . . .

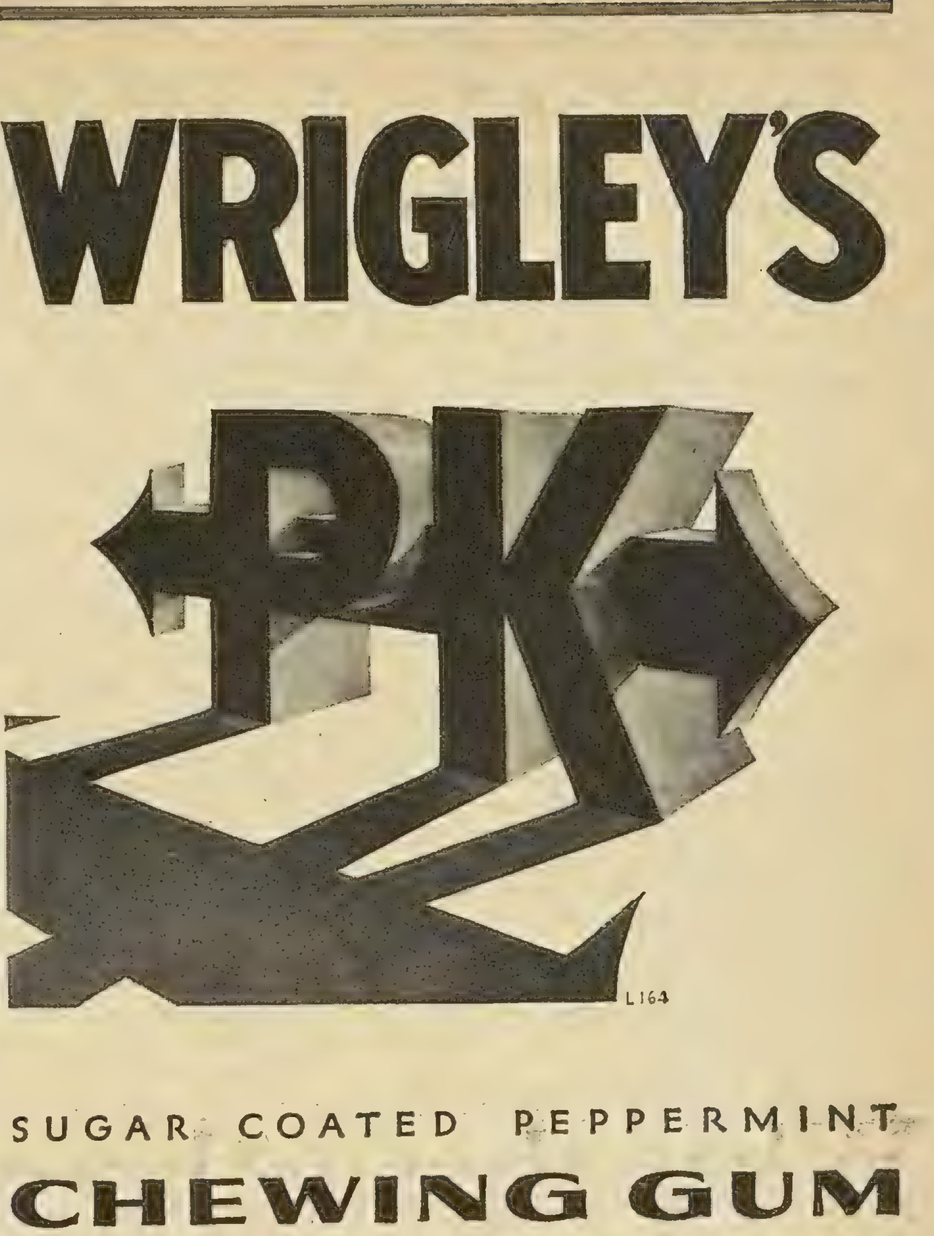
Well, the army marched for Victoria. It was cold weather and a cold job hunting through hill and dale and over rock and rill for General Santa Anna.

I rode with the headquarters staff, and Pacheco and Bandara kept the liaison between me and Dominguez and his strange horsemen, who were proving to be thoroughly reliable and efficient scouts.

They couldn't find the Gypsies, but they discovered, finally, that General Santa Anna, that peg-legged pink of courtesy and duplicity, was not where Old Zack supposed him to be, but was, in effect, exactly occupying the landscape where I had told the general he was certain to be found.

Then there began, by brigades, a vast amount of marching and countermarching from Camargo to Saltillo, from Saltillo to Victoria—Wool's brigade, Quitman's, Worth's, Patterson's all milling around and looking for that impassioned orator with the wooden leg known as General Don Antonio de Santa Anna. And all the while I was explaining to Old Zack where this Señor Don Peg-Leg could be found: among his gorgeous cavalry—lancers, hussars, and cuirassiers, where helmet, breastplate, sabre-tache, and crimson-crowned busby presented all the aspects of some European parade spectacle, and where twenty thousand well armed, well drilled, brave, patriotic Mexican soldiers in perfectly good health awaited Old

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]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When you go to bed dog-tired and still can't sleep and you rise in the morning more tired than when you went to bed, it's a sign you're "acid." Excess acid, formed in the stomach as a result of our unnatural eating habits, causes acid-indigestion with gas, sourness and burning and sets up poisonous putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal which saps our strength and vitality and so taxes our nerves that we can't sleep at night or work efficiently during the day.

Magnesia Oxoids, developed in Germany by a famous, 100-year-old pharmaceutical house, correct acidity in the right way! Upon contact with the acid in the stomach, Magnesia Oxoids generate nascent, or active, oxygen. The "live" oxygen stimulates the alkaline gastric mucus, checks putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal and stimulates the activities of the intestinal walls, which aids the natural movement of the bowels. All three effects are necessary to the true correction of acidity.

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To ascertain just how "acid" you are, make this test. Get a package of Magnesia Oxoids from any good druggist. Take two after each meal and see how much better you feel—how much more soundly you sleep and how much more energy you have. If, after taking the contents of one bottle, you don't get more than amazing results, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund the purchase price promptly and in full. If your druggist is out of Oxoids, he can get them from his wholesaler or you can send 89¢ for full size bottle to Eton Products, Inc. Dept. B1, 605 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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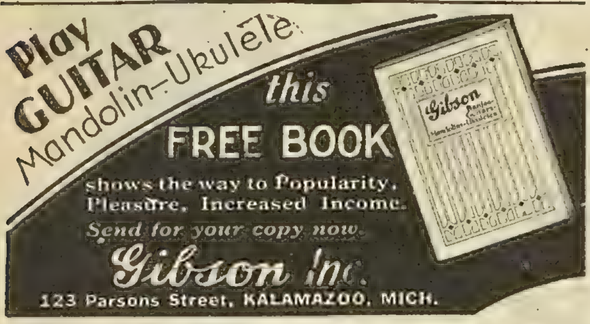

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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one]

Zack and his few brigades as a den of healthy tigers awaited the first fat batch of martyrs.

And then, two days before New Year's Day, everything suddenly collapsed with the arrival of a letter from General Scott:

". . . I am not coming, my dear General, to supersede you . . . on the line of operations made illustrious by you and your gallant army. . . . But, my dear General, I shall be obliged to take from you most of the gallant officers and men whom you have so long and so nobly commanded. . . . . This will be infinitely painful to you, and, for that reason, distressing to me. . . . Long before spring (however) you will be again in force to resume offensive operations." . . . And so forth. . . . And so forth. . . .

Good, kind General Scott! It hurt him more than it did General Taylor. A spanking always hurts papa more than it does progeny. Yes.

. . . . . .

Back we marched to Monterey, our bands madly playing The Halls of Montezuma, Old Zack perplexed and bothered as to how and with what he was to reach Santa Anna and smite him upon his sparsely thatched and rather flat skull.

Our best fighting brigadier was the first to leave us—General Worth, a New Yorker—with his veteran regiments.

Old Zack, in his plain overcoat, butcher's boots, and little glazed cap, sitting his horse like a huge friendly toad, addressed his dissolving army thus (Colonel Davis having written out his speech for him, they said):

"It is with deep sensibility that the commanding general finds himself separated from troops he has so long commanded." And so forth, and so forth, and so forth. . . .

"To those corps, regular and volunteer, who have shared with him the active services of the field, he feels the attachment due to such association." . . . And so forth, and so forth, et cetera.

It hurt the army to listen as much as it hurt Old Zack to give voice to these regulation commonplaces.

Nevertheless, the veteran army was sorry to part with General Zachary Taylor, although his genial ignorance of his profession had made their tuition a costly one.

IV

ALL day and every day the streets of Monterey reëchoed with the drums and fifes and sonorous military bands of veteran troops withdrawing to join the army of Major General Winfield Scott.

All the regulars, excepting to the amount of one battalion, had marched for the coast.

Upon those volunteer regiments which now began to arrive to replace the departed veterans many of us gazed with suspicion—even with aversion—so raw were these battalions of recruits with their brand-new blue uniforms and equipments—regiments of complacent and smirking fatheads, perfectly certain to continue the volunteer tradition and run at the first fire.

But Old Zack, always the ignorant and kindly optimist, regarded the arriving regiments fondly, seeing in their glittering lines the wherewithal to afflict General Santa Anna and smite with satisfactory violence his bedizened cavalry and gaudy infantry, which now marched everywhere in noisy defiance of the United States, proudly thumbing its twenty-five thousand noses at General Zachary Taylor and the star-spangled banner waving over the beautiful city of Monterey.

BUT in all these events I took but a somber and mournful interest. Silver Knees was gone with the Ursari Gypsies, and I couldn't find out where they were traveling, although I employed Dominguez and his accomplished rascals to scout for me.

We passed a gloomy Christmas and a dull New Year's Day in Monterey, amid the continual tinkle and dingle and clash of church bells, chapel bells, altar bells, bells jingling in processional, bells noisy upon the harness of mules, bells on goats driven through the streets to be milked—a constant, monotonous jangling of bells that nearly sent me out of my wits, I being already gloomy, nervous, and miserable with self-reproach, and with a most painful longing to see my little Silver Knees, whom I never again should see, I feared.

What a blind jackass had I been not to understand her better, not to give her more of my time, not to cherish and caress and win her intelligent mind and tender heart to ways more civilized and more decorous than were the ways of the Zincali of the Kalo Rom, of the bear folki of evil repute.

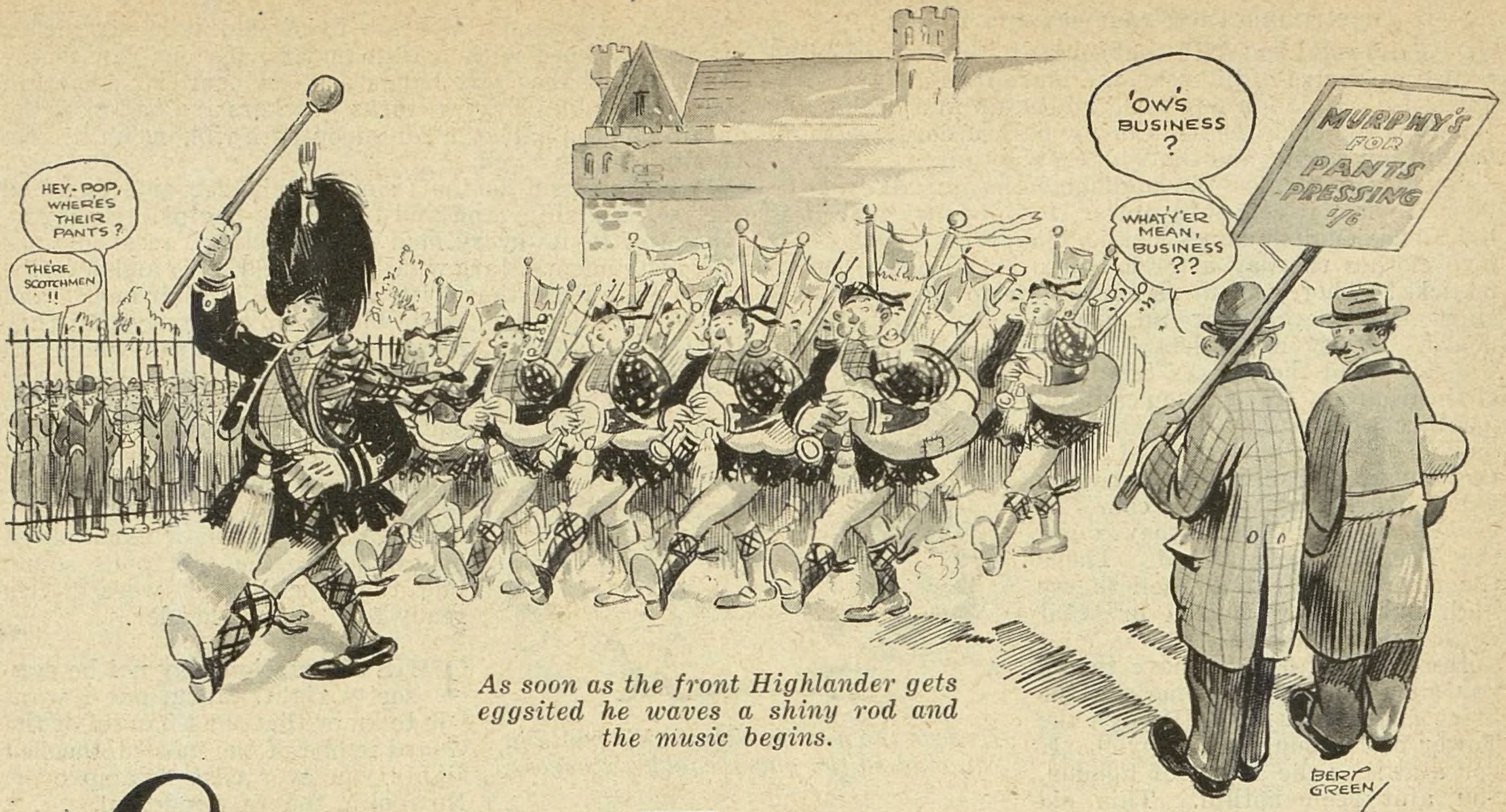
After all, what had caused our quarrel? Only a childish and unreasoning passion on the part of a wild young girl who was more child than woman.

With a little patience, a little effort, I could have persuaded and controlled her, and still have retained her affections and her confidence.

My easy and gay intercourse with Doña Maria had become more marked than was customary, perhaps; and possibly I had betrayed an increasing inclination for that charming young aristocrat, to the neglect of Silver Knees.

Yet, with wisdom and good will, I need not have hurt and offended the little blonde Gitana, nor driven her, in an unendurable agony of loneliness and jealousy, to run away to the only refuge she knew was open to a runaway girl of the Zincali.

Major Maddox and Silver Knees meet again. Their meeting is a memorable one—made so by danger and a great love. You'll be thrilled by next week's installment of the story.


HEY,-POP, WHERE'S THEIR PANTS?
THERE SCOTCHMEN !!
'OWS BUSINESS ?
WHATY'ER MEAN, BUSINESS ??
MURPHY'S FOR PANTS PRESSING 1/6
BERT GREEN

As soon as the front Highlander gets eggsited he waves a shiny rod and the music begins.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

A Glance or Two at Antiquity

(Reading time: 8 min. 15 sec.)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Scotland.

DEAR MARG,

Listen Kid, I started this letter in Scotland among the oatmeal punishers but by the time I finish it, I'll probably be mailin it from Paris. Between me and you Danny wants to go over there to see if the frails run true to form. Another thing, Im goin to wise you up on all the sight seein Ive done with this dizzy pair of funnymooners. To begin with, people and customs are very different over here so I'll have to tell you all about it.

The other day Dannys bride got a letter from an old friend of hers what lives in a castle in Scotland. So she decided that she'd haul hips to Edinburg with Danny and look her pal and the castle over. This friend of hers used to work in America makin Plus Fours for midjets but as midjets were gettin scarce she thought she'd cast about for another rackit. So while she was spendin a bit of a week end up in the Poke-in-the-Nose mountains in Vermont, she heard of a Scotch millionare who was going goofy in a nut hatch with the leaps. So what does she do but bow herself in as a first class trained nurse.

I laugh! Well, she had no more than started to work for this goof than the patient began fallin in love with her. To make a bed time story longer the patient pulled through and now theyre livin in Scotland, so thats where we went to see them.

Well, in order to get there, we had to take one of them english choo-choos. I wish you could see one Marg. Everybody steps aboard from the side just like a bunch of convicts. As soon as you get into your cell, the head man pulls a lever and all the doors close up like a jail.

After we had spent two days with the couple in Scotland they took us over to an old Abbey to show us where MacGregors great great granfather was buried.

Over here they rave over things whats old. The more mildew it has on it the better they like it. If a thing is *old* in England or Scotland its *good*, and if its *new* its *no good!* Why, if they ever caught a guy sand blastin the outside of a buildin over here theyd toss him in the hoosgow for keeps and I dont mean maybe!

I never will forget a talk I once had with Sir Philip Gibbs in London. We were discussin a certain gentleman whos a regular heel and Sir Philip said in his most polite manner—I don't care very much for him!

And I said, Why not?

And he said,—Well, *his clothes* are always *too new!!*

Now, I'm tellin you Marg, theres plenty of wizzdom behind that remark when you think it over. He meant that the guy didnt *have* to put on the *big flash* to *be* somebody! If he really *was* somebody he could traipse through Hyde Park in London with the seat of his pants hangin out and be well received by the nobility or any of the ladys in waiting. In other words, it aint the coat that makes the man.

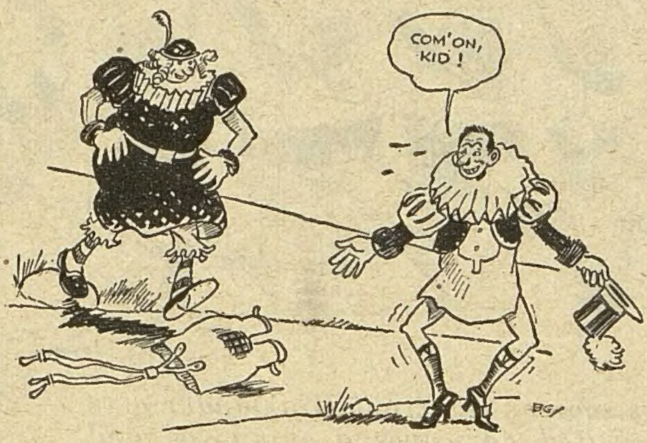
They dont care a good hot damn how much *sugar* youve

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

GOT,—its *what you* ARE that counts! But in the United States we figure it different, we figure it in *dollars* without sense. Unless a guy is all ribbed up in a brand new Benny, a ten buck tie and a nobby pair of dogs, we think he aint got a dime and thats all they is to it.

Speakin of clothes, the englishmen have it all over the women when it comes to dress. I dont know why it is but all the english dames look as though they made their own clothes the day after a hangover. Honest theyre panicks! Theres about as much style to em as a boiled shirt that never saw an ironin board. Every dress has its own waistline and the sleeves take care of themselves. Honest, you cant tell whether theyre low busted, high busted or what have you. I think they must be designed by Omar the tent maker. But when it comes to *evening dress*, WOW! theyve got the French frails slayed. Thens the time you can tell when theyre high busted, low busted or what curves have you got?



He was the guy that threw his pants in the mud so the queen could get across.

Heres a laugh! I'll have to tell you about another trip me and the bride and gloom made through the Tower of London, oh its a yell. If you aint seen the Tower of London, you aint seen nothin. This old shack was built by Julius Cesare and Richard the 3rd just about the time when Queen Isabella hocked the wrist watch and gave Columbus the excursion ticket for the Night Boat. Anyway, the Tower is nothin but a big iron boardin house filled with armour, iron B. V. Ds., and all kinds of hardware for ticklin people to death.

Not only that, but they have Sir Walter Raleighs private prison there too. You remember him Marg? He was the guy that threw his pants in the mud so the queen could get across without gettin her puppies wet. Oh, Im tellin you, this London is fuller history. As I was sayin, in the basement they got a swell layout called the Chamber of Horrors. Its where the Romans used to bump off the prisoners for speakin out of turn.

WELL, when Dannys bride got an eyeful of the torture chamber she decided that we better scram outer there and see somethin more amusin. So the taxi driver drove us over to Buckingham Palace in time to watch the Changin of the Guard. No foolin, the changin of the guard is a yell. Its one of the main bouts in London. Everybody should see it.

To begin with, around the palace they got a big iron fence about fifteen feet high and inside are the Royal Guards, there must be two hundred of em. These guys wear the swellest masquerade costumes you ever looked at. Each one has a firemans coat and a tin derby on what looks like a goldfish globe. Honest, theyre loaded down with more braid, feathers and nick-knacks than you could put in a trunk.

Every time the trumpeter blows the horn, the chumps with the shiny baynuts begin marchin and doin funny mannovers. After thats over, a guy with a bull fighters cloak and a great big hair rug on his head begins wavin a curtain pole and right away the band starts playin God Save the King. I dont know what for?—but they play it anyway. Well, as soon as the Royal band is winded, the Rear Admiral of the Scotch Guards pulls up in front and begins burlesquin the other band.

You should see these guys!! WOW, what men! Each one has a chest like a pipe organ and stands six feet six without a headache. If any one of these mussle men ever got a headlock on Jim Londos or McMillen the press box would have to move their fibbing machines to the Bronx. Yes, and the funny part is, each Highlander wears a little plad skirt six inches above the knee with nothin underneath but raw meat! In front of the skirt hangs a goats beard or somethin what rezembles Trader Horns whiskers and on top of the scull, sits the half of a cantaloop with ribbons on it. No foolin Kid, its a yell.

Well, as soon as the front Highlander gets eggsited he waves a shiny rod and the music begins. From the sound of it, its every man for himself. You should see the instruments Marg what they use. I'll try and describe it to you. First they stick a gas hose in their mouth and begin blowin up a baloney that they have under their arm whats all wrapped up in a carpet. As soon as they get it big enough, they begin squeezin it under their arm and the music comes out through the clothes dryer what is attached to the top.

Honest, I don't know much about opera, but to me the toons sound like the stock yards were gettin ready for a double header.

THIS diskription may not be eggzactly right, Marg, but I want you to know that the Changin of the Guard is one of the most digneefied sights you ever cast a lamp over. No foolin, theyre wonderful. . . .

Youll have to excuse me finishin this letter four days later because we're in Paris. By the way, I was walkin down the Chumps de Lesey the other night and who did I bump into but my old Polish girl friend I had when I was in the army. Gosh, she looks swell! She married a sailor and hes got her tattoed all over with pitchers.

You know what happened last night? Listen. Danny and his bride blew into one of them Pariessene night clubs to do a bit of extravagantin. Well, as soon as they were seated, a bunch of singers in Russian costumes began yoedlin the Vulgar Boat Man.

When they finished, the frog orchistra lit into the St. Louis Blues and right away a swell lookin patent leather haired Valentino came over to Dannys table and asked Gwendolyn for a dance.

Oh my dear he had everything a womyen loves. One look at him and Gwendolyn was goaled. So up she got and danced. Not only that—but *every time* the saxes squarked the youthful shiek had her in his arms tripping the light fantastic. After about eight dances Danny was steaming—and as for Gwendolyn, she was in extersey to think that a young good lookin HE DEVIL like him would pick *her out* from all the other dames.

By this time she was gettin very much stuck on herself. Oh, very! Every time the dashing youth would throw a coy glance her way, she'd powder her nose and rouge her lips until you couldn't tell her from a Cherokee Indian. Finally when the music quit, the snapshot hero ankled over to her table and presented Danny with a small piece of paper. It read—

For the Gigglo
Eight dances with ze Madame.............24 francs

Danny took one look at the bill and went HA HA HA!! Gwendolyn took one look at the Gigglo and BOILED.

Have a glass of Hiawathas bride? says Danny, smiling.

What dya mean, Hiawathas bride? snapped Gwendolyn sourcastic.

LAUGHING WATER—laughed Danny passing her the wine.

Well Marg, wishing you the same,

Yours internally,
MIKE SHEA.

Mike should be heard from before long with more news of the honeymooners in Paris.

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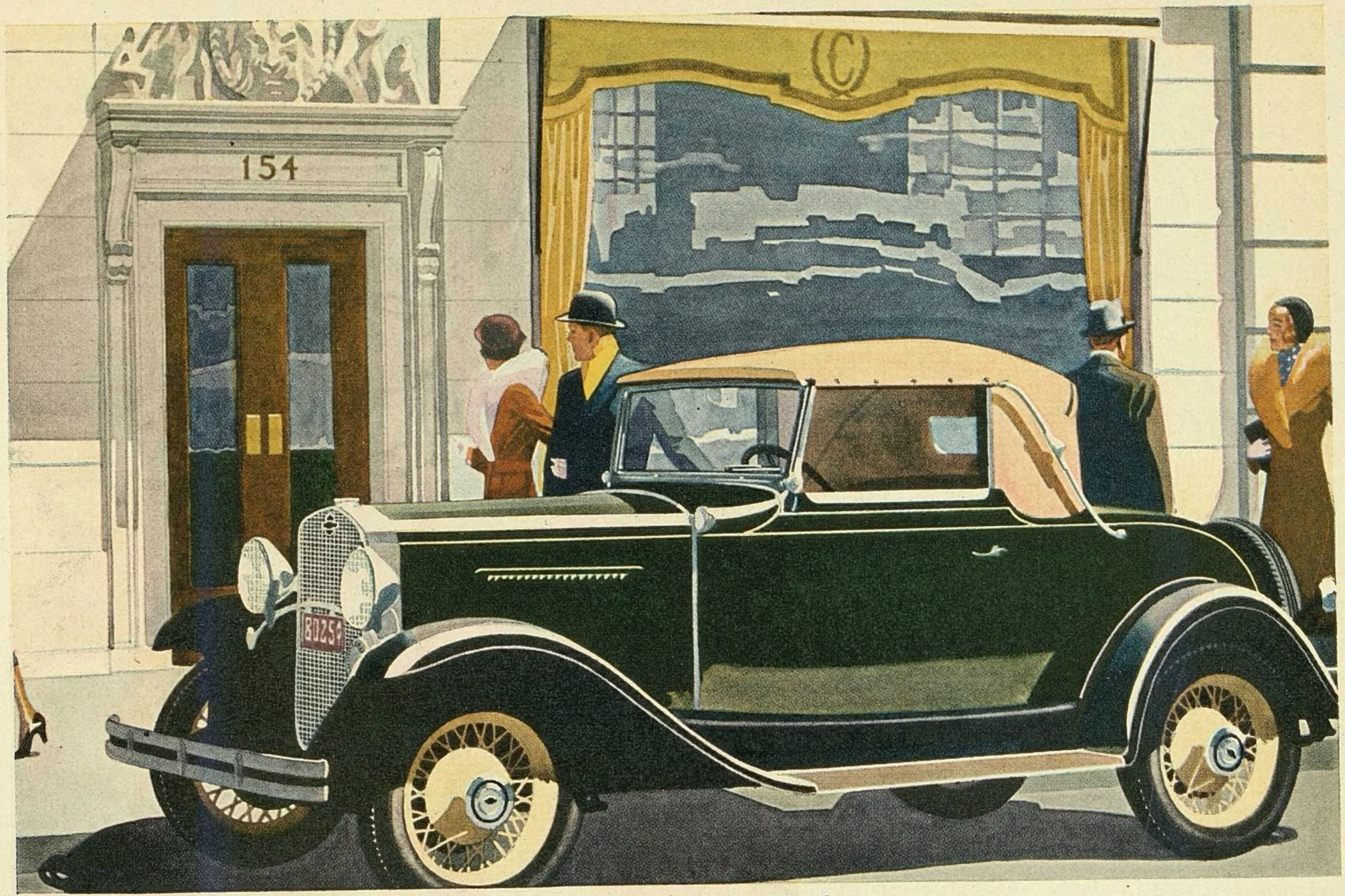
			O	A	R	S	M	A	N	■	M	I	L			
S	P	A	N	■	E	T	A	S	■	S	O	R	C	E	R	Y
E	L	M	■	I	D	Y	L	■	O	H	O	■	■	L	E	O
T	A	B	O	R		L	L	A	M	A		P	L	I	E	R
S	T	E	R	E		E	E	L	E	R		S	I	D	L	E
	E	R	A	S		D	R	A	N	K		I	D	E	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 58

P	S	H	A	W		B	A	T	E		A	C	T	S
A	T	O	N	E		L	I	A	R		S	O	R	A
L	A	U	D	S		O	D	I	N		P	L	A	T
E	R	R	■	L	A	W	■	L	E	D	■	I	C	E
			F	E	N	■	E	S	S	E	N	C	E	S
S	P	L	A	Y	I	N	G	■	T	A	O			
A	R	A	■	■	S	A	G	S	■	L	E	M	O	N
P	A	R	A	D	E	R	■	P	A	S	S	I	V	E
S	E	D	G	E	■	D	O	U	R	■	■	R	A	W
			E	L	A	■	A	R	R	I	V	A	L	S
M	U	R	D	E	R	E	R	■	A	R	E			
A	S	E	■	D	I	D	■	A	Y	E	■	A	D	O
S	H	A	D		S	I	G	N		N	I	C	E	R
S	E	M	I		E	T	O	N		I	R	E	N	E
E	R	S	E		S	H	O	E		C	A	S	T	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 59



The Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet

A finer, smoother Chevrolet Six at even lower prices!

Pioneer of six-cylinder performance and quality at low cost—Chevrolet now offers a finer, smoother, more luxurious six *at even lower prices!* This new Chevrolet is a thoroughly *modern* automobile. Not only does it introduce smarter lines, fine new Fisher bodies with richer, roomier interiors—but mechanically as well, it sets a standard of quality decidedly unusual in a car so low in price. And the smooth six-cylinder performance that won for Chevrolet such wide popularity during the past two years has actually been made *smoother*, quieter and more enjoyable. Indeed, the introduction of the new Chevrolet Six has made it unnecessary for the buyer of a low-priced car to sacrifice *one single thing* that adds to the pride, pleasure, satisfaction and economy of motor car ownership.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

New Low Prices—*Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Landau Phaeton, $650. Special Equipment Extra. Chevrolet Trucks, $355 to $695. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.*

The *pause that refreshes* helps us all live up to SCOUT LAW NO. 8

8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL

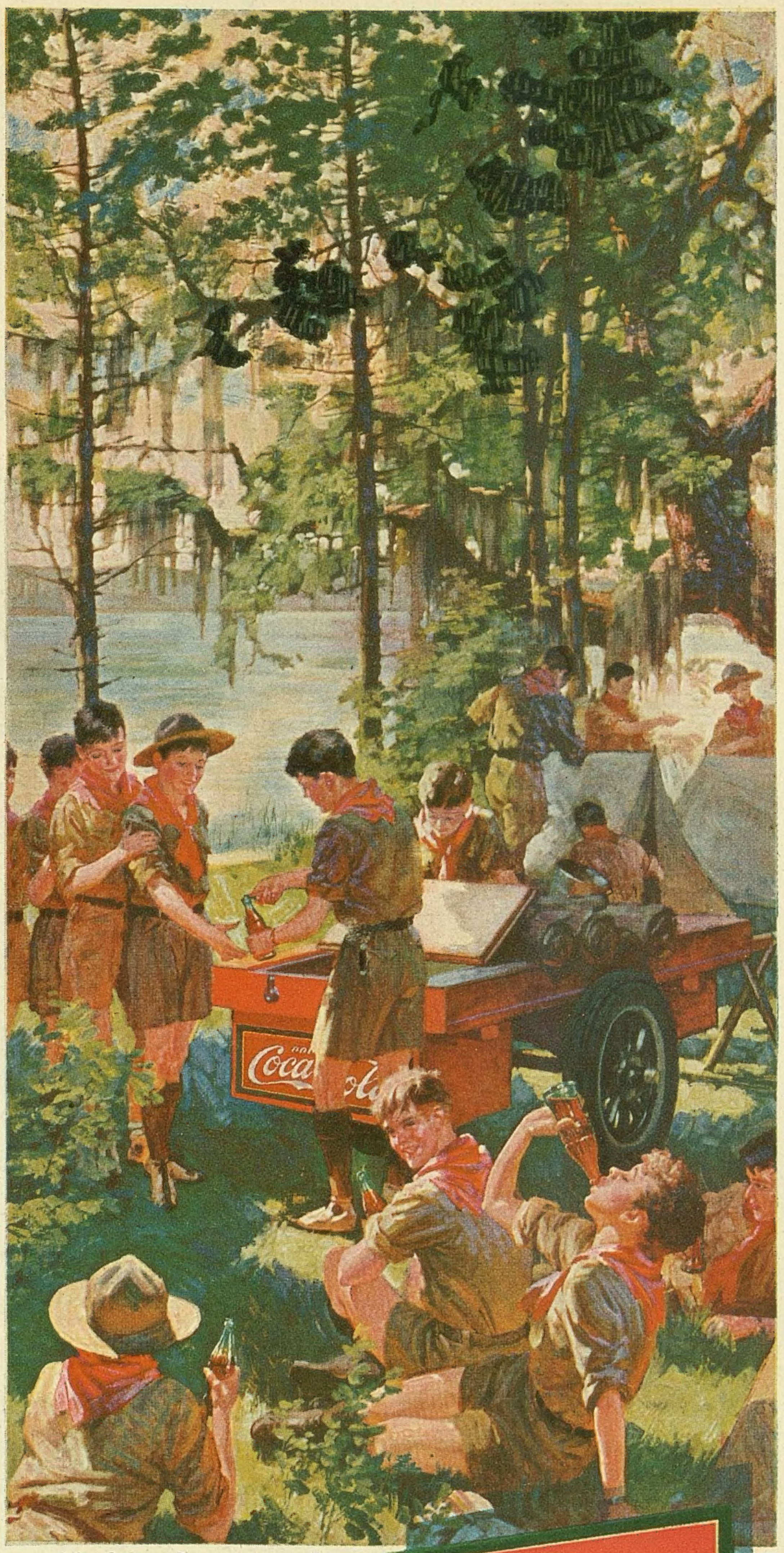
He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks or grumbles at hardships.

—From the Twelve Boy Scout Laws

WHEN you work hard or play hard, as most of us do, pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This little period of relaxation and rest is known the world over as *the pause that refreshes*. After that tingling, delicious taste of Coca-Cola and the cool after-sense of refreshment it imparts, you come up smiling. Such a wholesome moment gives you a fresh start. You do more work and better work. You get more fun out of play.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



When Scouts of Troop 19, Jacksonville, go to Crystal Lake, Fla., for week-end camps, a trailer carries ice-cold Coca-Cola.

9 OVER MILLION A DAY

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is